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LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

PUBLICATION OFFICE 113 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

1861.

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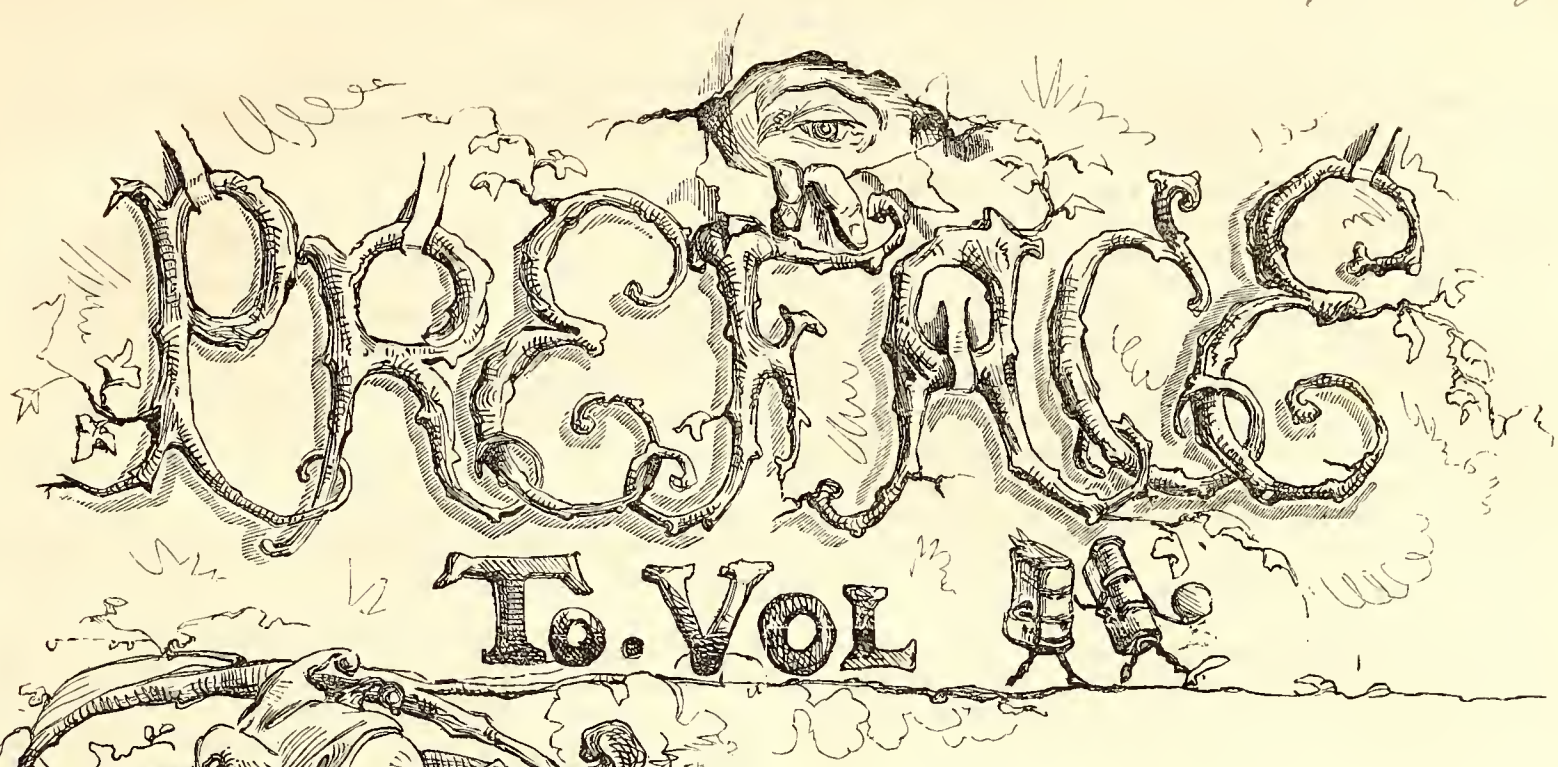
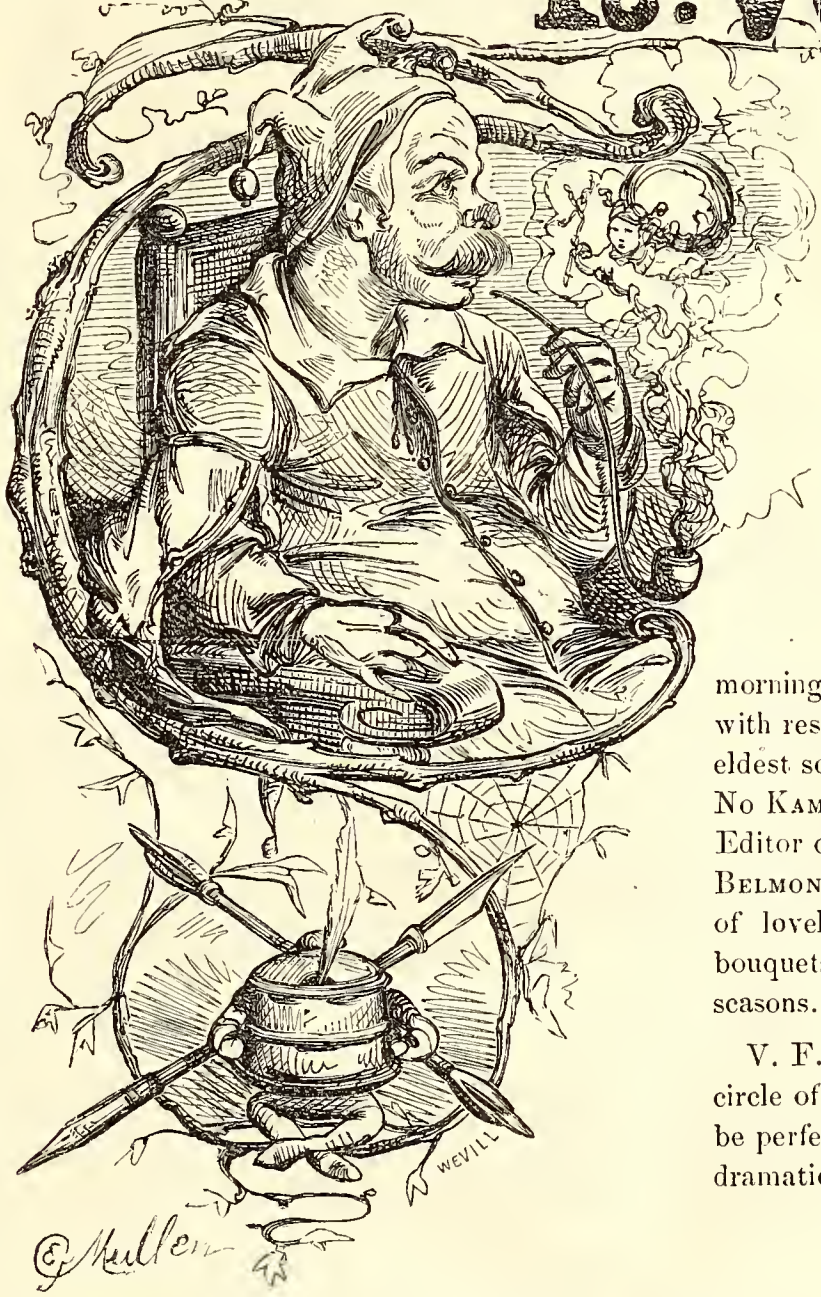
Mrs. Mary Swiger,





Vanity Fair, on the 27th day of June, 1860, entered his second *Salon*, in which a number of visitors had assembled to greet him on the attainment of the majority of his Second Volume.

V. F. had been informed by his gentleman's gentleman—a stupendous creature who left his last place because he got Sherry at dinner instead of Madeira, to which latter he had always been accustomed—that a select party of distinguished persons awaited him below stairs in order to congratulate him upon his arrival at man's estate. He instantly dropped his Narghileh, arose from his Indian summer chair, and attired himself in a simple but elegant morning costume. This done, he descended, and found awaiting him with respectful homage, the following persons: Mrs. Public, with her eldest son, Cher Lecteur, Alderman Boole, Prince Simmi Boojsen No Kami, Horace Greeley, Hon. H. J. Raymond, Col. Webb, the Editor of the *Saturday Press*, the Editor of the *World*, Mr. Augustus Belmont, Count De Gurowski, Mortimer Doesticks, besides a corps of lovely and exquisitely dressed contributors, all of whom carried bouquets in their hands, composed of the choicest exotics of the four seasons.

V. F. floated into—or, we may say, amalgamated with—the select circle of guests that awaited him; and—but as conversation can never be perfectly given in narrative, let us present this charming scene in a dramatic form:

SCENE.—The Residence of V. F.

An exquisite drawing room hung in blue and silver. Four paintings, hang on the walls. They are from the pencil of Greuze, *and are types of women in the four quarters of the globe. The guests, seated on causeuses, or in easy chairs more luxurious than the sybarite's bed of roses, are conversing on the topics of the day. Several specimens of the "What Is It?" attired in bangles and paramatta trowsers, with rings in their noses, are serving ices and sherry cobblers on trays of beaten gold, which* Tiffany *could not beat, each supernatural drink being furnished with ethereal straws for purposes of imbibition. Other slaves cool the summer atmosphere with waving punkahs formed out of the feathers of the Bird of Paradise.* V. F. *appears in the midst. The conversation remains uninterrupted.* V. F. *with a magnetic inclination of the body signifies his welcome and sinks into a mechanical easy chair which, when occupied, puts in motion a machinery that waves scented fans about the head of the occupant.*

Horace Greeley. [*To Raymond*] I think I rather got the best of you about that Seward letter.

H. Raymond. Pooh! You do not understand the first principles of controversy. You defend yourself. A controversialist should attack. Dismiss your antagonist's assertions in a paragraph, and abuse him in a column. Those are my tactics.

H. G. [*Satirically.*] Were they your tactics at Solferino?

H. R. [*Confused.*] You wander from the subject.

V. F. [*Suddenly.*] Why is Mr. GREELEY like a slave ship? [*Sensation, amid which all give it up.*
Because he is a Wanderer. [*Immense applause.*

Mrs. Public. [*Aside to V. F.*] Ingenious as ever, dear V. F. How dexterously you turned off that delicate subject!

Alderman Boole. Here! Waiter, bring me something to drink. [*To Prince Simmi Boojsen.*] Have a tod, Prince?

Prince Simmi. [*Declines, but as we have no Japanese type we forbear printing the formula of his reply.*]

Editor of Saturday Press. When the Alderman's drink is poured out, why is it equivalent to taking it upside down?

V. F. [*Without a moment's consideration.*] Because it's BOOLE versez.

Editor of Saturday Press. [*Taking his hat.*] Good morning. [*Exit.*

Alderman B. [*Who doesn't understand French.*] Ha! ha! very good.

Editor of the World. I think the jest profane. Such trivial topics are beneath the consideration of the enlightened. There is but one subject which it is necessary that we should consider. The great religious revival which commenced one hundred and fifty years hence—since, I mean.

Mrs. Public. [*Blandly interrupting.*] Bless me, don't talk of such antique periods. You remind me of my age.

Count Gurowski. [*In his well-known silvery accents.*] You Mr. *World* Editor! vat you know about religion? You know nothing. You have nevare been at colleges. You do not vash your hands. There is no gentlemens in this coundhry. There is but von question vich agitates the globe. It is the question of Pan-Sclavism. You are von fool—gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. [*These consonants represent the silvery accents.*

Editor of World. [*Meekly.*] I must not let my angry passions rise
If I would win my mansion in the skies.

H. G. [*To Raymond.*] What are your opinions about Lincoln?

H. R. I have no opinions. Haven't had any for a long time.

H. G. Why?

H. R. Oh, opinions are out at elbows.

H. G. [*Maliciously.*] Out at the elbows of the Mincio?

H. R. [*Sulkily.*] Well, I suppose it's no use Minc (io)ing the matter; yes.

Alderman B. Let's take something to drink. Have a tod, Prince? [*For Prince's reply see his previous answer.*

Doesticks. I'll join you in a glass of beer. I remember having some at Niagara, and liking it. [*Doesticks is served, and demands another to take the taste out his mouth.*

Aug. Belmont. [*Magnificently.*] Bring me a bottle of Metternich's Blue Seal. [*Belmont is served, and gives a thousand dollar bill to the attendant "What is it?" who executes the dance of joy.*

Alderman B. Have a tod, Prince? [*For Prince's rejoinder, vide former colloquies.*

Mrs. Public. [*Rising.*] My friends, we have assembled here to-day for a delightful purpose: that of congratulating VANITY FAIR on the attainment of his majority, and the admirable manner in which he conducted himself while he was a youth. [*Cries of hear, hear.*] He has been, at the same time, bold and judicious. His course has been marked by scholastic attainment, salient wit, and manly pluck. He has proved himself to be the embodiment of that agile and elastic American mind which invented the steamship—emancipated the plough—conquered at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec—annihilated distance with the telegraph—and, later still, laid bare the teeming mysteries of Japan! [*Immense cheering. Alderman Boole is so overcome that he solicits what he calls "a tod."*

My friends, I greeted this young Hercules of satire in his cradle, and when I saw him strangling the serpents of public wrong, predicted his future. He is now strong enough for even the Nemean Lion of Public Abuses, and ere long you will see its skin upon his shoulders! [*Enormous and terrific "tiger."*

Cher Lecteur. Bravo, mamma! Pon honaw you are quite eloquent, aw!

Mrs. Public. My friends, I propose long life and prosperity to VANITY FAIR! [*The skies are rent.*

V. F. [*Bowing slighly.*] Much obliged. Luncheon in other room. Come and try it.

[*More applause than ever, in which the voice of* BOOLE *is much heard. The party form a grand procession to luncheon, singing a hymn in praise of* V. F., *composed by* RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. *A velvet curtain at the end of the chief corridor is lifted, disclosing a banquet, to describe the splendors of which the ink refuses to flow. All seat themselves.* GUROWSKI *attacks the prog. He glares at* DOESTICKS, *who continues to drink beer.* BOOLE *becomes bacchic, and the curtain falls on a grand tableau of festivity.*

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

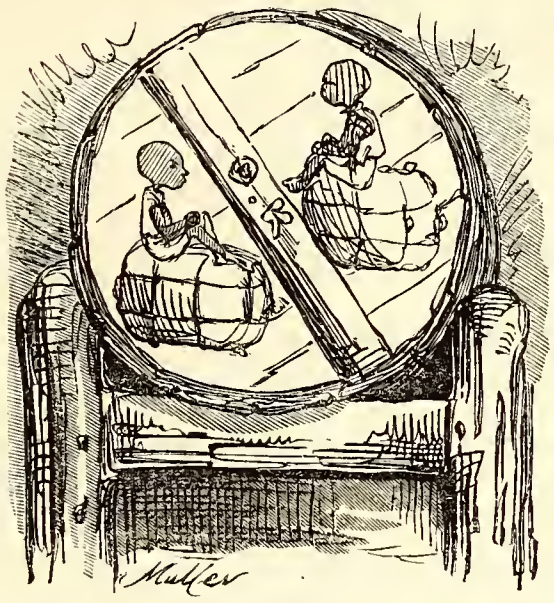
OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

No pent up cuticle contracts our powers,
For all we *want* we'll *grab*—and call it ours.



OW do, Reader, glad see. Telegraph notes VANITY FAIR, what I and Cousin see all over country. Going everywhere.—North. South. E. W. N. N. W. E. N. W. talk everybody, see every thing, look at elephant, take census, take notes, take drinks, take pool—rip, tear, smash, spread miss shellaneously.

Introduce self. BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL, New York Boy, all sorts of fellow. Travelled g. deal. Been all over sand, mud, rail, r. salt and f. water. Been China, Russia, Europe, California, all sorts places. Seen two Londons one Conn. one England two Paris, two Cantons, one Mass. one China—two Berlins, two most everything—only one Shirt-Tail Canyon Cal. one enough, all conscience. Seen Turcos, Zouaves, Croats, Roman brigands, Jerseyman, all sorts people. Like travel, informs mind improves morals, good for health, only drawback as Aunt Jane says—"carnt 'tend church regular."

Introduce cousin, P. RANDOLPH D. ACCOMAC, very gentlemy. ffv. considerable high toned, up to concert pitch and two screws over, high up in the figures, high up all sorts ways, well posted politics, history, and good society but—no curiosity for general notions. Says he'll cut throat, slit ears, bowie knife slambangulate all sorts ways—if don't stop infernal chipping round, asking questions. Sharnt stop though, mean to ask all sorts things, telegraph VANITY FAIR—see RANDOLPH devil first.

Americans want new style English CONDENSE, that's word, telegram style, elegant, cheap 'conomical, all sorts beauties. In telegraph business once self, got to admire style, beats WEBSTER, beats MCAULY, beats CHOATE all sorts ways. All creation conden-ing now-a-days. Since telegraphs come in merchants lead 3 business lives where once led one, bust all flinders, rip Sam, set her up again 3 times where used to once. All America condensing. Saw good idea yesterday in newspaper—2 clarets—1 cobbler, 2 cobblers condensed in 1 Julep, 2 Julips in 1 double barrel cocktail—*let's condense!*

Smoke cigar with Cousin RANDOLPH stoop Gramercy Park House. Birds sing trees, fountains rippling, pretty school girls walk round and round, nice old Quakers go meeting in corner, looks on whole like piece Philadelphia ornamented and improved. Smoke again, lay off, take easy by and by RANDOLPH ask :

"Where devil go summer? People all travelling away watering places, good society only short time travel, where go ?

"Go everywhere—all sorts places. Must get linen done up private. Traveller's companion, little hymn book, piece soap gimlet, patent cholera mixture, extra shaving brush, needle thread, patent door clasp, hammer and nails, never find books at watering place—nail up travelling shawl—never find curtains."

"Not enough," said RANDOLPH. "Want bottles *good* liquor, thousand green Cabanas cig' yars, new revolver, new gutta percha eane, broke old one last night whipping fellow for telling barkeeper to give him his julep 'fore mine. Want k'yards too, reckon."

"Well—but where go ?"

"Spose try Long Branch. Highly respectable, calm old shop—going to lose character pretty soon when railroad's under way. People retreat to Long Branch like old hermits into desert—or Mormons into Deseret—so's vulgar slabs cant get at 'em. Awful land to travel through—few days and few days. Musquitoes bite and landlords too. As o'er the sand you roam. We'll see the Jersey wilderness. And then we'll travel home."

"All night. Buxom as a deer's horn. Celestial, palmy, Elysian, halcyon. Exodus to-morrow."

Early morning, pack bill, paid trunk night before. Rap, rap on room door. Wake up—wonder at noise—rap again. Remember all once, going away. Sort half mad half sorry. Dont want make change lose breakfast, meet table pretty girls—dont want to go away from club—dont—e—aw—want to lose nap. *Rap rap!* Get up—bathe—feel better—coffee and salmon steak—all serene.

Meet Cousin RANDOLPH, following trunk. Chambermaid at head of stairs weeping bitterly looking down between banisters at his retreating form. Tell RANDOLPH, says it is all right—girls always sorry when he goes away—parents sorry when he comes—account square as a brick.

Stop at office. Get twenty dollars cobangs changed to quarters. Want small change in Jersey just as want life anywhere else. Costs about twenty five cents at Jersey watering places, every breath you draw and fine you a dollar if you stop breathing. Down in hotel regulations on little card behind door, but printed on back fear folks should see it.

Two ways go Long Branch, "take the first way to the village" as poet, (Mr. LONGFELLOW) says, "and you wish you were in Tophet. Take the second way and then you'll wish you'd gone by t'other road." Both ways like schoolboys alphabet—hardly worth going through so much to get at so little. Steamboat road most curious, gives strongest idea of eternal misery colored with disaster and adorned with despair. Ride six miles from landing, through sandy swamp, sorrowful puddles, benumbing water-scape. Grows livelier, like incantation scene in Der Freyschutz, as get along. Sun sickens, musquitoes ravaging out by millions. Jerseymen when die turn into musquitoes or musquitoes into Jerseymen—dont care a condemned fraction which—comes to same thing, ary way. More musquitoes and bigger ones constantly arriving—great fiery mad bulging fellows, regular premium head devils, roaring, screaming, howling for blood. Knock our hats off, fight us. So scared us couldn't pray—think saw some musquitoes four inches between the eyes—voices like steam whistles—eyes like Apollyon's in picture books. Fell on knees and wept bitterly—gave in—caved to pangs, anguish, agony, torture, rack, cruciation, crucifixion, martyrdom. Hot weather putting me through all the sprouts of burning, combustion, roasting, cremation, cautery, frying torrefaction, scarification, branding coction, cinderation and railroad carbonization on one side and winged insects stinging, puncturing, goading, pricking, deviling, irritating, infuriating, on the other. RANDOLPH dreadful, sinful state of mind. Blasphemed in sanguinary, ferocious and fiendish manner all things from the top blossoms down to the root of N. J. Ripped and swore at every object human and inhuman that ever walked, trotted, swam, racked, danced or paced in Jersey. Blasted it to small fragments and then cussed 'em together again. Wished all Jersey was in a sky rocket, and he near its fusee with a lighted cigar. Wished Long Branch was in a cannon ball, and he had it near the edge of the bottomless pit. Screeched and howled at it. Gave his malediction, curse, execration denunciation and dumbnation of all things in general and Jersey in particular, out in such language that the driver stopped his ears, and the horses went raving mad. Ripped and tore through the swamps and finally emerged through the Valley of the Shadow of Death into a decent road and began to pass by hotels—long, low-looking houses, all alike and all suggesting a sort of dont-come-here-a-tiveness—as if every tavern had its own dreamy rooms all sorrowfully packed with small stupids and would "rather not have any more boarders."

Long Branch landlords something like fat and lazy tom-cats, wont take pains to catch mice (or boarders)—skin 'em alive though when they *do* catch 'em Went to SHADSCALES, highly recommended, Rooms engaged in advance—asked SHADSCALE ; didn't know nothing about it. "Maybe were engaged ; thought it very likely ; didn't remember. Better ask boarders—p'raps they'd know.—Them creeters always know'd something about the rooms—was only landlord himself and couldn't tell." Did nose round, RANDOLPH and I—found young lady—New York acquaintance ; delighted to see us. Young lady bustles after friend—friend after Pa, Pa after the Brown set, and the Browns after the Smiths. General acounts of rooms taken and election held by all the boarders—verdict that our rooms were 52, 54 in third entry—with option of changing next day, when GURNEY GOODLE had gone back to Philadelphia to buy butter. Verdict satisfactory. Young lady—Miss FLINDERS—informed us that at SHADSCALES, the boarders kept house, and landlord kept the money, First lesson at Long Branch : found we had to earn our living and pay for the earning.

Something singular in the eyes of Miss FLINDERS Nice girl in New York, sort of comatose here, as if benumbered off into ciphers. Used to be a lively JANE ELIZA at home ; seems to be paralyzed

here. Feel pulse—uninspired—press hand—cold blooded. Look around—see how it is—case of suspended fastness—FLINDERS used to be "a perfect brick," once—in a fair way to become regular brick-dust and ashes now. Must set her to going again, send for sherry-cobbler—pay compliment—FLINDERS shows signs of life begs me to stop for Heaven's sake—boarders will hear, flirting not allowed—dreadful place for scandal, fun not allowed, dancing against rules, nothing allowed. Mingle tears together.

Dinner. Sprinkle in together. Good luck, seat near FLINDERS. Fare plain, but plenty—country-boarding-housy, and wholesome. Boarders talk much ; one half conversation about the food ; other half about SHADSCALE and his villainies. Most ladies told anecdotes how they'd turned SHADSCALE's flank, all very cheering and improving. Fault-finding the one general amusement not tabooed—astonished to learn that most of the boarders always came again year after year. Asked 'em what they came for—general chorus "Oh ! So quiet and *so* respectable." Looked at FLINDERS. Ghastly twitch at end of her nose—convulsive turn up—melancholy symptom—resolve to advise FLINDERS Senior to transplant daughter at once to Newport, or won't be answerable for consequences.

Dinner nearly over. Elderly gent enters, in highly nervous condition. Indignant. Awful intelligence. Going to have a pig-race, niggers jumping in sacks over at that disreputable Onion Hotel. Boarders excited. Feelings hurt. Talk of indignation meeting. Don't know what Long Branch is coming to. Small boy enters with paper. Requests subscriptions to pay for pig and expenses of shaving and soaping ! Scene. Small boy footed out of doors, and paper hurled after him. "Well !—of *all* the impudence ! !"

Dinner over. Hats and parasols, Jersey wagons in general demand. Everybody by curious coincidence going towards Onion Hotel. General apprehension—so much afraid we may see something of the odious race. FLINDERS reviving. Get wagon, invite

MISS FLINDERS.

RANDOLPH—find him frozen to pretty girl—FLINDERS friend LUCY DE BROOM. Take the lot—walk the horses out of sight and then lay on leather. Let 'em rip—g'lang ! FLINDERS coming round in fast time, eyes shining and tongue loose. Where shall we go ? "*Pig Race*" shouts FLINDERS—fairly emancipated. Pig race *and* niggers ! Hurrah for us—ar'nt we vulgar !

Approach field. Fences lined, road lined with disgusted multitude. All our boarders there, all abusing the unnatural spectacle, and all standing on tip-toe to see it. Small swine appears rushing about bewilderish and squealy, followed by delirious niggers and by the envious eyes of all the Jerseymen present. Ha'ay there—whoo—op. Git ou' de way dar—Dar—I got him ! No you don' nigga—golly I like to ketch't um ! Go it red shirt—you'll git the pork ! Hyar he is—There he is—Now I see him—Now you don't !—Nary creeter !

Pig makes for fence. Go it swiney—red shirt's a gainin' on ye ! All the colored men and brothers in the rear, only Red Shirt and Straw Hat ahead. Pig cuts to the right, and Straw Hat gets hold of leg. Leg slips and Straw H. rolls over. Vast applause. FLINDERS radiant. Pig tries another bolt. Takes him to field corner. Red Shirt pitches in. Grand chorus of vulgar young men. "Root little pig or die !" Pig rolls over. Red Shirt fights him hard—jams him up—heads him—gets him up in arms—Red Shirt triumphs back to his allies.

Let's take a ride. Where ? "Oh—to the stores. Want to buy STEWART's candy." FLINDERS explains a swindle. Shops at Long Branch, at Liberty Pole—two miles from hotels. Cause why—mutual arrangement. People wouldn't hire wagons to ride to shops if shops were near at hand, and then when people have ridden so far think they must buy a great deal, while about it. Nice ride though, nice girls—good lot all of us—only afraid of what *will* they say at our hotel ? "Say we're eloping," cries LUCY. "Wish to goodness we were," remarks RANDOLPH. Good for you, Old Virginny !

Something said about good shooting, FLINDERS assents but gives warning. If you shoot snipe, or anything—look out for SHADSCALE's suppers. Explains. When gentleman brings home game, SHADSCALE quietly suggests to him supper. Tells gentleman he'll have the game cooked, make no charge for cooking—invite guests—introduces—each man pay for his own wine—nice little sociable arrangement. Landlord goes to other gentlemen and invites them to supper in gentleman's name—says nothing about wine. All find it in their bills though when they go. Well they do !

Jollier and jollier. FLINDERS just coos out little bit of song. RANDOLPH peals out like martingale. DE BROOM leads splendid contralto—great girl—quiet as mouse generally—long dark grey eyes—comes out like lightning when she *does* come. Got it in her. Got everything in her—like RANDOLPH—never shows it till it's wanted. Grand trio from LUCREZIA. Solo by me—only song I know—ironical reference to slave trade as compared to Jersey summer-hotel keeping.

"Six hundred niggers in her hold,
And seventy we did stow,
And then we clapped the hatches on
'Twas time for us to go.

(*Tremendous applause*)

"We run the niggers in the night,
Our cargo landed we,
And then put up to Baltimore
All on a jolly spree——

(*Oh for shame !*)

"And when the liquor it is out,
And the locker it is low,
Then to sea again, in the ebony trade
'Twill be time for us to go."

Aw-ful interruption ! Brought right up in middle of about two dozen of elect of our hotel, who, after having exhausted pig-race, were exhausting selves on the iniquities of other people. Grand tableau ! One look of horror—and then I was getting all the go out of horses which could be extracted by means of lash.

"We're going to Atlantic next week," said MISS FLINDERS to us that evening before going to perch. "Pa says I may. I'm tired of Long Branch. I believe there is a jolly house or two here but SHADSCALE's isn't the institution. My health doesn't get any faster very better here. I'm very glad you came—hope you'll go to Atlantic too.

"Will do that and no mistake. Always do what's good for me. Couldn't find a better guide than you in a life-time."

"Bon soir."

"Buenas noches."

"E pluribus unum."

When we paid our bill SHADSCALE claimed for the whole summer, avowing that he never let rooms for less. Offered him a draft on the What Is It, and compromised on ten dollars for two days board. To this SCALES added sundries for everything, including charge for the sand we'd worn out in riding on the beach. However, second morning saw us en route for home—perfectly satisfied with our first, last, and everlastingly sufficient visit to Long Branch.

"Stick to your Wigs."

We do not approve of the adoption of trades or professions outside of legitimate theological pursuits, by the regular clergy. This is why we object so strenuously to † JOHN HUGHES' late attempt to make a Defiance Safe.

GOT HOLD OF THE WRONG MAN.

Rural Person (loq.)—'Scuse me, Mister No-Kami, 'd you have 'ny 'jections to write me 'n autograph?

A Conventional Joke.

After considerable time, something like order being restored, the President said:

"With heartfelt satisfaction, as presiding officer of this Convention, I declare Stephen A. Douglas, by a unanimous vote, the candidate of the Democratic party of the Union, for President of these United States; and may God in His infinite mercy protect him, and the Union he represents."

This sounds very much like a judicial sentence upon Stephen. We observe that after its delivery, the Convention rose *en masse*, &c., &c. We should suppose that about that time it would have been more appropriate if Mr. Richardson had responded for the Convention, "Now I lay me down to sleep." There would have been about as much appropriateness in the one as in the other. However nothing better could be expected from a body of men who had taken a General Todd at such an early hour in the day.

Heavy Weight.

According to the arithmetic there are sixteen ounces in a pound. Now almost any dog will weigh at least one ounce, yet good authority assures us that there are between two and three hundred dogs in a Pound up town. How is this?

The Con. of the Day.

Why is the Japanese Embassy destined to accomplish its object?

Because it is fêted to do so.

Motto for Those who do not Succeed in Getting Appointments in Central Park.

Don't make a Hogg of yourself.

"HELP ME CASSIUS OR I SINK."

To the Editors of Vanity Fair:

Gents:—A drowning man will catch at a straw; not that I consider you in that light, by no manner of means, but I merely use the expression in an illustrative sense, being myself figuratively speaking, an individual representative of the great original Anti-Arctic sufferers in the celebrated deluge of which it is more than probable you may have heard during your Sunday School probation. Yes, gentlemen, I'm a going down—with nary cork to save me! and this is the way of it. I am the original and individual sole proprietor of a rare, curious, and unique collection of invaluable specimens of artistic wax-work, two snakes and a ring-tailed monkey, together with the caravan they occupy. The outside illustrations and a big drum, on which I awake the echoes and inhabitants of rural districts. But alas! of late years, in vain. I know Buggins, (a celebrated Theatrical Critic, who never wrote a piece that succeeded, and never criticised one that he did not pronounce it a failure,) well, this Buggins says I am behind the time, and affiicted with a worse than Hydrophobiaism, that is—Ancient Fogeyism; but I indignantly deny Buggins's assertions, and dare him to the proof!

I say I have gone with the times, and my MS. catalogue (written on the back of a Jack I sometimes ring in at Old Sledge,) will prove the truth of my asssertion. Was there any Old Fogeyism in me, when, some years ago I metamorphosed a popular confidence man into Kossuth, and when *he* went out of date, transformed the same figure into Ossawatomie Brown? Was there any Old Fogeyism in my turning my most ferocious pirate into a popular preacher? and now because Scripture subjects are the go with Sabbatarians, is there any want of enterprise in my using him as Judas Iscariot? Didn't I turn Queen Victoria into the Albino Lady, and Horace Greeley into Hicks? In short, could the best politician of the day, I don't care what convention he belongs to, have made more startling changes in programme platforms, persons, scenery and incidents, than I have done? I ask that question, and I answer it myself. Emphatically—no! sirree! But where's the use of all this? the legitimate show business ain't worth a red! without some extra attractions. Look at poor Mister Nixon before he engaged the Japanese Embassy! What did the Nelson sisters and Doesticks and Atalanta and the Gales, and all the blowing about them, do for him? Nothing! or worse than nothing, and wasn't he on the point of being put down as one of the greatest Greens in the New Garden? Of course he was! Well, since he made that engagement with Mayor Wood or the Common Council or the Board of Alderman or Mr. Buchanan or may be the Tycoon himself, how the tables have turned; he is literally filling his pockets with most extraordinary Japan-ease! that is—if he don't pay 'em too much; and Tommy has been got on better terms than Dan Bryant, Edwin Booth, Eph. Horn, Barney Williams, or Miss Davenport, or any other stars demand. Now sir, I want you to please advertise for me that I am willing to do the fair thing with the Prince of Wales when he arrives, to give him the exclusive run of my caravan, put his name in the same type as Judas and the Snakes, and allow him any other privilege in reason—so that I may have a chance of making an honest livelihood, and keeping pace with Niblo, and the Academy, and Barnum, and cetera & cetera. By doing this, you will materially oblige, Yours truly,

A. S. H. Oman.

Important Discovery.

A Member of the St. Patrick's Society of this city, is now engaged in writing a pamphlet, in which he undertakes to prove that the *hari karuh*, or "happy dispatch" of the Japanese is of Irish origin. According to this investigator, an Irish gentleman of the name of Henry Carew, visited Japan about nine centuries ago, was detained there by the natives, and eventually committed suicide at Jeddo, by falling on a fire-shovel. The thing took with the Japanese, who are very imitative, and they called it Harry Carew, after the inventor, spelling the name in their own fashion, however. The Irish gentleman referred to, was a lineal ancestor of the beautiful Mary Carew, about whom John Brougham sings an affecting song.

Documentary.

Having received and examined a large quantity of government reports, we have become convinced that the label "Pub. Doc." should be altered to Dry Doc.

Epitaph for the Seal recently deceased at Nixons.

Ruat coelum.

How the "Complimentary" Tickets for the Great Japanese Ball were "Presented."

[*For further particulars inquire of the Committee of Reception.*

THE JAPANESE BALL.

Written Impromptu and on The Spot.
By The Tribune Reporter.

What splendor is this which appears!
What glory illustrates the ball!
All hail to Sir William T. Beers,
Whose genius created it all!
They may talk of their great double X,
And the potence of half-and-half tune,
But my Beers is the man that bedecks
This fairy-like, starry saloon.

'Tis one noble, palatial suite,
With no traces of grief or of gloom,
But mark, if you please, first how neat
In its charms is the large dining room.
O with pictures and banners 'tis fair!
The effect is most truly dramatic!
There are statues and tapestry there,
And a corridor really prismatic.

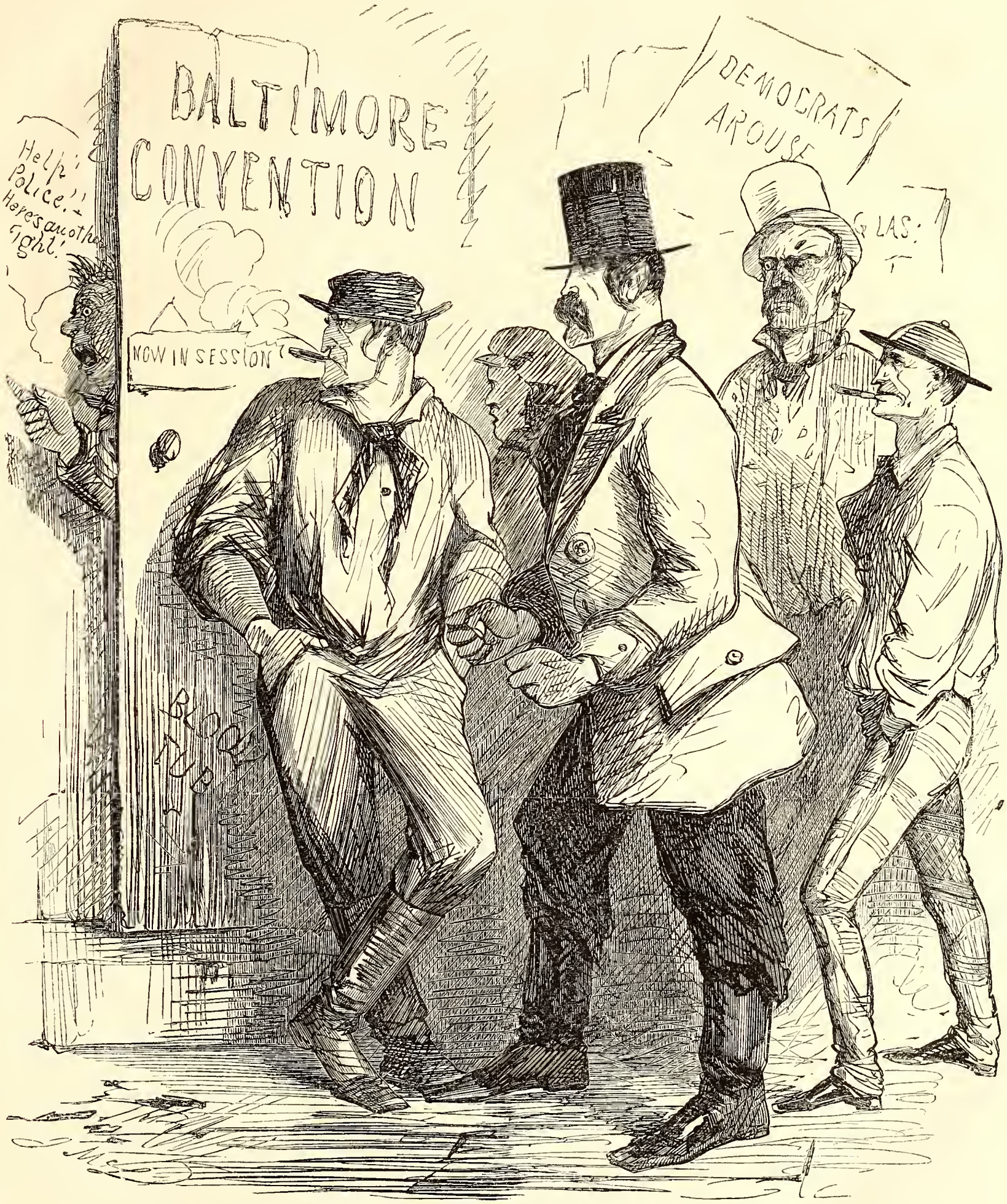
The saloon still new beauty discloses,
A Garden of Eastern Delights;
Fauns and satyrs are peeping through roses
To see the magnificent sights.
Were ever such gardens as these?
Was ever so glorious a spread?
Charm your eyes just as much as you please,
And then charm your stomach instead!

What land can show viands so sweet?
Not one, as I fondly bethink;
For here can ten thousand folks eat,
And here, more delightful, can drink.
And here is a canopied hall,
Where two thousand dancers or more,
Can without inconvenience at all,
At once, if they please, take the floor.
And here you may notice the dais,
Where High-old-ram-sambo can sit,
A viewing the scene at its base.
Without being crowded a bit,—
A scene ever changeful, unique,
Transcendent and quite intermingling.
While the fiddles so festive besqueak,
And tumblers of toddy are jingling.

'Tis a maze; 'tis a dream of delight!
Such splendor and beauty appal!
Such a truly magnificent sight.
I dont, at this moment recall,
O not—and I say it with pain—
O not till this spirit has fled,
Shall I see so much grandeur again,
And such a magnificent spread.

Great credit is due to Sir Beers;
Great credit to Leland is due,
For on this festive night he appears
To have beaten himself black and blue;
Great credit is due to Rum-Sum;
Great credit is due to Ri-Funki;
Great credit is due to Young Tom,
That graceful and innocent monkey.

Great credit is due to the city;
Great credit is due to the leader;
Great credit is due the Committee;
And thanks to the cook from each feeder,
Great credit we certainly owe,
To the man who the liquor supplied,
And when next he uncorks the Moiseaux,
To partake be my joy and my pride.



HARMONY AT THE CONVENTION

PROMINENT PLUG UGLY.—I SAY, JAKEY, I OBJECTS TO THEIR TAKING THIS KIND O' BUSINESS OUT O' OUR HANDS!

A SECESSION.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1860.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair:—

SIR,—

IN withdrawing my name from the list of your subscribers, I cannot forbear the expression of a regret, which you will do well to seriously consider. It is with reluctance that I sever my connection with a paper I desired so much to esteem, but I cannot consistently encourage its present course. I have for some time suspected that VANITY FAIR was secretly instilling humorous ideas, and gay imaginations, and now that suspicion is "confirmed!" Ah! yes, I fondly believed, at first, its influence would be of a grave and mournful nature, like its sister publications, inspiring sweet thoughts of melancholy, and tearful reflections upon human weakness. But concealment of your real purpose was impossible. I have been forced to admit that your articles are invariably of a humorous and sarcastic nature, calculated to excite mirth and laughter. Of late this intention is more evident; made bolder by success, you unmask your smiles, and hope to be witty with impunity. Why should all this be? Why take these pains to differ from all other publications?—Humorous pictures grotesquely drawn, and ridiculing prominent statesmen; jokes of various kinds; puns upon unusual words; conundrums with answers appended; sallies; squibs; squirts—"these" I have frequently found in your pages. You cannot deny it. If the public generally is ignorant of this fact, *I* am not; me, you cannot deceive. I have sought in vain for articles of a *serious* nature; essays upon Hydrostatics and Bridge Building; Reports of Chemical Experiments and Geographical Explorations. You have entirely neglected the important subject of Predestination. You have thrown no light upon Infant Baptism. What are you doing for the benighted Sandwicher? Where is your interest in Presbyterian Theology? You are silent. Alas! these things, indispensable to a comic journal, you have treated with indifference, and I, to retain my consistency, must cease to be

YOUR SUBSCRIBER.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

ARRANGED BY OUR SENSATION REPORTER.

The Baltimore Convention met at Baltimore.

On assembling in the Front Street Theatre, the Convention was found closed, consequently it was determined to open it, which was accordingly done.

The moment it was opened, a loud noise issued forth and spread rapidly all over the country. A scene of turmoil and confusion was visible inside, which lasted for several days.

The first day's proceedings were all talk; the second day's all words; the third day's both together.

At an early stage of the meeting an order was given for Mr. DOUGLAS' coffin, so that there might be no delay in case the worst fears of his friends should be realized. It was further resolved to send the bill for it to Mr. DOUGLAS, by way of a hint.

Matters were getting rather tame, so prudence suggested that a flare up, with symptoms of a duel, should be engaged in.

Accordingly, Col. HINDMAN immediately stepped in front of MR. HOOPER and struck him in the face a tolerably hard blow, and then stepped back a little and drew a pistol from a pocket of his pantaloons.

MR. HOOPER also prepared to draw the same weapon, but the friends of Col. HINDMAN immediately surrounded him, and told him he had gone far enough, preventing him from using the pistol.

This, of course, furnished food for gossip and other business of the Convention for several days.

Messrs. YOST and BRANNAN of Virginia, were so pleased with the upshot of the above little brush that they resolved upon having one themselves. The usual preliminaries followed, but matters somehow or other failed to come to a head—probably owing to the fact that the renowned duellist ROGER A. PRYOR, of the late honorable firm of POTTER and PRYOR, was retained as BRANNAN'S second.

Several jokes of the period were jerked by Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS, who kindly consented to refrain from publishing poor HICKS' confession for a while, and perform his celebrated clown act instead.

The Committee on Credentials was composed of a majority and a minority; both equally strong and perfectly able to whip one another.

This Committee was empowered to supply the sop for the Democratic Cerberus—a very arduous undertaking indeed.

In the meantime, some wide-awake people became possessed with the idea that "coming events cast their shadows before,"—if not sooner—and proceeded to look for a squall. Pretty soon it came, in the shape of Mr. WHITELY and, passing through the Maltby House, struck the handiest thing present, which happened to be Mr. TOWNSEND. TOWNSEND retaliated. Fearful blows sprung up on either side, and a heavy gale set in. Blood * * * spittoon * * * * went to grass * * * * * pistol * * * * proprietor * * * * * police * * * * * calm followed.

Rumors of war between Col. HOOPER and Mr. HINDMAN came forth from the mouths of timid people. It was reported that the COLONEL intended to dress Mr. H. after DELMONICO'S tastiest style, *tête de veau à là poulet*, and then dine off him at leisure. Others that he affected him as *homme roti* well done, and would not see him in any other costume.

This was pronounced a very big thing.

A dispute arose as to the appropriatenessof the coffin ordered for Mr. DOUGLAS; some claiming that a plain cedar coffin was sufficient, and others that nothing else than a Se-ceder arrangement could be tolerated.

Mr. DOUGLAS was appealed to, by telegraph, for his decision, but was too deeply affected to reply. A compromise was then resorted to, and both materials were ordered to be used in its construction.

Mr. YANCEY practiced his lungs in Monument Square until every clock in the neighborhood refused to strike the hours for him any longer. Suddenly recollecting that he had an appointment with some oysters, he postponed the peroration to his speech, and the clocks moved on. It is calculated that they stood still just five hours.

A gentleman named STUFIE arrived from Michigan, and probably did it.

DEAN RICHMOND, CAGGER, CASSIDY, and CORCORAN looked as if they would like to know what was going on, and would give four shillings if they could only have a say in matters. These poor fellows and THURLOW WEED are mere tools, though, and nobody cares for them except their oysters, and it is doubtful if they do.

The Front Street Theatre upheld the Convention tolerably well at first, but grew tired of it on the fourth day, and went back on it. Some think the flooring was dry, and, supposing there were damps in the cellar, went down for some. The solemn dailies said that "the scene that ensued defied description," and deliberately withstood the defiance by describing it vividly. Captain ISAIAH felt for a small joke on the occasion, found it, and fired it off.

CLANCY, JOHN CLANCY, JACK CLANCY, ex-Alderman CLANCY, now County Clerk CLANCY, the *Leader's* JOHN CLANCY, sent a blood thirsty message to WM. H. LUDLOW, because LUDLOW did bad for poor DOUGLAS. JOHN then "talked of a personal collision," if he could find a man to run against.

Next day it was suggested that the Convention might as well nominate its candidates as not. The idea struck everybody as being good. Consequently there was much smoothing down of hair, adjusting of shirt-collar, prinking of neck-tie, settling of waistcoat, and a general effort on the part of the delegates to get quiet—a very hard thing for them to do.

One half the Convention understood that MR. DOUGLAS' coffin was already in the vestibule, and that the sexton had taken the measure for his final white suit; the opposing half knew nothing of the sort, and thought the funeral service was a long way off, if not two.

The Credential Committee could hold out no longer, accordingly it came in. The Convention took it, and placed it outside, with admonitions to keep quiet. This injunction was obeyed the wrong way though—for the first cousin to a row appeared. The President of the Convention was catechised as to the whereabouts, uses, and so forth, of the door, and finally was requested to demonstrate the peculiar utility of said door. Taking the hint and his hat, MR. CUSHING practically illustrated the main facts connected with the philosophy of the door—in short moved to adjourn himself *sine die*, which was carried.

And now a momentous moment arrived—by which train is unknown. Every delegate determined to do something that would make him feel good for the rest of his days. The fate of the old democratic party was in their hands. They manfully resolved to prosper it. It was moved that the Convention, which had all along acted as a 0, should now act as a unit. No sooner said than done. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS and BENJAMIN FITZ-PATRICK were announced as its first choice, and unfortunately the page ends here, leaving us no particulars concerning the Seceding Convention which, being "fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils"—especially the spoils, nominated a Fast Man's ticket and * * * * * * * * * * * * *

PROFESSIONAL ARDOR.

Reporter.—For mercy's sake, Policeman, don't stop 'em; I haven't had a murder item for a week.

TOMMY AND THE TIMES.

Tommy—who, however useless he may have been to the Embassy, has been very useful to the newspaper reporters—has at last come to grief. Mourn, all ye blooming maidens, and all ye matrons, mourn! Tommy has been used "to point a moral!"

Like everybody else in this naughty world, Tommy has his good times and his bad times. The former he has in clover and in the Metropolitan; the latter he gets from Printing-House Square. It is in his bad *Times* that he is used "to point a moral."

It is all your fault, Ladies. If you had only let the poor boy alone, you know!

It appears by the representation of the *Times*, that the Great Tribulation, long ago announced as Cumming, has at last come. That tribulation is Tommy. It is visited chiefly on the ladies of this metropolis. So says the *Times*, which is a good ladies' paper, and therefore ought to know.

It appears that "a fatal fascination" has been exercised over the irresistible Tommy, by "a popular actress at Niblo's." Pecksniff of the *Times* is shocked. Very properly, too. What right has Tommy to go and fall in love—with Polly Marshall, for example, or with Mistress Mark Blanche Devon Smith? What right has a man, and a Japan man at that, to be exercised by "a fatal fascination," we should like to know? Well may Pecksniff invite "the immediate attention of responsible persons!" Well may that virtuous and invulnerable moralist be alarmed for the sanctity of "our national reputation." And when Pecksniff hears that Tommy's "amours in the Hotel are counted legion," well may he insist that "the public have a right to know whether the building set apart at their expense for the entertainment of a foreign Embassy, supposed to visit the United States on business of national importance, is made to serve as the scene of a 'legion of amours' between a Japanese boy and women of the sort who contract 'amours' at sight with new-comers of all nations." Of course the "public have a right to know!" What is there in the way of scandal and filth that they haven't the right to know—and the privilege too? Besides, who ever heard of such a thing as an amour in the Metropolitan—or in any other Hotel, for that matter? Disgusting novelty! Who ever heard of an amour anyway?

It is very wrong, all this, and it grieves us very deeply. It was well enough—as Pecksniff observes—"so long as it amused people to think of Tommy as a good-natured, lively lad, showing signs of our common nature;" but when he exhibits "our common nature" in such a very deplorable way as to fall in love with white females, and have his amours in the hotel counted legion, what can we do, as saints and seraphim, but join Pecksniff of the *Times* in protesting," in the name of common decency, against the toleration of such a scandal!"

We protest therefore:—

"In the name of common decency"—which is one thing;

In that of "the Reverend Melchisedec Hurlburt"—which is another;

In behalf of "our national reputation"—which Tommy's amours would naturally soil;

In behalf of Warren Leland—who being immaculate, desires to remain so;

In behalf of the American people—who never like scandal, and never do anything wrong;

And finally, in our own behalf—because we have a rooted antipathy to "cakes and ale."

!!!!

For what will become of us, if such things go unrebuked?

En avant, Pecksniff!

When lovely Tommy stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, how girls betray,
The *Times* shall make him melancholy,
By reading lectures every day!

Until at last, redeemed from folly,
He saileth blighted to Japan,
To leave off loving pretty Polly,
And be like Pecksniff—if he can!

P. S.

Results.

The Lelands came to the rescue. They "denies the allegation and they scorns the alligator." The fair fame of the Metropolitan remains as fair as ever. Tommy is exonerated. The moral bubble is punctured; and, as they say in the country, "there's an end of the worsted." This is the great result.

Of lesser results there are several, as follows:

Sneers from the *Herald*.

Row in the *Express* Office.

Awkward position for the *Times*.

Jubilance of the religious *World*.

Excitement and cocktails among the Naval Officers.

Tommy's liberties abridged.

Female society convulsed.

A prevalent opinion that women make all the mischief.

Rebukes for the fair sex from the Reverend Melchisedec Hurlburt—and—

The World the Flesh and the Devil involved in a very miscellaneous mixture!

Oh! Oh!

A daily paper, in its Japanese department, remarked:

"It is not likely the firemen of New-York will turn out *in any shape*. We uphold them in their dignified course."

This surpasses our imagination, and absconds into the labyrinth of the mysterious.

Only think of our poor fire laddies not turning out in any shape, and a metropolitan journal "upholding them in their dignified course!" Isn't it frightful! How they will look! Thirty-five hundred human beings (we have a theory, different from most peoples', that firemen *are* human beings, you know) in one solid *shapeless* mass! There's a nut for the Sight-seers.

A True Bill.

The deputation of Boston Aldermen, that lately visited this city to examine our Central Park, reported, we hear, on their return home, that it was something quite beyond "The Common."

THE PARACHENILLE.

The persistent inclemency of the foliage in our City Park, which, for the last fortnight, has done nothing but rain down brown showers of nasty little reptiles, upon all who brave the dangers of the greenwood shade, is, after the Japanese, the principal topic of social circles. It would be in vain for us now to look to the City authorities for any alleviation of this animal plague. Boole has never taken off his brownish-yellow kid gloves since that memorable day when he and his comrades rode up Broadway in state, and did the extremely disagreeable to their antipodes in every sense of the word, the courtly and gentle Japanese. Boole's comrades have never taken off their brownish-yellow kid gloves since that sultry occasion. How then could we reasonably expect to find Boole and his comrades in their fit and proper places, viz: up a tree? Remarkably funny illustration that would be of the right man in the right place! Boole and his colleagues up a tree, blasting the "measuring worms," with the language peculiar to Common Councilmen, when discussing their measures and otherwise. In this exigency we had recourse to our ingenious contributor, who, after glaring round the apartment for an instant, suddenly seized an umbrella, and with a fiendish howl that sounded like "Eureka!" rushed out of doors and vanished round a grocery. It was days before he again dawned upon us, flushed with a brilliant result. That result—patented by the inventor under the name of the "Parachenille, or anti-measuring-worm-reversible umbrella," is destined to take an exalted rank among blessings. It is simply an umbrella constructed of water-proof material, the handle of which, by an ingenious piece of mechanism, is capable of being drawn through at the apex of the machine, which then assumes the character of a large *tazza* or cup. This is half filled with sulphuric acid, slightly diluted with water, and held over the head for the reception of the dropping reptiles, which expire with great celerity upon coming in contact with the deleterious fluid. The invention has been thoroughly tested by our mild contributor—a gentleman enthusiastic on the subject of worms, and the author, we may here state, of the charming poem in our last number, entitled "Vermifugitive Verses." This gentle-

Our Mild Contributor's Experiment.

man stood for thirteen hours under a tree in the City Hall Park, holding over his head the fatal Parachenille. At the expiration of that time the machine was examined, and found to contain exactly 30,278 worms, as carefully counted by our office boy. Our mild contributor was then searched, when the very inconsiderable number of 79 reptiles, only, was found upon his person. These facts require no comment.

POOR BOSTON!

The Japanese are not going to Boston. Mayor Lincoln, of that distant and facetious town, sent an invitation, we understand, to Prince Simme Boojsen, saying that as Boston was the modern Athens —as the State House was there—as the Webster Statue was there, as Faneuil Hall was there—as Bunker Hill was there—as the Common was there—as the *Atlantic Monthly* was there—his Highness and suite ought to be there too. This was, of course, accompanied with the usual instructive and moral expressions, that now infest the newspapers, concerning the opening of an ancient port to the flag that floats on every wind, over every sea; the commercial enterprise of our grea American Republic; the international interests of the world; the strengthening of the ties of affiliation between the mighty nations of the East and West, etc., etc., etc.

To all of which, terminating in an earnest request for the Embassy to bask in the sunshine of Bostonian smiles, and to cool off in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, the Embassy replied, "Not any, thank you!"

Boston is in despair. Wails and moans resound in her streets and squares. She sits in sack cloth on her many hills, and gnashes her commercial teeth. Alas for Boston! The blood of the No Kamis stirred not to her message of welcome. The No Kamian midriff was all untickled by her promises of a good old time. They spurned Faneuil Hall and scorned the Common. Heartlessly they squatted upon their royal heels, in dumb indifference to Bunker Hill and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Weep, Lincoln! Strike the harp of mourning, Holmes! And Whittier, sound the lamentful hewgag of rhyme! The Japanese are not going to Boston!

Washington bored them; Baltimore badgered them; Philadelphia bullied them; and now that they are permitted to sit in peace among the flesh-pots of Gotham, surrounded by the jolly face of Leland and the dulcet Aldermen, they swear great oaths of many consonants that they will remain until such time as they depart for their own Jeddo, the New York of Niphon. Have they not plenty of Green Seal and strawberries here? Why should they risk being driven to *hari-kiruh* by the astronomers and musicians who form society in Boston? The No-Kamian bowels yearn for the foaming goblet and the crimson fruit, but not for *hari-kiruh!*

So the swift electric flash bears the message of "Not any, thank you!" over the thin wire that connects the provinces with New York, and Boston sends up a jeremiad!

Poor Boston!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The dreadful threat made in the *World* newspaper, upon which we commented last week, viz:

"It will be one of the principal aims of the conductors of *The World* to record the proofs that 'the great resuscitation of religion' which the distinguished Frenchman, (Guizot) affirmed, a quarter of a century ago, to be the grand desideratum of the age, is in actual progress, and has been for nearly seventy years. We purpose to lay before our readers something on the subject in every day's issue;"

has, thank heaven, been quite disregarded by "the conductors of the *World*." Vanity Fair is much pleased (as It always is, when It can say a good word instead of a severe one) to be able to state that the more modern numbers of that originally fossil sheet have entirely ignored the "resuscitation of religion" which, "for nearly seventy years," has existed only in the imagination of "the distinguished Frenchman," and the editors of the *World*.

"For nearly seventy years," there has been less sham piety in the world than there was formerly. And for nearly seven numbers, there has been less sham piety in the *World* than there was formerly. It has taken its place among the (Re-)publicans and sinners, apparently, and cares no more for the regeneration of mankind by Sabbatarian laws and political prayer-meetings than the *Herald*, or any other paper that goes in for money-making and common sense generally.

The fact is, that the *World* has become vital, if not vivacious, under an infusion of new blood, and Vanity Fair is happy to extend the right hand of good-fellowship to it. As soon, however, as it commences to harp on the ancient and Pre-Adamite subject of the seventy-years' revival again, we shall take occasion to prick some of its ill-ventilated bubbles and let in a little wholesome air. It will never pay to publish a paper for the puritan sects of Massachusetts alone, and we cannot echo the words of England's Poet-Laureate:

"O, happy planet, Eastward go!"

while we know that the West, the South, and the North need a good conservative journal, quite as much as the East.

In brief, this new paper—or newspaper—has greatly improved, of late, and like all other good men and Christians, we cannot help hoping soon to see "another and a better World."

Motto for the Highland Regiment.

Knee Plus Ultra.

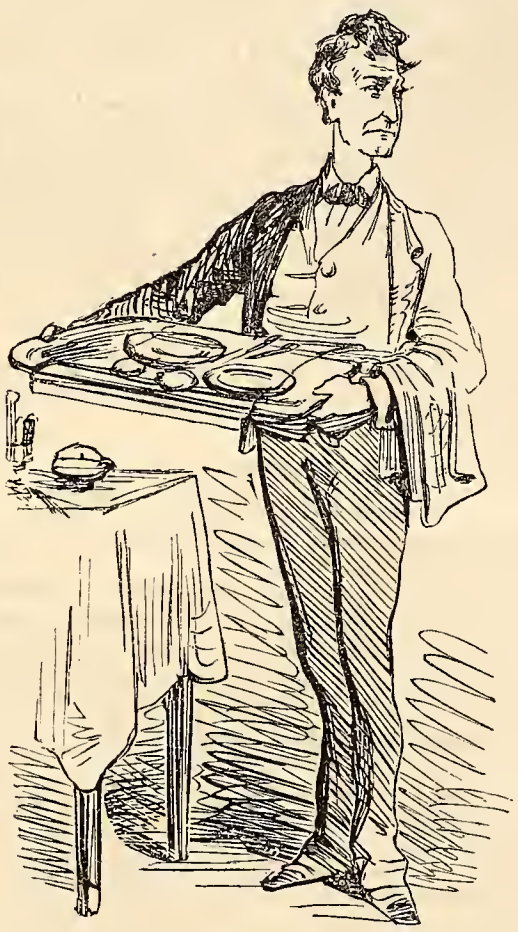
NATURAL HISTORY.

The Hotel Waiter.

The Hotel Waiter, as found throughout this country is a very formidable animal of the What-Is It? type. Naturalists disagree as to Its proper position in the animal scale, but common consent classes It as *genus* Homo, *species* Boor and Ruffian combined.

Neither Goldsmith, Humboldt nor Cuvier, have written upon It; probably fearing to provoke Its vengeance by candid statements, or because they themselves were members of stay-at-home clubs, and consequently knew nothing about It.

The Waiter is an inhabitant of our large cities and summer resorts. It partakes of the natures of both the Sloth and the Glutton when peaceful, but if angered quickly assumes a defiant aspect and becomes as savage as the Hyena. There is a touch of the Snake in its disposition, so to speak. Its general appearance is repulsive and denotes ignorance of the element Water. Its hair is black, matted and knotty; teeth large, badly set, and exceedingly green; eyes red and often blear; countenance absurdly solemn; body unskilfully welded; paws long, thin and flabby; hind legs and feet always disproportioned to the upper anatomy. Hotel proprietors keep them in large numbers, but for what earthly good we could never imagine. The animal possesses a most peculiar habit called "fleecing," which is exercised upon Its keeper's guests. This trait shows forth some what as follows: Boarder orders Waiter to bring a plate of toast.



There is none in the house. Suggests the propriety of having some made. That is against rules. Thinks Waiter may obtain landlord's permission. Waiter knows it is folly to ask it. The guest catches an idea, his pocket suddenly weighs a quarter less. Waiter bows, and presto! the desired toast appears. The operation is repeated at intervals according to the whims of the animal. It is constantly preying upon the travelling community, fleecing even defenceless women and children, and is, moreover, urged to do so by Its keepers.

All Waiters are called John. Perhaps it is necessary to remark that the Dumb Waiter belongs to an entirely different and more respectable branch of the animal family from the one here described

Figurative Language.

A speaker at a late Republican meeting stated that in the contest for the senatorship between the Little Giant and Honest Abe, the former "bit the dust." For the benefit of benighted individuals who do not understand hyperbole, we would explain that the dust referred to, was three thousand dollars a year and mileage.

The real Japanese "Happy Release."

The release of the Embassy from the clutches of the New-York Aldermen.

MORE MARTYRDOM.

To the Editors of Vanity Fair.

Gentlemen:—I am a physician, enjoying a large practice, with a fair share of mortality. By an absurd and unjust law, I am compelled to report, by certificate, every death that comes under my supervision, its cause, date, etc., before burial can be made. Having seen that my friend, † John Hughes, has made an effort to cast off the shackles of a tyrannous enactment, I desire to do the same.

There are many cases, Gentlemen, wherein death covers up the weaknesses of poor fallen human nature. In all probability, that truly unfortunate young man, the Rev. Jacob S. Harden, would have been in the full enjoyment of liberty and happiness this day, had the privacy of death been respected. Many very estimable gentlemen, who have had the misfortune to poison their wives or neighbors intentionally, have been greatly disturbed by this odious law which required us, of the medical profession, to blurt out the cause of all deaths in the unwholesome publicity of a certificate.

Gentlemen, I may be ready for a prison or a scaffold—though, on the whole, I hardly think I am—but I shall never again conform to the infamous demands of such a law. I therefore suggest to the authorities—as I do not expect any more immunity from legal penalties than my friend † John does—to do their worst upon

Yours truly, Ghoul Nightshade, M. D.

GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.

Burrow of Germantown, June 18th, 1860.

To Editor of Vanity fair.

Dear Sir:—I take my Pen to Inform you wich I deam It my duty to tel you that youre Writer mr von puck Is been missleeding You willfuly and wich It Is a shame to the unligtend reeders of youre paper sir the Tolegate of Germantown Is not a Mounyment but A reel gate that Is the Gate Is bean took Away on account of the pasengr raleway wich I ougt to now as I Am the gate Keeper And I never chaged him nor Noboddy Els no 2 cents for A riding to no stor 67 feat Abov me wich thair Is no such A stor not for moren 2 hunderd yads and the strete Is a Pike for al He sais to the Contrair·y wich It Is ee·y to be sene by the stons and By the Dust wich Is reel ston Dust of A pike as you woud now If you Got It In youre eiy or In your mouth wich It Is a continylly a fleying like fine grits Into evvrything around but Sir wat mr von puck sais about the soxs Is mor truth then wat he sais about the gate a bean A monuyment wich Is wat they do make a most pourful site about Hear Is them soxs and no Misstak and hopeng this will find you the same I remane yours to eomand Enos Bigges tole gate keeper In the burrow of Germtown.

P. S.—I send a drorin of the Tole gate & meself to—also wot I sell in bisnis way—wich is chikin an dux also rabbotts wen in seezin. E. B.

Noty Bean.—doant furgit to dror the chikin wich is in seezin now more per tikler wich will be good advertise fur yures E. B.

N. B. no 2.—I sells em chepe an if yer doant beleeve me ask wun ov yure fellers wot drors fur yure pepper—a bigg pussy kined of man. E. B.

The Tolegate.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

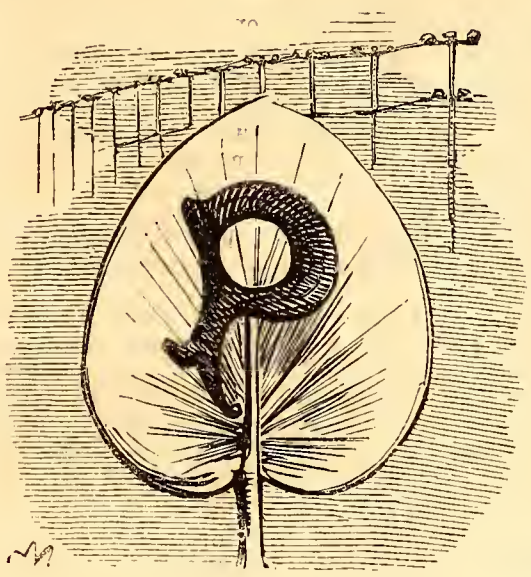
AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

No pent up cuticle contracts our powers,
For all we *want* we'll *grab*—and call it ours.

CHAPTER II.



HILADELPHIA people own two salt watering places; one Cape May alias Cape Island; the other Atlantic City, alias Absecum, alias Capsicum Beach. Own the first on shares with Baltimore, have the second all to selves.

Three or four years ago some enterprising man in Quaker City while sitting on steps of Girard Bank, waiting for little piece paper to be done inside, cast his eyes over small map U. S. and made great discovery. Found Philadelphia was whole day's journey by steamboat from nearest salt-bathing, but that railroad bee-line across Jersey would bring surf within about 2 hours 90 min. locomotive trot. Sprinkled and ventilated discovery along Third-street all way down Barbary Coast. Some of the ideas fell among old fogies who told man to dry up, some got among men of no capital where lame ducks devoured it—one lot touched right spot and sprouted up in a rail-road which went like streak of lightning across Jersey, over beautiful piece of country which looks like wrong side of devil's blanket before its brushed. Rigged up large permanent bellows in different newspaper offices to propel the cars—laid pipe—laid city, cottage lots, noble enterprize, appeals to heart of every Philadelphian—all sorts of things. Wanted a President. Appointed JOHN BROADHED to attend to dead-heads and other *memento moris*—JOHN generally walks round town in warm weather followed by free-ticket funeral procession of applicants; looks like MOSES crossing desert followed by the Discounters—for which reason is called the MOSES of the Rail Road.

Started from N. Y. with cousin RANDOLPH, fresh shot for Philadelphia. Tied ourselves into knots and slept in cars all way to Princeton. Collegians at depot performing cheerful Choctaw war dance with howling-Dervish variations over departed comrades—"nice good boys," RANDOLPH said, "if they *were* a little sprung. Like to have a family such—'specially if they'd treat." RANDOLPH getting dry—that's certain. At Bordentown began to reason with RANDOLPH how we were to do in Philadelphia—concluded to take hack at wharf and baggage &c., but were suddenly interrupted by nice old gentleman on back seat.

"Friend—thee is evidently a stranger to judge by thee extravagance and I really cannot suffer thee to waste money so. Does thee know what hotel thee goes to? Well then—the baggage agent will be here directly and thee must give him thee checks—does thee understand?"

"Just so."

"Well—and when thee reach the wharf I will lead thee to the cars—and it may be, will ride part of the way with thee for it is not fit that strangers should enter the city in the plundering hands of cabmen."

Great institutions, those old Friends—no discount on them. Young Friends—ditto—in different way. Positive and negative poles of magnet. Tend to them all another time—bound for Atlantic.

Left wharf—Vine, Pine Wood-bine—something botanical I know—all Philadelphia streets botanical one way and numerical the other. Entered cars, passed vast city in the wilderness, Dutch village for nucleus, posts with names of streets rising along at intervals on either side, out of solitary sand heaps and pine groves. Streets all named after cities—observed that as the streets advanced to the East their names went to the West—Canton Avenue first, then Calcutta, then Bombay, then Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, Paris—just as the longitude ought to bring us to Atlantic City Avenue arrived at the town itself.

Four five years ago Atlantic City consisted one small house on Absecum beach; billows roared, sand blew, sea-gulls screamed, proprietor of house monarch of all he surveyed. 'Mense town now—hotels rather wide apart, filled in with ten pin-alleys, saloons, pretty girls, shops, churches, darkey-waiters, lager-beers and pistol-galleries. From top United States Hotel—best built watering place tavern in America—town looks big as Newport—quickest grown place on the coast. Owes all its prosperity to surf and sand—like the chemical analysis of meerschaum; made of nothing but flint and water—and like a meerschaum has been made valuable by puffing

Lovely spot however—ten spot RANDOLPH says, since it contains just ten good cobbler-factories, connected with which are three cocktail-mills and one apple-jack sewing-machine. Natives showed us one day in the woods, tombs of two unfortunate white men, killed, one by shock of Jersey lightning, other by chain-shot—both hit in the neck at first fire. Epitaphs placed on their graves by intelligent old Barnegat pirate: "*He was a good Egg*," and "*He was one of 'em*"—both believed by natives to be very poetical and touching, and conjectured to be scriptural.

Hotels follow line of sea beach, railroad follows hotels all way from Surf House to Inlet, and boarders follow railroad. Soon as cars arrived, grand rush into them of organdy and lawn dresses, surmounted by straw flats and silk streamers—ladies wanting to ride from house to house and pay visits—or sky-lark. Sea breeze fresh and strong! everything comfortable looking and lazy after ride over hot sands—gentleman and ladies sitting in long rows on hotel porticoes—chairs all over grass—general air of laying off and taking easy—universal panama and straw-hat state of society—flags flapping, bathing-dresses on all the fences and hanging out of every window—red evening sky and far away roar of surf, booming away like a subdued thunder mill—sand-walks, sand-wagons (same build all over Jersey)—black waiters in white jackets—crowds of friends rushing up to greet them—newspaper boy hallooing out New York and Philadelphia papers—sum total first view of lively American watering place—nothing like it in all the world—nothing of the kind that ever I saw half so cheering after steaming down in brick walled cities, and suffering round amid busy haunts of trade.

Grand outcry of delight—stupendous excitement! Two dresses—one blue and white striped, one white and pink suddenly bound up like fireworks, as we enter United States grounds—two small hands which have made fast time in getting sunburnt on the backs and up the wrists are held out to greet us—the illustrious Queen FLINDERS and the Blessed DE BROOM are here—and our season has begun. Glad to see us—of course—the ancient ditty of every bathing place is again sung—"so few gentlemen here, and so many ladies," ("likely to be the case for some time to come," RANDOLPH says, while society and ostentation exact their present prices in so many forms—all the better for the gentlemen and *slightually* the ladies' own fault.)

Get rooms; high up, no matter—there's a rushing sea-breeze everywhere, about entries, accompanied by highly accomplished chambermaid who can attend to four rooms at once with her right hand, while she fires towels into ten apartments with her left. When very severely called, has been known to be at both ends of entry at once, and bring pitcher to No. 127 in the middle. Have trunks dumped down—going to wash—RANDOLPH in great amazement at sight of fluid—thinks they've brought him pitcher of old dark brandy by mistake—taste and finds no such luck—calls chambermaid—Mary explaineth—'pine water sir; sure an its the native Amerikin Injane color as does it an' the doctor in 126 says its healthy! Promises in future to have it bleached—nail her promise with gold dollar—RANDOLPH says that no brass-headed tack will hold tighter—and he knows.

"*Woo-rah a ra a roar er ra hooroo!*" There goes the gong—expresses sentiments of hungry boarders roaring for food—use it in circuses for dragon's voice when starved monster wants to cat virgin up and ST. GEORGE blocks game. Both of us fresh groomed start down—see squads of ladies and single specimens stray and stroll out of rooms—young voices laughing and screaming merrily in distant entries—all bound to tea—all sharp set. Flow in with multitude—FLINDERS and DE BROOM make signal—seats secured at their family table, specially supervised by head-waiter—all serene and beautiful. Great weight seemed gradually taken off mind as great stock of provender vanished from plate—FLINDERS certainly grand girl—superb nose and eyes—ears like delicate young oysters—Romans used to call 'em Ears of Venus—hair flows back over them like waves till it breaks in the foam of her white lace collar—face all the finer for sun-burn—splendid anatomy—divine institution!

Tea over, walk porticoes—cool as cucumbers—hear all about people in *our* house and over at other house. Resolve walk on beach by moonlight. Little railroad and car from parties down to surf—get on and work her down. Great fun, no end of sky-larking. On the strand by the sand—here it is by Jove!—the great tumbling roaring monster of a surf—one of the finest in the whole world, in three great layers of breakers—out beyond lies the evening sea shimmering in the last purple light while over all rises the moon. Walk along—waves washing foam—shooting it in broad sheets over shiny sand up to our feet—voices in the roaring breakers—FLINDERS' hand hugging more friendly up to arm—general harmony of interests gradually developing. Bath houses—hotel "arbors," broad sandy downs stretching inland—scores of promenaders by twos and threes go past—rising black and India inky, deep washed in, against copper crimson sky. Beautiful walk, beautiful FLINDERS—sit in arbor and drum up poetry—MISS F. rings the bell exactly as we see the light-house putting on her diamonds for the evening. "One by one in the light-house the stars shone out on high—while far on the dim horizon the ships go sailing by."

Go home—RANDOLPH and DE BROOM follow afar off. Parlor—blaze of light—get chairs—introduce and are introduced. The usual respectable Judge, the accustomed gentlemanly doctor with their dames, the inevitable young averages, male and female, and that same old brick who knew your father. Time up—birds go to nest—follow their white flowing ascension robes with my eyes as they trip skyward and then edge round to general stag rendezvous or Grand Council Lodge of Atlantic Sachems, popularly known as

A PHILADELPHIA "FRIEND."

Fire Water Wigwam, on the bar-room, in and around which the chiefs conglomerate to talk, smoke and arrange the affairs of the nation on approved principles. Introduced to Col. FORNEY—good-looking politician—well groomed—first rate points—pick him out in a crowd anywhere. First sight—wonderfully amazed—thought from the opposite party's editorials that he went about clad in only one ragged blanket, carrying a carving knife and begging for whiskey. Told him so and was informed that press generally uses highly figurative language—sort of barbaric poetry—such as old SCALDS used when boiling hot. Introduced to MORTON MCMICHAEL of North American—if eggs were as dignified objects now as they were during the Cosmogony would decidedly call Col. MCMICHAEL a good egg—suggested the idea to a Philadelphian at my elbow who replied that an editor, if a good classical egg, must be one of the eggs of Leader. Hearing this another gentleman turned around indignantly—said his name was SHELTON MACKENZIE—and protested with great eloquence against all puns in general and this one in particular—said that while about it might just as well put in another letter and make Leader into Leander, in which case, as the company knew, the unfortunate subject couldn't be a Hero at all. Great outcry from Baltimoreans and Jerseymen present, who weren't used to this sort of thing, and demand for cobblers by several of the slightly killed. Order soon restored—principally by Herculean exertions of handsome man in white choker—Col. FITZGERALD—generally known as The Handsome Colonel. Antique custom among Philadelphia editors to always have one handsome Colonel—sort of Grand Lama—when one dies or goes out of town, spirit of beauty moves into somebody else—last one Col. WALLACE—appointed FITZ. as successor. Present incumbent immensely useful man, general promotor of high old times—when Philadelphia is roofed over and brown stoned in they'll make FITZ. *major domo* and master of ceremonies. Others present, DAN DOUGHERTY—a very jolly DOUGHERTY and strong on a speech—and, by no means last or least, the President of the Road—a man whom it may be said—fill your glasses, gentlemen!—that, if ABSECUM were a cathedral he would be its bishop—and were it a fortress he would be its commander. (Three *and* a tiger.)

Very nice place this same Atlantic-Capsicum—though as general rule visitors find all such places nice if weather is fine, if they are in good health and are in jolly good company. The one great drawback, the Jersey wagons and miserable swindling drivers. New York hackmen gentleman saints compared to them, uncouth as Fejee savages, insolent as bush niggers, ravenous as wolves. Wouldn't mind high prices so much—always pay 'em at Newport and expect to—if horses were only a little better than carrion and vehicles better than old apple-carts. First rate notice—no charge.

Afternoon amusements—drive on beach—go out in boats fishing—botanize among the groves of short dense trees with tops all level as a meadow and pick magnolias—or flirt all round promiscuously at home and at other houses. Climate not equal to Northern sea-sides but better than Cape May.

Read all the foregoing to RANDOLPH and girls—vote it a fair story. But are satisfied with place—got enough of it—and intend moving. Want variety—*varium et mutabile*—had first rate time here—want first rater somewhere else. Question—whither? Suddenly this afternoon, while at ten-pins, FLINDERS made an amazing roll—took the ten—knocked down the boy—astonished the whole company into a cheer—when just in the flush of triumphs her eyes lightened up with fresh inspiration and clapping her hands she cried:

"I have it—Let's go to Cape May!"

Let's!

VANITY FAIR "WEE FOLKS."

The following is from a "four-year-old" that the *Knickerbocker* has long endeavored to inveigle in vain. The "wee-witling" swears he won't do anything for CLARKE on any terms. As to HARPER, the "wee-one" considers the four-year-old department played out in that monthly, fallen into the hands of infant Philistines, dead heads, milk-toothed buffers. So we have obtained him. He "sees" VANITY FAIR extensively, and is willing to become as faithful to it as the needle to the pole, or the COBB to the *Ledger*, or anything of the sort.

Here he goes!

The four-year-old occasionally "caught the echoes" of "slang terms", as they fell from the lips of other boys who didn't receive a moral tract every week, from the Sunday School Magog. Among other terms, had heard a boy of this unevangelical sort say that another equally not "good" urchin was a "perfect bird." Our four-year-old requested and obtained a definition thereof from his "big brother." Shortly after he was taken by a very moral aunt to hear the REV. BEECHER, (H. W.) He heard him—immensely. After church, his pious relative asked his critical opinion of the REV. BEECHER (H. W.) Said the four-year-old, "He's an eagle and no mistake!" The pious relative was charmed by the noble metaphor, but didn't see it precisely. So, asked she, "why eagle, Sammy? (even as another *pious* female once demanded, "Why a something else?) "'Cause," quoth Sammy, "He's a perfect bird—of pray!"

It does Look that Way.

The following words are from an editorial in that agreeable fossil, the *World* newspaper:

"The great aim of the education given to young ladies at boarding schools should be to fit them for marriage and motherhood."

Our Cynical Contributor considers this "a tremendous bid, on the part of the *World*, for popularity among boarding-school young ladies!"

Horrible.

In the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, the other day, a gentleman from Nebraska told a story which reveals a shocking state of immorality Out West. The anecdote was of a pious little girl who converted her father, and in the course of it, this statement occurred: "One evening the father came in just after *the child had been praying with her mother, in a state of partial intoxication.*"

What must the father have been!

Shopman.—Now, then Sissey, here's three volumes of George Sand, a copy of Tennyson, and a guitar, for Miss O'Leary.

Young Lady.—Miss O'Leary? No such person lives here.

Help (from below.)—Would ye be pleased to fetch 'em to me, that's me name.

A REMONSTRANCE.

[Vanity Fair learns with real concern, that Miss ———, of ———, in the State of Maine, has determined to marry the converted Brahmin, and to go with him as a missionary, to the East Indies. In view of this alarming state of things, Vanity Fair can only offer the following feeble protest.]

Down-East maid! what are you doing?
  Hear me tell you, tell you truly,
You may mourn this hasty wooing,
  And this wedding of Gangooly.

He has been, no doubt renewed,
  But he has been renewed but newly;
What if he goes back to Buddh,
  Or turns Turk—this rash Gangooly!

What if he takes forty wives,
  Jealous each, and each unruly,
Jangling, wrangling all their lives—
  You the fortieth Ma'rm Gangooly!

What if he should live on rice,
  By the Vedas dining duly?
How you'll ask for something nice—
  Ask in vain of your Gangooly.

You will cut a pretty figure,
  If he should turn out a Coolie,
Who's first cousin to a nigger—
  See the *Tribune*—this Gangooly.

Think a moment how 'twould shock you,
  If, grown jealous, like a fool, he
In a harem close should lock you,
  Like a Blue Beard, grim Gangooly!

What if in a sack he sew you;
  What if like a murderous mule, he
Souse into a river throw you—
  Raging, roaring, rash Gangooly.

What if cow-house he erect too,
  Where by rigorous rite and rule, he
Cow to worship shall expect you,
  On pain of torture, with Gangooly!

What if when Death shall unhand you,
  Mob of Brahmins fierce, unruly,
Nolens volens, shall command you
  To be roasted with Gangooly!

Heed our soft, persuasive tones!
  Heed the friend who loves you truly!
Mate the Rev. Mr. Jones,
  Of Skowhegan—not Gangooly.

Heed our words! don't put on airs!
  Ponder what we've told you, duly!
Maine may need as much your prayers,
  As the parish of Gangooly.

EQUINE GYMNASTICS.

Editors Vanity Fair.

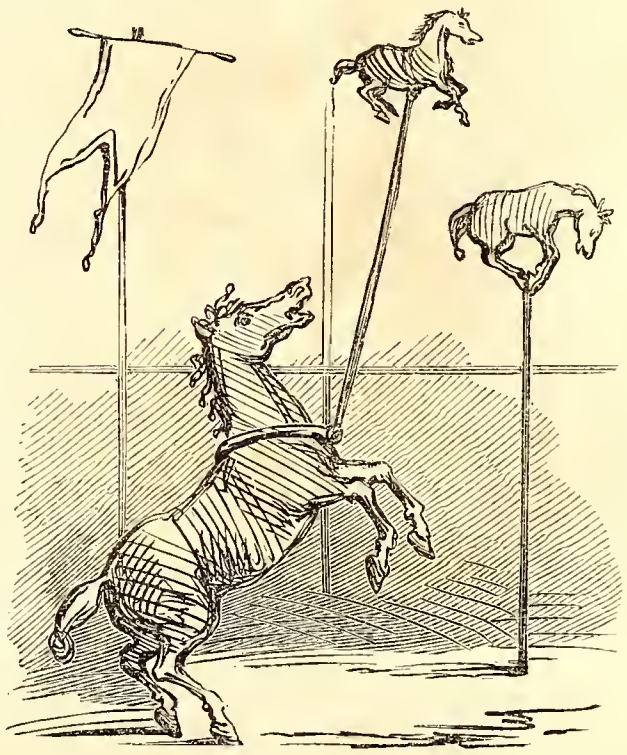
Gentlemen:—I happened to be looking over a recent number of the Troy *Whig*, when the following struck my eye, though not with sufficient force to make it black and blue. Will you be kind enough to copy it entire?

Yes sir-ee [Eds. V. F.]

"A gentlemen informs us that while walking near the flats in the lower part of the city, on Sunday afternoon, he witnessed a horse, who was galloping in the fields, turn a complete somersault. It was done in precisely the same manner as gymnasts accomplish this feat, head over heels, and the animal did it as well as if he had had a year's instruction under Pro. MacRoberts, at Apollo Hall."

Now Gentlemen, although the *Whig* evidently considers this a remarkable feat, I beg leave to state that it is anything but extraordinary to me, as I have frequently been the eye-witness of many much stranger equine performances.

My grandfather was a great lover of equestrianism, and had, at one time, a very fine stud of horses, most of which possessed great accomplishments. He had a large and commodious gymnasium fitted up in his stables, where the animals used to practice every morning, until there was hardly a three-year-old among them that was not an expert on the parallel bars, the trapeze, and the perche equinepoise. They thus developed great strength and agility, so that their progeny are greatly valued to this day. A single somersault would have provoked a horse-laugh among them, for its simplicity: they considered it nothing to turn a dozen hand-springs, running either backward or forward. As they got into a habit, however, of indulging in this amusement while under the saddle, it became unpleasant, if not hazardous, for my sisters to ride out, so my grandfather posted up a notice in the gymnasium, forbidding such exercise in future, and they were discontinued.



I remember three young ponies, among these horses, that attained to a great degree of skill in other branches of education. One of them used to play on the accordeon, fire a pistol, and execute elaborate paper-cuttings, all at the same time, and with the rapidity of lightning. Another could chew meal and whistle, simultaneously—an accomplishment that provoked much surpise in all who saw the animal, and rendered him highly valuable to my grandfather.

Thus you see, Gentlemen, that this paragraph from the Troy *Whig*, so far from being strange, should only excite the derison of all well-informed persons. Had I space, I could narrate some interesting anecdotes of my grandfather's horses, even more singular than the facts I have already stated. As it is, I must close, remaining as ever, Very truly yours,

Caleb Curio.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

UTY to the public prompted us to obtain the services of a reporter whose sole business it was to become hopelessly mad about the GREAT EASTERN. He has fulfilled this obligation in the following eminently satisfactory manner. * *

Having ascertained that a rumor was afloat that the GREAT EASTERN was also, we at once assumed an amount of dignity suitable to the importance of the occasion, and bought several steel pens, extra size. We next had a reservoir of mint juleps established in our cellar, and purchased a bundle of new straw for suctional purposes. We then proceeded to disarrange our toilet generally, standing our beautiful hair—a miracle in itself—on end, twisting awry our neck-tie, and rumpling our snowy linen. This was to prepare ourself for the coming exciting event. Finally we got up a friendly intercourse with the juleps below. Found the insulation perfect. Currents steady and strong. Received a great many interesting hints from the opposite pole. Ordered the smallest office boy to keep cool. Said he didn't know how. Discharged him at once. Asked the neighboring thermometer to come down and take something. Invitation politely declined. Asked the Sun if he didn't find it rather hot up his way, and advised him to go down. Said he was very comfortable and preferred staying up a while longer. Forgot TOMMY and the Japanese. Envied the hermit at NIXON'S. Prepared the following elaborate heading for our report.

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT!
ARRIVAL OF THE HUGE WONDER!
THE MONSTER STEAMER!
SUBLIME SPECTACLE! GRAND DISPLAY!
A MAMMOTH AGE! TREMENDOUS EVENT!
LARGE ELEPHANT! MARINE GIANT!
GREAT ASTONISHMENT AMONG MEN, WOMEN, AND FISH!
EXTRAORDINARY PUTTING ON OF AIRS BY THE HAMMOND-STREET FOLKS! STUPENDOUS EVERYTHING! &c., &c., &c.

Went down to Sandy Hook. Saw the man who thought he had seen the Eastern the night before. Informed him that he had not; that she was expected by the next steamer. Saw an expression of astonishment on the man's face much larger than the vessel. Repeated that it was so. Received information from a private source that she was in sight. Agreed to believe it and say nothing about it. Went out and met her. Asked MR. MURPHY if he was on board, and if he knew the way up to the city. Invited all hands to step up to the Bar. The Bar-keeper let down the Bar and asked us inside. Sailed in, and ran over two or three steamboats with most perfect unconcern. Steamboats went down; we came up. Told MURPHY it was very gallant of him to beau her up to Hammond-street. Captain WINE 'ALL (as the *Times'* English reporter called him) considers himself the ship's husband. Says he is willing to back her against JOHN C. HEENAN any day. We offered to bet on BENECIA, if he did. Captain said he would wager that she would draw first blood. Advised him, as a friend, not to let BOOLE know of her arrival. W. 'A. inquired who BOOLE was. Told him that he was a monstrous vampyre, a regular sucker, that he devoured a cargo of Japanese Ambassadors every day. W. 'A. turned perfectly white—hat, coat and all. Was afraid there was not enough water in the river to float her, and wanted to go back. Told him we would have another pailfull thrown in, and guessed that would do. Wanted to know whether we couldn't have BOOLE thrown in too. Said we would see about it.

Proposed that the directors should make an exchange with Col. STEVENS, giving him the GREAT EASTERN for the PHŒNIX, on the Christopher Street Ferry. Didn't know but they would; preferred seeing the PHŒNIX first, however. Informed them that the PHŒNIX was the identical ARK built by NOAH. The Directors cried "No! Ah! Really?" "'Pon honor," we replied. Described how, after NOAH had made his last trip in her, she was sold to GEORGE STEERS, who rebuilt and lengthened her two or three miles; making her the finest and fastest boat on record. Told them that, if they would not exchange, STEVENS, who now owned her, would probably buy their ship to carry as a life-boat on her. Directors opened their eyes. We also thought that, if that didn't suit, she might run on the Erie Canal. Directors continued to open their eyes and also began distending their mouths. Gave it as our opinion that she would look best in the basin of the Park fountain. Director's eyes jumped out of their sockets and walked around the deck whistling.

Seventeen of the *Herald* reporters had by this time died from over-exertion in taking notes and cat-nip. All were consigned to the mighty deep—sleep. As we neared the coast of New Jersey, a solitary inhabitant appeared and took a look at us. He doubtless found us good-looking, for he kept at it until the ship's gunner shot him and sent a Constantinople poodle out to bring him in.

The yacht REBECCA now boarded us, and desired to know whether we would not like to take a short turn through Plum Gut. Captain W. 'A. could not comprehend the force of the inquiry, so MR. MURPHY came out with an explanation in very naughty and nautical language. The REBECCA then rounded off for the Gut.

Hammond-street soon hove in sight. Hammond-street had got on its good clothes. Hammond street had spread itself extensively. Hammond street stood with the following articles open to receive us: hearts, arms, mouths, ears and eyes. We knew it to be Hammond Street, because a splendid sign in giant letters informed us that THIS IS HAMMOND STREET. It may not be out of place to state that Hammond Street was around. Hammond Street knew the GREAT EASTERN, and the GREAT EASTERN knew Hammond Street. Hammond Street politely requested the GREAT EASTERN to come and stay with her; the GREAT EASTERN was only too happy to do so. At this late hour it would be hard to say which was the greater sight, Hammond Street or the GREAT EASTERN. Captain W. 'A. thinks the Street the finest thing he ever saw. MRS. EVERYBODY in Hammond Street says the ship is perfectly charming, lovely, beautiful, splendid and nice—which is the highest compliment a Hammond Streeter can bestow.

Our own opinion of her is that such words as little, insignificant, mean, contemptible, wretched, small, diminutive, dwarfish and the like do not convey any adequate idea of her merits. WALKER and WEBSTER are to be censured for not furnishing epithets equal to this occasion.

The daily papers, especially the *Herald*, have succeeded tolerably well in coining astonishers, but they are by no means sufficiently suggestive. The vessel will be two months older when she goes away than she is to-day. During her stay the *Herald* will use up two hundred and eighty odd reporters, and will advocate 106th Street for her berth. It will also publish her dimensions, the particulars of her launch, trial trips, accidents, and first voyage every day. What the *Herald* does not say we will.

Novel Weapon of Offense.

The California correspondent of the New-York *Herald* writes from Carson Valley, that "the Indians *fired upon* two men *with a freight train*, wounding one mortally." Think of this! to fire with a freight train upon two poor fellows! and only kill one after all! But what emulation of our scientific progress this act shows in the savage! We slaughter much more extensively, and successfully with both freight and passenger trains it is true. But that was the Indian's first attempt, probably. And besides, they invented an original method of using our destructive engine. They made a deadly missile of it, and *fired upon* the pale-faces with the cumbrous train. Their aim could not have been very good. Still they are entitled to great credit for their original idea. We propose that the Camden and Amboy send out an engineer and conductor to teach them how to do their killing on a grander scale, and with more certainty.

SECOND THOUGHT. Perhaps—perhaps it was only a *horse-power* freight-train? Eh, bien! so much the more wonderful. We would like to know if the first letter of that California correspondent's last name isn't MUNCHAUSEN?

THOSE WORMS.

THE nasty little green worms that let themselves down in permanent showers from every tree in every park, at about this season, have become such a thorough and disgusting nuisance--only equalled by the pictures in front of BARNUM'S Museum—that we really feel called upon to offer some suggestions for their suppression. These suggestions, which are truly invaluable—*i. e.*, without value, we present to an admiring public, without any extra charge; as follows:

1. We propose that they be treated like unmuzzled dogs in hydrophobia-season. Let twenty-five cents per head be paid for them at a pound—or twenty-five cents a pound, as the authorities please. We suggest, however, that boys be permitted to participate in the exhilarating and profitable chase.

2. Let all the trees so infested be surrounded with stacks of straw, which may then be fired. The worms will not be happy in consequence, and it is a peculiarity of the serpent that it only remains where it is happy.

3. If they are fined five dollars for each trespass upon our parks it is not likely that many of them can afford to stay.

4. A good business might be driven by exporting them to China, where they would bring an excellent price, dried or green, as a material for soups.

5. As our Metropolitan police-force will be quite out of employment, now that the Japanese have gone, they might devote their hours of effeminate leisure to arresting the worms and locking them up in the station-houses. The cells have proved fatal in so many cases that it is probable the vermial prisoners would not long survive.

6. Let Mayor WOOD—as soon as his political business is slack enough to permit of attention to his duties—read the Riot Act every afternoon, in the parks, until the worms disperse.

7. Let the military be ordered out, to shoot them. This will provide a fine chance for exercise with ball-cartridges—an exercise which is likely to be needed, about election-time, next November.

8. The worms might easily be sent up to the Island, in accordance with the Vagrancy Act, as they certainly have no Visible Means of Support.

9. If each worm be thickly coated with grated cheese, and toasted, an army of ten thousand mice, turned loose in the parks, would make short work of them. Mice are very fond of toasted cheese, and are not expensive.

10. Lastly, we propose that authentic portraits of Old ABE LINCOLN be posted up on the trees about. If these would not frighten any worm of ordinary nerves to death, we had best let them live!

Notice to the Public.

The undersigned having removed from his old stand in Cedar-street, in consequence of being appointed to a Health Wardenship under City Inspector DELAVAN, would respectfully inform the public that the business will still be carried on by his brother, JAMES ENRIGHT. Emigrants swindled with neatness and despatch.

Hoping that the liberal share of public patronage which has been bestowed upon me will be transferred to my successor,

I remain the public's obedient servant,

JOHN E. ENRIGHT,
Ex-Ticket Swindler.

After all Heenan must be a Celt—

For it is currently reported that he is coming over in Two Ships.

A LETTER FROM THE HERMIT AT NIXON'S.

EDITOR, SIR.—I am a man of rather sedentary habits. In fact I never got up since I first sat down, which is nearly two hundred and fifty years ago - and yet I may safely assert that I have seen more life within that term than most people do. Gifted with the eye of a lynx, the ear of a hare, and the hand of a stenographic writer, my mission on earth is to watch and record. I discharge that mission. You see a large book before me in my working hours, and you suppose that I am perusing its broad pages. Not so. I am perusing my spectator, and the moment his eye is off, me all I want of him is booked. Imagine the record I have inscribed!—I am open to negotiations for it.

When I served with the Mamelukes in Egypt, more than half a century ago, Mustapha Bey said to me one evening:

"O Sidi! contrast is the light of life: you can't think how tight on my head feels ever since the Pacha took off that of OSMAN EBNE, half an hour since."

Often as I sit in my lone grotto at the foot of the Garden, when all is serene in the great corridors of the theatre, and no sound ripples the midnight silence of the precinct save the light puff of my cigar, and the gurgle of my herb-drink—they call it mint julep here—often, then, do the words of MUSTAPHA BEY rush upon my memory. "Contrast is the light of life." Ay is it!

To-night, in the garden, there stood by the Fountain of the Dead Seal, a courtly looking man of dark complexion, clad in a strange rich costume—a Japanese officer of two swords; probably a prince, evidently a gentleman. To him came a person of Anglo Saxon race; possibly a millionaire, certainly a snob. Striking smartly the Gentleman, on the back of the neck, with clenched fist, the Snob held out to him, close under his nose, a pack of blank cards, saying in a voice that sounded like a bray—"Say, Jap! writee namee here—wantee namee for wifee and familee!" There was that in the eye of the Gentleman which said plumply, "I have seen nicer men:" and yet he courteously took the cards, and writing a word on each, returned them to the Snob, with a superfluous bow.

"Contrast is the light of life." How young and skittish I felt that night—I, a poor hermit—as I compiled my herb-drink, and made much incense by burning fragrant weeds!

There is much to talk about. You may hear again from

THE HERMIT.

THE SMALL DOG AND HIS MAN.

It has broken out—not the Yellow Fever, but the Small Dog Epidemic. The Small Dog has laid seige to the Metropolis and where the end will be no one can tell.

He is seen on all our thoroughfares, especially Broadway, skilfully dogging his man step by step, hour after hour, day after day.

Sometimes he assumes the semblance of a true Black-and-tan, sometimes that of a King Charles, sometimes that of a Skye Terrier, but generally he looms up in the dread majesty of the Poodle.

It is useless for the man to try to dodge the sagacious creature, after he has once concluded to live on him, *i. e.* the man. He persistently watches his every movement and carefully guards against his ever giving him the slip. The beast holds irresistible sway over him, which the most violent means can scarcely ever destroy.

The fate of the man is invariably to yield unresistingly to the dog's constant advances, until finally he is degraded to an amiable companionship with the brute and treats him as an equal in all things.

The Poodles are most to be feared, as they sink a man in his own estimation much sooner than the others.

The worms in the Park are esteemed evils, the mosquitoes from New Jersey are a source of dread, the seventeen-years-old locusts are a frightful scourge, the city authorities are a foul iniquity, but the Small Dog of 1860 fairly eclipses them all, in point of diabolical, malicious torment.

He is hurrying our young men to their green graves, and our old men to their marble tombs, by his extravagant demands. He is demoralizing the community and bringing hopeless ruin to our first families. The pale of civilization he has scaled, and is already advancing with fearful strides into the bosoms of our families. O, woe! woe! War upon the Small Dog! Down with the Poodle!

SO LIKE MATRIMONY.

Gentlest of her Sex.—WHAT DID YOU SAY WAS THE PRINCIPLE OF THE STEREOSCOPE?

Alfred ————.—WHY, IT MAKES TWO PEOPLE INTO ONE.

Best and Brightest (innocently.)—WHAT A DELIGHTFUL INVENTION!

THE FOURTH IN TOWN.

[BEING THE LAMENT OF A POET WHO COULDN'T GET AWAY. THE READER WILL OBSERVE THAT EACH VERSE IS CONCLUDED BY A DETONATIONAL REFRAIN FROM THE FIRE-ARMS WITHOUT.]

I.

I really don't know what to do
('Twas thus the Poet sang,)
Amid this dreadful hubaboo
That drives me crazy.
(*Bang!*)

II.

I did not wish in town to stay,
It cost me quite a pang
To find I couldn't get away,
But fate is cruel.
(*Bang!*)

III.

The streets are filled with smoke and noise,
And everywhere a gang
Of ruffian men and rowdy boys
Are firing pistols.
(*Bang!*)

IV.

Ah, out of town the air is sweet,
Where nodding roses hang
Above the brook that laves their feet,
But here, 'tis horrid!
(*Bang!*)

V.

In every public place and hall
The orators harangue
Amid a dun and dusky pall
Of smoke and sulphur.
(*Bang!*)

VI.

Whatever patriots may say
With all their buncombe slang,
In town, this Independence Day
Is but a nuisance!
(*Bang!*)

VII.

'Twas well enough, when into birth
Our Independence sprang—
But this! 'tis Tophet here on earth!
(*Crack! crash!! whang!!! clang!!!! slam-bang!!!!!*)

The Worst Yet.

It is said that the reason HORACE GREELEY advocates LINCOLN is that he once lived next door to him, and accordingly goes in as an Aber. (*Let not your angry passions rise, intelligent reader.*)

Sparkling Joke.

Our French correspondent attributes the effervescent temperament of the Irish to the fact of their being principally Seltz.

The Bird

The Republicans propose to change the ornithological symbol of America, by withdrawing the Eagle and substituting the Rail!

The reason that the Indians are so fleet of foot is that, from the habit they have of painting themselves, they are accustomed to Streaking It.

SERENE ABOVE THEM ALL.

THE BLACK LEOPARD.

In a raving and incomprehensible Black Republican speech, made by a Mr. Van Wyck, of this State, before the House of Representatives, for some reason or reasons to us unknown, occurred the following sublime peroration :

"From the operation of climate or Anglo-Saxon blood, the Ethiopian is already changing the color of his skin, and in time will remove the spots from the leopard at his throat, and the time will come when it can be said—

The star-spangled banner, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, with never a slave."

However gratifying it may be to the Ethiopian to learn that "the climate or Anglo-Saxon blood is already changing the color of his skin," we feel sure that he will desire to learn something about this mysterious "leopard at his throat," who is thus about to have the spots knocked out of him. We recommend Mr. Van Wyck to take a tour through the purlieus of Leonard, Church, Laurens, and Thomas-streets, if he wishes to observe the effect of "the climate or Anglo-Saxon blood" on the inhabitants thereof. After a careful investigation, we find them to have two shades of color, generally, bearing proportions to one another which may be understood by the following diagrams; the colors being that of pure coal-tar, and that of oak-graining :

Coal-Tar.

Oak-Graining.

Never having been in Ethiopia, we cannot, of course, judge what the original tint may have been, but if the present proportion indicates the "operation of climate, or Anglo-Saxon blood," we should hate to have either "operate" on us.

Arguing from this point of view, we can easily understand how the spots of the leopard may be obliterated ; thus :

Before operation of Climate, etc.

After operation of Climate, etc.

Now, as the black leopard is generally considered quite as ferocious as the spotted kind, if not a little more so, we beg the climate and the Anglo-Saxon blood to beware, and to take a cautious look, before "operating" upon the animal. If he is rendered more savage than now, the extermination of the Ethiopian may result, and thus may be given a new, though far from humane meaning to Mr. Van Wyck's touching and patriotic misquotation :

"The star-spangled banner, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, with never a slave!"

Ah, Mr. Van Wyck, you should be very careful of your rhetoric, in future. We foresee some terrible consequences to the Ethiopian, from your raving and incomprehensible leopard speech!

A MORAL FOR THE IMMORAL.

We are sorry for our friends of the *demi-monde*, those fast, bold, handsome ladies who infest the fashionable hotels and boarding-houses up-town. It is a great pity about them. Miss Effie Carstang, of Saint Louis, who had such an uncontrollable desire to become Mrs. Effie Shaw (Shaw being worth a million or two), has been finally defeated in her great hundred-thousand-dollar-damage breach of promise suit. They won't give her a new trial at all, so the last verdict—against her—holds good.

Effie represents the *demi-monde* very perfectly, so her discomfiture is, in some sort, a warning to the class—a kind of judicial wet blanket thrown upon their amusing little operations in the husband-hunting line. There are thousands of them in this country ; hundreds in this city ; fast, bold, and handsome, as we have said, and all lying in wait for very rich old gentlemen of susceptible hearts and eminently respectable characters. What wiles and blandishments these ladies employ for the circumvention of their wealthy and respectable friends, we advise our readers to find out from Effie, from her former crony, Mrs. Cunningham-Burdell, and from others of that ilk. Particulars might not read well in print.

Suffice it, however, that they *do* circumvent a great many. A few affectionate letters—a few caresses before a witness—a few presents, and the stock in trade of the adventuress is procured. The old gentleman is requested to come down handsomely, or to take the consequences of a breach of promise suit, with all the scandal thereon attendant. Nineteen in twenty prefer the former, but if the latter alternative be accepted, nothing is easier than the gammoning of a jury with the old talk of betrayed affection, deserted innocence, hearts tampered with, etc. The juryman who has a marriageable daughter is always on the side of the plaintiff, so the poor old gentleman who has listened to the syren's song, has to pay roundly, and take the odium also.

It seems, however, that Mr. Shaw was more plucky, or more obstinate than many others, and insisted on making a clean fight of it. The *demi-monde* was the loser, and we hope that all old gentlemen of wealth and position may remember the lesson thus brought before their eyes. The only safe way, is to let such women entirely alone, no matter what charms they may bring to bear. Then, if the Pater-familias juryman would take such cases a little less into the bosom of his own family, to judge of them, there would be fewer Carstang-Shaw and Cunningham-Burdell affairs to decide.

THE RESULT.

At length, the hobby of Horace Greeley and Adah Isaacs Menken Heenan ; of Wendell Phillips and Fanny Wright ; of Adin Ballou and Mrs. Jones of Ohio ; is a success. Yes, Woman's Rights are a fixed fact, and a big thing. Let the conservatives weep, the hen-pecked husbands howl, and the irreverent scoffers of the press dry up. At last has Man, the monster, found his proper level, and Woman will have a sight to prove herself a gentleman. Let us pray that her inhumanity to the aforesaid may not result in the mourning of countless thousands!

The English have ever been disposed to adopt the conservative side of most questions here. They like Edward Everett, Roast Beef, Non-Intervention, and *The Albion*. They stigmatize us Yankees as a hare-brained set, who are always strong on novelties, especially in the way of Isms. How surprising, then, to the philosophical mind, to learn that the first great practical exposition of the result of Woman's Rights, comes from an Englishman. The following unique and somewhat startling announcement appeared, the other day, in one of our respectable daily cotemporaries :—

"AS NURSE AND SEAMSTRESS.—WANTED, a situation by an Englishman, as nurse and seamstress ; is competent to cut and fit children's dresses ; no objection to go to England with a family. Can be seen for two days at No. —— West —— st., second floor, back room. Best of City references can be given."

This enterprising Englishman, who resided in the back second floor room of No. ——, West —— street, has doubtless received a situation, ere now, to attend to the wants of the rising generation, and to construct vestments for their callow forms divine. We hope he has, at all events, for we have our own little theory about Woman's Rights, and would like to know how well qualified men may be to fill the place usually occupied by another and a better sex. If this second floor back room Englishman succeeds in cutting and fitting children's dresses, and in all the tender duties of the genial nurse, we shall believe that Woman is qualified to enter upon a manly career, with manly occupations before her. Then may she fling her castor into the Prize Ring. Then may she ascend the perilous ladder, bearing the triumphal hod. Then may she steer the wind-wafted vessel, and man its tarry rigging—or wo-man the same. If the employers of this Zoyaran Englishman will communicate their experience with him to us, we shall hear of something greatly to our advantage, and be suitably rewarded. In the meantime, we will test the matter in another way ; viz., by advertising :

WANTED.—An Old Gentleman, accustomed to plain sewing. One who has had some experience in Sewing-Machine work, and who can do up fine linen, preferred. No Irish or Negroes, need apply. Call at this office, for two days.

Strange, Indeed.

We are always boasting about our facilities for travel and communication in this country—our railroads and steamboats—our telegraphs, newspapers, and post-offices—but is it not strange that, with all these advantages, our rulers exhibit such a wonderful want of Political Intelligence?

Anagram of Ancient and Modern Duelling.

In 1806 :—Not Epistolary.
In 1860 :—Not Ery a Pistol!

HERE AND THERE.

THE entire VANITY FAIR office, by special invitation of the Naval Commission, paid a visit last week to the Japanese Princes. The procession was headed by the senior editor, a learned and venerable person whose hair and beard, white as the driven snow—or indeed anything that has been driven on the Bloomingdale road on a dusty day, reach to his waist; which length is the result of incessant study and no time for shaving. Next came the Junior, a youthful giant in intellect, and an Ajax in muscular vigor. Nothing but the immense strength he possesses could ever sustain him through the arduous labors of his daily task. He was walking arm in arm with our handsome contributor, a beautiful but effeminate youth, who is retained in the office at a large salary, simply on account of his pesonal charms, and as it were, in the capaci y of a rose whose bloom adorns the arid regions of the editorial chambers. On the principle that if I was not the rose, I at least attained a sort of borrowed beauty by being near it. I followed our Adonis as closely as possible. A little behind—and somewhat apart from the vulgar herd, for he loves solitude—came our poet with premeditatedly dishevelled hair, and an expression of interior suffering, as if his breakfast had disagreed with him. The rear was brought up by occasional contributors, while on the outskirts of the party hovered the erratic O'TITIAN who could not be prevailed on to join in any formal procession, preferring as he said, the desolate freedom of the wild ass. In this array we issued from the office, and touching at CROOK and DUFF's, we coasted up Broadway by the Delmonico shore, putting in at various ports for supplies. By the time we reached the Metropolitan the regularity of our ranks was somewhat impaired, and O'TITIAN might have been seen walking up the last three blocks in the middle of the street, imperiously commanding the omnibus drivers to make way for him, all of whom intimidated by his warlike appearance instantly drew up to let him pass. When we arrived at the hospitable mansion of the LELANDS, O'TITIAN, who was evidently laboring under a strong nervous excitement proposed that we should descend to the halls of JERRY, and partake of Japanese Punch. This is an ingenious compound, said to be concocted from a recipe in the possession of the head butler to the TYCOON, and is served in quaint glasses, with accompanying spoons of complicated device. The punch being disposed of, we proceeded upstairs where we found the Naval Commission in full uniform awaiting us at the head of the landing. Captain PORTER alone was absent, it being explained to us that a pile of love-letters, three feet in height, addressed to TOMMY, having arrived that morning, he was engaged in opening them, and consigning some to the flames, whilst he judiciously and kindly returned the remainder to the parents of the young ladies, who were so enamored of the fascinating Jap; a custom which, according to his own account, it is his wont to pursue in regard to all such correspondence. He joined us however at a later period.

We were then led to the chief reception room of the Embassy, where we found the Princes, with all the chief offcials, awaiting us in state. After the usual salutation, the Senior Editor advanced and delivered the following address, in fluent Japanese.

YOUR HIGHNESS, Delightful as the water-skin of a friend to the thirsty Bedouin of the desert, or the shades of evening to the full-throated nightingale, whose song trembles through the twilight, is your presence among us here. May the wings of safety wave over your heads. May the opium of peace settle in your hearts. May the umbrella of prosperity shelter you for ever from the showers of sorrow or the baneful glare of malignity. We, the philosophers and teachers of these modern days, welcome you in the name of wisdom and of wit.

After uttering this brief but beautiful congratulation, the Senior presented a magnificently bound copy of our first volume, the covers of which were encrusted with opals and diamonds, with the words VANITY FAIR inscribed in letters of turquoise.

The chief Prince replied in his native tongue, as follows.

GRACIOUS EDITOR, We have been bored ever since we arrived with presentations. At Washington our days were weariness, and our nights unrest. At Baltimore wild aborigines intruded on our seclusion; at Philadelphia we experienced many trials. But all this is now compensated for. The rose-water of your presence pleasantly scents our solitude, and the recollection of your illumined face will haunt us like the memory of the western stars that shine in the skies.

Hereupon the Prince summoned his Treasurer, who brought forward a large chest filled with golden Cobangs, which was presented to our chief as the subscription of the Court of Yeddo for three hundred thousand copies of VANITY FAIR for one year. This magnificent gift was graciously declined by the Senior, who said that he would forward the aforesaid copies for nothing, postage free.

The Junior Editor and the various contributors were now presented. The size of the former person excited much admiration among the distinguished Orientals, and at the request of the Princes he gave some exhibitions of strength. He held a massive tumbler filled with Champagne between his teeth, and drank it off. He clove a solid piece of sandwich in two with a blow of his knife, and then proposed to drink a hogshead of wine at a single sitting, or open and read a thousand letters in a thousand seconds. Prudential motives induced the Embassy to decline the first liberal offer, and Captain PORTER interfered with regard to the performance of the latter, alleging that it would interfere with his prerogative.

The handsome contributor here attracted the attention of the Princes, who had some conversation with him, during which he took occasion to express his hope that the freckle of Misfortune may never visit their countenance; to which they graciously replied that they trusted the belt of Youth would girdle his waist forever.

Suddenly "TOMMY" burst upon the party, holding in each hand the daguerreotype of a young lady in blue. He commenced the conversation by inquiring of the handsome contributor if he had any female relatives, and if so, whether he would introduce him. The H. C. looked grave and haughty, and muttered something about "little boys," which TOMMY evidently thought funny, for he proposed to play with the H. C.—a suggestion that utterly discomfited that well-dressed person.

O'TITIAN—who is sensitive, and is apt to be dignified when nourished with stimulating diet—here pushed forward, under the impression that he had been neglected. He addressed the first Prince in that florid style of eloquence for which his countrymen are celebrated, a faint transcript of which I will endeavor to give:

"The top ov the morning to ye, ma bouchaleen, and 'tis meself that's proud and glad to see ye Ye've seen the United States of Amerikey, and bedad it wor something to see; but yees musn't forget ould Ireland, and iv ivir ye crass the oshun, maybe the Garryowen boys won't rouse the cockles of yer heart wid a welcome. We'll give ye lashins of poteen, and TOMMY here—God bless his purty face—shall dance wid all the prettiest colleens in Munsther."

O'TITIAN concluded with a wild vocal attempt to sing the Cruiskeen Lan, which the senior editor promptly suppressed, at which the artist became more than excited. He declared that it was his especial privilege to sing a national melody, and on being remonstrated with, he attempted to commit Hari Kiruh with a penknife. The Embassy, seeing his wild conduct, began to fear treachery, and drew their swords, and the most disastrous consequences might have ensued, when fortunately Alderman BOOLE was announced, which intelligence had the effect of putting the assemblage to instant flight, leaving O'TITIAN in the hands of BOOLE. The misguided artist has not since been heard of, but there are rumors flying about the Metropolitan that a person answering his description was found the next morning asleep in the floral car, which had been erected for the conveyance of the treaty box.

Signed.

Think of it.

We know an old gentleman who is so prejudieed against everything related to Catholicism that he does not intend to buy his children any Roman Candles on the Fourth!

A Stronger Man than Dr. Winship.

The Shop Lifter.

How to arrest young Vagrants. A suggestion to fastidious Policemen.

THE TORCH-BEARER.

A Paean for the Fourth of July.

(After Walt. Whitman.)

1. I celebrate the Fourth of July!
And what I celebrate you shall celebrate,
And all together we'll go in strong for a celebration.

2. Over sea, hither from the gates of the morning,
Jubilant, haughty, the glad day of America returns!
Comrade Americans, foreign elements,
German persons, Irish and otherwise,
Hurra for our side!

3. When, terrible in the midnight, begins the wild roar of cannon;
When the ear-cracking cracker awakes me with its continual cracks;
When punch and confusion are in the house and the "morning call" is brought to me in a tumbler;
When the stars and stripes hang round in a very miscellaneous manner;
When Broadway is entirely given up to patriotic youth—then Young America bristles;
When the police are in a state of mind and the Aldermen in a state of body;
When in point of fact there is the devil to pay generally;—
Then is the Fourth of July, and I, rising, behold it.
I descend to the pavement, I swerve with the crowd, I roar exultant, I am an American citizen, I feel that every man I meet owes me twenty-five cents.
Selah!

4. I don't know if other folks see so much as I do,—but I incline to think they don't.
Especially I think they don't see paying me a quarter.
At any rate they don't pay it.
N'importe! I see it all the same,—a kaleidscope of flowing and glancing coins!
I salute you. Eagles—birds of success! Female figures—mothers of luxury!
Stand by me on this occasion, Eagles and Females!
Stand by me that I may celebrate—that I may witness and greet the ascending shapes!

5. The shapes arise.
Shapes of urchins, ragged and dirty-faced, popping off pistols at the unwary pedestrians;
Shapes of citizens upon the house-tops, patriotic, hurling the explosive torpedo;
Shapes of Aldermen and Members of Common Council, drunk with enthusiasm and Old Jamaica;
Shapes of omnibus drivers, idiotic and bawling, the crackers muttering under their horses feet;
Shapes of the prayers that are disappointed of their prayers—
Prayers of the "Fulton-street Daily Prayer-Meeting," adjourned to the 5th, for a reason—
Shapes of the mild ecclesiastics, sleek, black-coated, white about the neck, enraged at the cheerful noises;
Shapes of inebriated editors, the Pecksniffs of the *Times* and of the *World;*
Shapes of jolly printers, festive, uproarious, who won't on any terms go home till morning;
Shapes of the papers that are not published next day;
Shapes of steamboats that dot the harbor and the river, carrying the excursionists to rural delights;
Shapes of the rural delights—the frisky locust, the bug, omnipresent, the lively worm, the flirtation in the bush;
Shapes of the bulky Germans, slow of appreciation, drinking their Lager Bier;
Pipe shapes; shapes of the smoke-cloud, Irish persons enveloped;
Shapes of the Irish persons brawling, the whiskey mastering their brains;
Shapes of the "stars" and "shadows," alert for the wranglers and those who fight;
Shapes of the sharpers, courtesans, whiskered persons, collecting revenue;
Shapes of counter-jumpers, redolent shades, mint-juleps attending;
Shapes of women, fair and otherwise, hungry for ice-cream and for lemonade;
Shapes of the ice-cream and the lemonade—disappearing shapes, the contact of sweet lips assisting;
Shapes of adventurous persons in balloons, my own shape soaring in the balloon of my fancy;—
And then, beautiful to see, the stars and stripes proudly fluttering over all.

6. The shapes arise!
The shape of a civic procession, a Mayor in the midst, Polyphemus, having "a single eye";
The shape of a Governor, military persons attending, a noise of horns and of drums;
The shape of the speaker, the air excessively sawed, coat-tails streaming in the wind;
The shape of Mr. Yeada's "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of America, Laudator of Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, and Friend of Mankind;"
The shape of a philosopher, contemplative, seeing all, thinking what it is all about.

7. That philosopher am I.
I chant the American Eagle, the biggest bird out,—out too with his mother's knowledge.
I chant America, the great Ostrich of nations, destined to swallow up all the rest.
I chant the Fourth of July, birth-day of the Republic, glorious anniversary!
And what I celebrate you shall celebrate—as I had the honor of saying in the first place.

THE AMBITION OF YOUTH.

Shop Keeper.—THINK THIS WILL JUST SUIT YOU, SIR. MADE FOR A GENTLEMAN OF THE ST. GEORGES.

Juvenile.—AH! 'M, THAT MAY BE, BUT I PREFER MY BATS BROADER IN THE BLADE AND LARGER IN THE HANDLE.

CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

THE ENRIGHT.

Nature has taken over six thousand years to conceive and produce her most wonderful work, the ENRIGHT—better known as JON-E-ENRIGHT. If for nothing else that has occurred, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (spoken of in the Geopraphy) may bless his stars that his discovery has been the means of giving to the world this most singular being of the human type. GEORGE WASHINGTON, the veracious, is requested to feel proud of the success of our American Revolution, since it has enabled us to claim the ENRIGHT as an American citizen. Singularly blessed J. B. is petitioned to shed the tear of thankfulness to the American people, for having elevated him to the highest place in their gift *during* the advent of the same.

If you ask for particulars, lo! and behold! The JON-E-ENRIGHT is a festively endowed creature, of decided masculine proclivities. Not more than, four, five, or six inches short is JON of being a sprite, genius, enchanter, astrologer, or something else—maybe swindler. The ENRIGHT is domiciled in Cedar-street, near Washington; keeps a Farmers' Hotel, or Dentists' Hotel, or Coal Heavers' Retreat, or Any-Old-Chairs-to-Mend-to-Mend-Man's House.

Formerly he was an Emigrant runner, latterly a getter of lodgers and lodgers' money under false pretences. For example, JON used to maintain that the privilege of stopping over night in his princely establishment was worth seven dollars a head. Very few people tried it on more than once, though. JON had a happy style of jerking the baggage and physical appurtenances of demurring visitors. Sometimes the police would, just for a lark, jerk the jolly JON himself, and invite him up to see the funny thing called Mayor, in the City Hall. JON always went, and always came away, and always kept up his old games, and always didn't care a profane expression for lodgers, funny thing at the City Hall, or policemen and their larks. Now this is wherein lies the wonderful peculiarity of the ENRIGHT—ever plunging into hot water and ever coming out unscalded. Policemen say they can't make out how it is, funny thing called Mayor can't make it out, and the people generally can't make it. We are inclined to believe that we can make it out from top to bottom.

We know three magic words that the ENRIGHT knows, too, and that enable him to trample on laws, to abuse unfortunate countrymen, and to defy prisons. The words are POLITICS ✲ ✲ ✲ INFLUENCE ✲ ✲ ✲ MONEY. JON knows them all, and we know JON. We call upon all good citizens to admire JON; we beg the Tract Societies to enroll JON's name as an honorary member; we ask parents to see that their little boys read this notice of the ENRIGHT, as it will do them good; we return thanks to Mr. Inspector DELAVAN for having had the courage to reward Merit and elevate Virtue, in the person of the aforesaid, to the dignity of a position in the Board of Health. Despite his odd streaks, the appointment of the JON ENRIGHT is really the most eligible that could have been made. There is not a more useful or deserving being in the city. Could he only be duplicated, tripled, quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, nay multiplied an hundred fold, and separately chosen Health Warden a hundred times, the reward would still be inadequate to his great services. His age, address, education, and previous pursuits qualify him admirably for the duties of his new office.

✲ ✲ ✲ ✲

And yet, Gentle-Skimmer-over-these-lines, if you were to see the JON-E-ENRIGHT—to hear him talk in the First Ward dialect—know his history from infancy to prime, you would never dream of his fitness for anything beyond breaking stones at Sing Sing. No, indeed you wouldn't! And that's why he is a Curious Freak of Nature; he looks the knave, yet Mr. Inspector DELAVAN pronounces him an angel in disguise. It is very odd, very! But then it is a queer world, you know, and appearances are deceptive.

A Favorable Impression.

A Kiss.

Important Item.

We stop the press to announce that MR. ENRIGHT has up and resigned! He wont be a Health Warden at any price. That simple sheet, the *Tribune*, naïvely remarks "Such deference to public opinion was wholly unexpected." MR. ENRIGHT's respect for public opinion is well known and doubtless it was this consideration which induced him to resign his public office! Very much! The cynical mind inclines, however, to the theory that ENRIGHT's descent from being a respectable Ticket-Swindler to holding office and hanging around the City Hall was too much for him. Conscious of his degradation, he relented, gave up his place, and returned to the more honorable pursuits of his early days.

Over Particular.

An advertisement reads,

"ON VIEW for a SHORT TIME

TWILIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS."

The first part of the sentence is quite superfluous we think—twilight being generally On View for a few minutes only at any time.

Dreadful to Think Of.

The Japanese Ambassadors are so fond of champagne that one of them derives his title from his bibulous propensities, "See me Boozin." (Simme Boojsen.)

Spanish Money.

Castile Soap.

A LITTLE SOLILOQUY.

"WELL! I MUST SAY THAT I LIKE THE STEREOSCOPE! IT BRINGS OUT THE ROUNDNESS OF ONE'S FORM SO!"

A Word from a Horror-stricken Counter-Jumper.

STEWART'S, JUNE 30, 1860.

Oh, most mighty Editor of VANITY FAIR! what do you think! The Common Council are actually growing careful of the public money! During the Japanese fever, some twelve or fourteen dozen pairs of kid gloves were purchased by the authorities, and those that were not used were brought back to our establishment by the wives, daughters, and friends of different Aldermen and Councilmen, to be exchanged for sizes smaller.

Miss Two O'ME exchanged five pairs of lavenders for five cream colored; MISS Bo**E eight pairs do. for eight assorted; and a cousin of Councilman VAN***E, six do. for as many "red white and blue," as she expressed it. After that who will say that the City Fathers are extravagant? It would have been a shame to have had so many pairs of gloves wasted, and they were very thoughtful in having the exchange made. Weren't they? CHARLES PRETTYMAN.

Good for Breckenridge.

VANITY FAIR, in expectation of being on the winning side, with the greatest diffidence begs leave to announce its belief that BRECKENRIDGE will be the next President: for is he not the Nephew of my Uncle, and also one of the Elect?

Why the Weather has been so intensely Hot Lately.

Because the *World* has knocked spots out of the *Sun*.

GARIBALDI.

"Now, red old Mount Vesuvius,
What cometh over thee?
Thine eye is blood-streaked and glassy,
Thy mouth is awful to see."

"O! stranger do not mock me,
To you though it may be fun,
The reason my face is troubled
For me is a terrible one.

"Stand by my foot and listen—
My sorrows I would impart,
The grief that is gnawing my vitals
And piercing my ruddy heart.

"There was an old King in Naples,
Who, for his private glee,
Chained hundreds of human captives
In dungeons under the sea.

"And, was it his mind was cheerful,
Or was it he didn't feel well,
He would take them out by twenties
And mow them down with shell.

"And if, in a wind-blight season,
The vassals were slow to come
With their dues, he would wheel up his mortars
And make them shell out with bomb.

"And hence they called him BOMBA,
The wicked old Son of a Gun—
Excuse the foul fiend, stranger,
That drives me to blow off a pun!

"But BOMBA died and was buried,
And—O, the bitter pill!—
His unpleasant ghost to swallow
They forced me against my will.

"And, now, with mortar and rocket,
With shot and with shrapnel shell,
The BOMB-King is blazing, blazing,
Down in my innermost hell.

"Therefore my brow is heavy,
Therefore my mouth awry,
And, therefore, the lava gushes
Out of my blood-streaked eye.

"And yet I am hoping, hoping,
Old BOMBA's cannon to spike,
There's a balm for me in the future,
For I know that like cures like:

"That my brow will again unfurrow,
And the glow come back to my face,
When I swallow the Second BOMBA
Who reigns in the Old One's place.

"And a calm falls on my spirit,
As over the lazulite sea,
With a smile of exultant freedom
Old Ætna winks at me.

"While a surging boom arises
From the free Sicilian shore—
Palermo saluting her HERO,
As he enters her open door.

"Nearer, nearer, nearer,
Over the scattering spray,
I see his white sail flapping,
The HERO is coming this way!

"I hear the accordant voices
Of the *bersagliéri*,
Their measured war-chant singing
Unto the rejoicing sea.

"And ever one manly tenor
Rings out like a silver bell—
Viva, l'Italia! viva!
E Victor Emmanuel!"

THE USUAL ENGLISH GROWL.

E arc at it again! Aping the English for the thousandth time! It is hardly possible for a Briton to eat his chop, or read his *Times*, without a Yankee's doing likcwise as soon as he hears of it. We are certainly a nation of mockers as well as scoffers, and, since propositions for substituting another bird for the eagle that "screameth" our glory aloud are in order, let us suggest the Mocking Bird as the fit representative of our most salient national peculiarity. Probably you want to know what we have been doing now—well, we have done a good deal. If you will cast a glance backward during a couple of years, you will recollect that Some Weak Minded Little Boy over in London cried Wolf! Wolf! at the top of his lungs, and forthwith all the old women and children in the land took up the cry, and rushed hither and thither hallooing Wolf! Wolf! until the nation was actually scared to death and shook in its Wellingtons. Nor was this all. A search was made for the Wolf which resulted in the finding of his tail only, and that, too, in the Little Boy's imagination. But so frightened were the people at large that they could not be convinced that there was not a Wolf at large also; so they determined to organize a formidable Volunteer Army for the purpose of protecting their lives and property in case a Wolf should happen to come. A very wise precaution, no doubt. But now just look at us Americans. No one has sung out Wolf, we think, though a great outcry has been made about Those Worms;—so much so that Those Worms left their chrysalides and became fleet-winged millers; our suggestion, last week, to hang up a likeness of Old Abe in the Parks probably helped to make them adopt this course. Nevertheless our propensity for aping JOHN BULL was so strong that we at once set several Volunteer Regiments on foot and horseback. Already these companies have acquired thorough discipline and great skill in manœuvering, and it is not at all improbable that they will soon rival, if not eclipse, the original inventors and patentees of the idea, the British. Look at our Seventh Regiment and Camp Scott! Almost equal to anything in England, only such a thing can't be expected—we haven't got the men. There, too, are the Chicago Zouaves. Would be as good a regiment as any in London, only it can't be expected.

We are free to confess that we have elicited the spirit of the foregoing from a gen'l'man from Hingland, who was soliloquizing on Camp Scott, at Staten Island the other day. In the main we agree with him—chiefly because it is a waste of time to dispute him. Furthermore we are willing to concede that there never has been, never will, and never can be anything done in this country that has not, or will not, have been done beforehand in England by an Englishman; and, in all probability, in Ireland by an Irishman. We will admit without a dissentient voice that the Declaration of Independence, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Battle of Bunker Hill, Niagara Falls, ABE LINCOLN, and the What-Is-It? are each and all as English as the Queen herself, and more so.

Vanity Fair "Four-Year-Olds"

As the French (done into English for the occasion) says: 'our four-year-old's succeed and do not resemble each other."

The present prodigy is a "flaxen-haired-cherub," who gets off immense jokes on the slightest provocation. Yesterday, her pet kitten, having partaken of the exhilarating catnip rather too freely, was more than usually mischievous. Puss scrambled into the maternal work-basket, and commenced a sad havoc among spools, skeins, and so forth. After many ineffectual attempts to drive her mildly away, *mater-familias* exclaimed, "Julia, (the flaxen-haired-cherub's name) your kitten is a perfect torment, the most mischievous little puss I ever saw." "No wonder, mamma," replied the 'cherub'; "you know she is a *maul-tease*." How's that, oh! HARPER?

THE STATE OF EUROPE.

(An Editorial Article reproduced from recollection of one in the New York Herald.)

Since 1849, Europe has been maintained in a state of equipoise between disturbance and commotion, during which everything has been gradually crumbling away with a sudden crash – just as, in this country, during the same period of time, political parties have been doing much the same thing, only a good deal more so—leaving princes in this world and politicians in the next equally puzzled as to the way in which to face the ground or to endeavor to maintain the intelligence of the masses of mankind everywhere. This has stirred up to an unwonted degree the abandonment of the old formulas in idealism and old leaders in practice by one of those secret and electric sources which emanate from no leaders and no idols. The few epochs take advantage of their own purposes, and astonish the world with ease. As has happened with LOUIS NAPOLEON in Europe, so will it be with some great politician in this country, who, from the crumbling drift of the times and those parties that LOUIS NAPOLEON has seized from the political organizations among us, will attain for himself revolution without anarchy and a preservative everywhere against anarchy.

This is what has passed in Europe during the past ten years, and is passing still. France accepted LEDRU ROLLIN, and rejected his colleagues with their infamous suggestion that the revolutionists wanted lucifer matches. Italy has rejected MAZZINI and accepted his firebrand. Germany, as shown in the pamphlet of MONS. ABOUT, is approximating to the mighty age of the same triumph of influence, since foretold by long METTERNICH in the saying that, "Germany is rapidly advancing toward Teutonism and the London *Times*." The aristocratic lights of Buckingham Palace sneer at MONS. ABOUT'S logic, and ask, "Why doesn't LOUIS NAPOLEON offer Baden to the Prince Regent of Prussia?" It requires no second sight to see that what was a clear and logical epoch was offered to Prussia by the events in Germany which demonstrated its tendency and its result. The thirty-seven crowns which to-day divide the German nation, will sweep away France and Italy without anarchy, and repeat the grand scene which Piedmont and Sicily witness to-day in the world. If the London *Times* could have sneered at MONS. ABOUT'S logic, it would not have refuted it.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, through a correct epoch, availing himself of the great success of the European equipoise, is carrying out the territorial idea of France, and has dared a power of logic and, through a skilfull combination, a logic of power, to establish 26,000,000 of united people to protect the realization of Italy. In return, France has gladly and willingly advanced to her natural boundaries on the Savoy side of Nice. Now he has initiated the idea of a united march to triumph, when Germany will gladly consent to advance to the natural boundary of the Rhine. Then Europe will behold three mighty dynasties, ruling ninety millions of wealthy people with wonder and satisfaction, on the basis of "satisfied nationalities," rather than the material development of the few privileged masses.

England and Turkey alone have been free from this revolution and reaction. Yet to-day we see in the one a new and rising power against the contest of the lords, and in the other an extension of the suffrage to a bitter conflict between the Crescent and the Cross. The heterogeneous external attack and internal decay of Austria, successfully crumble to pieces. The policy that indueed Trieste to diet as a German town in opposition to Venetia and Hungary is fast losing its hold upon the spirit of the age. One of these must go to its natural nucleus, yet to form a great European union with united Italy. The other mustn't. Thus are the Sclavonic tribes of the nineteenth century gathering under the banner of empire, to sweep away the old and rotten dynasties of Europe and the worn-out political organizations of America, to make room for more consonants, the spirit of the age, the new elements, and the development of the arts, sciences, and intellect that has brought man i to existence.

Very Natural.

We learn, without any "special wonder," that the delicious dash of Mrs. JOHN WOOD'S acting and singing in the new piece "The Tycoon" has put all the young men about town In a Pucker about *Persimmons*.

The Object of Supporting a Candidate.

To secure his Good Offices.

WHAT ELSE COULD THEY BE?

Free and Enlightened Citizen.—CAPTAIN, DID THOSE MILL-STONES COME OUT OF THE GREAT EASTERN?

Marine Person.—MILL-STONES, YER HONNER? LOR' BLESS YER! THOSE HARN'T MILL-STONES—THOSE HAR HONLY 'ER SEA-BISCUIT.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

We have always thought Mr. E. MERIAM very good at Flash literature: we have always considered him well qualified to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm;" but never till lately did we quite realize his essential intimacy with the elements.

Mr. MERIAM is out in the *Tribune*. It is rare to find electricity in the columns of that paper, but wheresoever the MERIAM is, there will the Thunder and Lightning be gathered together. So we do not wonder at the pyrotechnical condition of the *Tribune*.

In Lightning itself we have never till now felt that fervent interest which it is so well calculated to inspire. But henceforth it is safe to say that our reverence for Lightning will only be equalled by our reverence for MERIAM.

For Lightning, according to MERIAM, is a thing to be very much revereneed indeed. It is like almost any poet of tender age, who has a mission to accomplish and a destiny to fulfil. "My long companionship with the records of Lightning phenomena," says MERIAM, "have made me familiar with its habits, its labors and its powers. *It oftentimes exhibits a power of discrimination that would be a bright adorning to the best faculties of the human mind.*" "Its home," he adds, in a moment of inspiration, "is in the clouds of the atmosphere."

We thank Mr. MERIAM for these disclosures. He is qualified to make them, and he makes them in a very impressive way. We have no doubt as to his "long companionship" with "Lightning phenomena." He seems to have prosecuted his acquaintance with Thunder and Lightning to the fullest extent of amiable perseverance. "I searched," he tells us, "and *made inquiries of the trees in the forest* in relation to the frequency of their being scathed by Lightning." We hope the trees were responsive to his inquiries. As to the "power of discrimination" exhibited by the Lightning, Mr. MERIAM records one fact which must convince the most sceptical mind:—"No case of death by Lightning in Boston appears in my records, and *it is rarely that the Lightning strikes in that city.*" Only think what judgment! What "a bright adorning!" It is not very complimentary to Boston, indeed—this aversion of the Lightning—but it does exhibit great "power of discrimination." We don't wonder at it. To keep away from the Hub of the Universe is one of the prettiest ways in the world to exhibit discrimination. To Essex, however, the Lightning is "a frequent visitor." Certainly this slight to Boston is very marked, considering that Essex is only an interior and contemptible village, with nothing in it but a Methodist Meeting House and some leather straps. Why not have suppressed this cruel truth, O implacable MERIAM? Would not the rest suffice? Could we doubt the "discrimination" of the Lightning! Didn't thou not record that "in Greenwood Cemetery, occupying four hundred and fifty acres of land, the Lightning has struck but five times during a period of nineteen years?" Surely this is "discrimination," which will not strike where there are none to kill!

You might have spared Boston, though. Consider, MERIAM; it is a *virtuous*, it is a *respectable* city! Let the Lightning go there! Expostulate with the Lightning! Remove its prejudices! You say it is "sometimes sent for correction, sometimes for mercy, and sometimes for the invigorating of the land." Let it go to Boston "sometimes for mercy!" Sometimes for mercys sake let it go to Boston. As they didn't have the Japanese, at least give 'em a thunder storm.

Pardon our enthusiasm, Gentle Reader! We love once in a while to say a kind word for the worthy and innocent neglected, if only for the sake of confounding the enemies that denounce us as satirical and misanthropic. Let us say a kind word for MERIAM, then, the bosom friend of Thunder and Lightning! Let us say a kind word for Thunder and Lightning the bosom friends of MERIAM! And lastly, let us say a kind word for Boston, the metropolis of New England and home of Mr. EVERETT of the *Ledger*, which, neglected at once by Thunder, and Lightning, and MERIAM, is so truly

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

A SIMPLE CATECHISM FOR REPUBLICANS.

With all the Appropriate Answers Appended.

Q. Why do you call Mr. LINCOLN "Uncle?"
A. Because of our Relations.
Q. Your party has done very little for him as yet: are you going to work for him, directly?
A. No: In-directly.
Q. What are you going to work directly for?
A. Loaves and Fishes.
Q. What is your opinion of the "Honesty" claimed for LINCOLN?
A. Honesty is the best Policy.
Q. What was your COVODE Investigating Committee expected to develop?
A. It was expected to develop Political Capital.
Q. Did it develop any?
A. Not as you knows on.
Q. What do you think of the Political Capital Dodge?
A. I think it is a Capital Political Dodge.
Q. What will your party do with so many rails?
A. Make a fence with them.
Q. What for?
A. To accommodate the "Nigger in the Fence."
Q. Do you believe that Slavery is radically wrong?
A. Wait till November.
Q. What do you think of the nomination of BELL and EVERETT!
A. What do *you* think of the megatherium?
Q. Do you think LINCOLN will run as well as FREMONT did?
A. Yes, but not so far.
Q. Upon what State will the contest most depend?
A. The State of the Funds.
Q. What is your particular reason for putting LINCOLN in command of the Ship of State?
A. I want to secure a good Berth on board of her.
Q. Will SEWARD ever be up again for the Presidency?
A. Yes. Up a Stump!
Q. What is LINCOLN'S worst Vice?
A. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

1. Morning.

2. Noon.

3. Night.

PUNNING MADE EASY.

Every Man his own Punster.

(*Continued.*)

Can a man tell a lie for the sake of making a Pun? He can. Nay it is even his duty to lie, with such an inducement, because of the fact universally admitted that wit is of greater rarity than truth. To tell the truth any fool is able, and often willing, but it is impossible for an idiot to propound, guess, attempt, or otherwise appreciate a conundrum. Veracity is nothing more than an innate tendency of nature; but the pun and the lie are the results of civilization. To sacrifice these latter to the former, would be to prefer barbaric virtue to enlightened vice. For these reasons it is plain that a Punster may be a liar, or even a thief, and remain a good and great man.

To attain this superior "stand-point," if you will excuse a word as "odious as the word occupy," let the youthful punster study these different modes of intellectual culture separately. For, as it is often the case that a pun cannot be made without denying some axiom, or asserting some absurdity, either in morals or religion, familiarity with these crimes is absolutely necessary. Otherwise great opportunities are neglected, because of timidity, and the ten commandments. At first it is best to practice the pure lie, till it becomes habitual and easy; to do this the punster must tell falsehoods to himself in private, and afterwards beginning with his father and mother, deceive them shamefully; thence proceeding to lie monstrously, wherever he goes, and whenever he can. Then, after he has lost all confidence in himself, he may very plausibly undertake the art of swindling words out of their meaning.

But, if after this severe training, the youth should find himself still too conscientious to pun with promptness and energy, and yet shrinks from the butchery of the language, he must not be discouraged. Rome was not built in a day. In the pursuit of perfection the Punster must expect moral impediments. If lying cannot give him that courage essential to any grand innovation upon language, let him seek a profounder experience in thieving. Here again it is best to begin modestly, and with some trifling theft, for Grand Larceny, too rashly ventured, shocks the mind, and is painful to the conscience. A few pennies now and then from a drawer, a handkerchief from a pocket, is a very good beginning. When the natural shame attending these actions is subdued, increase the amount to dollars, and go on with a firm and rapid touch. I might as well mention that the robbery of widows and orphans hardens the mind with great certainty, and should not be neglected. But there is one danger attending this exercise, which should be avoided, that it may become by habit more attractive than even punning itself, and lead you to regard it as an end instead of a means. In this way your profession is disgraced.

If still the student is troubled with fear, and cannot bring himself to utter those most unusual combinations which astonish and confound, he must adopt a bolder course, and mount at once into Murder. Again beginning at the beginning, let his first experiment be upon babes. A child left sleeping in its cradle can be murdered without difficulty, either by suffocation with a pillow, or strangling with the hands. After the deed in accomplished, you call in the mother, and make a pun on her infant's name, watching her closely to see if she should take. If sorrow overcomes her natural desire to laugh, you will know that your purpose is not attained, and should immediately kill her with a hammer. The husband running in, attracted by her shrieks, put the case to him in the form of a conundrum—"What is the difference, sir, between the murder of your child, and that of your wife?" He will probably rush at you. Stun him with a stool. Then, as he recovers from the shock, inform him that "One is a smother in this cradle, and the other is a great ill in this mother." Should he refuse to laugh, you must know you are still not funny enough, and should humanely put him out of pain.

We have now killed three people, without any definite result; do not therefore regard their death as useless. You have at least made a beginning. They may have been deficient in humor; to avoid this in future, make a phrenological examination of your subjects, selecting such only as victims who have large mirthfulness and fine intellect. Keep on murdering till you meet some worthy and intelligent man, who comprehends your joke, and dies very much amused.

You will now have acquired a boldness and decision of touch, a mastery of opportunity, an elasticity and alacrity of spirit, an elevation of tone, so to speak, and should immediately venture upon the longest words in the language. Abandon the premeditated pun, no longer strive to turn the conversation towards the subject of your joke, but relying on your ability, use the pun impromptu altogether.

I presume that by this time many persons who have studied these essays, wishing to learn to be Punsters, have become very much discouraged. They object to my system on the ground that I "teach but bloody instructions," and that from the back door of my school is a short cut to the residence of Dives. With this I am well satisfied. He who has not courage to study the great Art he professes, *thoroughly*, to ground himself in the preliminary branches, had better abandon his ambition, and remain content with his imbecility. A punny mind is not a puny one, and I require of my pupils, strength, courage, and the strictest obedience.

But let no one suppose, from the tenor of my remarks, that I am base enough to be the advocate of evil, and the unscrupulous corrupter of the young. On the contrary no man is more opposed to the awful vices of Lying, Larceny, and Murder. Left to themselves, pursued for their own sakes alone, they lead to falsehood, loss of property, and to bloodshed. I wish it to be fully understood that I sustain them only as *means to an end*, and under *proper restraints*. To the advancement of civilization, to the improvement of the Pun, much must be sacrificed. The Punster does not murder for the sake of blood; blood to him is not of the *slightest* use—what can he do with it when he has it? Is blood then so valuable? Is it eagerly sought after by the miser? No. The suppositions are preposterous. Then the Punster must kill for other reasons; with some high and noble object in view, some great and benevolent purpose.

Taking this view of the matter it is evident that his disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice, should have a worthier return. Instead of

malicious strugglcs, and spiteful cries for assistance, the victim should approach with alacrity, and eagerly assist the Punster, by divesting his throat of his cravat, by running to get the razor, or going down the cellar for the axe.

Then instead of moans, groans, and selfish resistence, all would be harmony and kindness. The domestic circle would no longer be the scene of violence, disturbed by shrieks, and the furniture perhaps injured by struggles. Surrounded by his family, seated by the familiar fireside, the victim would smile upon his friend, as he asked him the conundrum, preparatory to raising the axe. He would do his best to guess it, thinking over it in all its phases, and asking information of doubtful points. His children would look up into his face with smiles, wiping their tears. He would bid his wife good-bye, and ask for the baby that he might kiss it farewell, consoling it in tender phrases—"Pooty baby! is its itty pappy doein to be killedy illdy? O yessy. Coochey, oochy, coochey. Pappy knocky on de heady widdy axey. O yessy. Coochy-oochy. By, by, baby." Then the Punster raising and taking the axe, kills him gently and kindly, in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by those he loves.

How different from an ordinary murder. But alas! people do not properly appreciate the importance of the Pun, or this would not be merely an ideal picture, but a beautiful reality.

A GOOD THING FOR BONNER.

THE *Herald* of last Saturday rather exalted the *Ledger* people. On its 4th page it contained the Fourth of July oration pronounced in the City Hall of Boston by Mr. EDWARD EVERETT, author of the "Mount Vernon Papers," and the 6th page was taken up with the first instalment of "Leon de Bournay; or The onspirator of Cordova. A Tale of Moorish Spain. By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., author of "The Gunmaker of Moscow.'" The juxtaposition is singularly appropriate, and we congratulate Mr. BONNER upon the fact that, though he was obliged to pay for the insertion of Mr. COBB's story as an advertisement, Mr. EVERETT's speech was not only published gratuitously but treated to a "first rate notice" in the editorial columns.

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO, ETC.

Perhaps even at this moment, while the tardy press sends forth these lines, the bark that carries the conqueror of the British Lion may be upon the seas, and bearing that gentleman to the home of his infancy. He returns to our yearning arms, wearing the trophy of his victory, in the shape of half a belt. We know that the spontaneous outgushing of the great American heart will accord to the victor in the battle which settled forever the arrogance of Great Britain, a reception worthy of so great an achievement; but this alone will not satisfy us. We feel that the press should be especially grateful to the fistic hero for the capital he has furnished. Over the details of his mimic war and its subsequent diplomacy, the mighty engine has grown both eloquent and maudlin. HOE's double fast has been sadly exercised to keep up with the demand of the public to know at what particular round HEENAN smashed SAYERS' "nob," and where, exactly, SAYERS closed HEENAN's "peeper." The illustrated broadsheets have made their special and particular piles, by giving, in every place, the record of the little mill, from the moment when HEENAN first punched SAYERS on the "flytrap"—we think we are right on the professional—until the legs of the latter gentleman hung limp and lifeless over the ropes.

Taking all these things into consideration, we hold that the coming Champion should be received by the press, and, with all respect for the older members of the profession, we draw up a programme. Should our portion of it be capable of improvement—which we feel sure it cannot be—we will gladly *listen* to any suggestions.

We would—immediately upon the steamer that has the honor to bear the Champion, being telegraphed—proceed down the bay, headed by the Rebecca yacht, which of course, by the undoubted courtesy of its proprietor, will be placed at the disposal of the editors and contributors of VANITY FAIR. On reaching the steamer, the entire company will put up their hands and invoke blessings on the Champion's eyes. He will then be addressed by Mr. H. J. RAYMOND in a screed of welcome, while HORACE GREELEY will sing a song of triumph, accompanying himself on the hand-organ. At this juncture Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT will execute a Highland fling in character, ending off with a recital of the number of *Heralds* sold every day for the last three years.

Immediately after this pleasant performance FRANK LESLIE, who will attend with only one "special correspondent" and twenty-two artists, will make three-hundred rapid sketches of interesting objects connected with the *personnel* of the Champion. At this point we shall step in, and take charge of our eminent countryman, for the purpose of Boole(y)ing him. The landing will be made at the Hoboken Ferry and the procession will move up Barclay-street, headed by the ferry master and two policemen. At the corner of Ann-street the procession will halt for ten minutes, when a glass of soda water, sarsaparilla syrup, will be presented to the illustrious guest, for which he will not be asked to pay. From this point, if the Street Inspector has performed his duty, it is expected that the office of VANITY FAIR will be reached in less an hour. Here a cold collation will be served in the editorial room under the superintendance of our principal roller-boy. After partaking of this repast, the payment of which we have liberally provided for by an unlimited draft on the waste paper department, the stock of which, even in moments of the greatest depression, is worth one and a half cents per pound, the room will be cleared of its furniture and papers, and the choice given the Champion of picking out any member of the press then present, and punching his head. This part performed, which is to be understood as an expiation by the whole body of any disrespectful remarks that may have been made about the Champion during his absence, the freedom of the city will be presented in a shape of a pledge not to report any little shortcomings of the B. B., should he find it necessary in support of his laurels, to generally smash anybody or anything. This point disposed of, arrangements will be made for a ball to be paid for out of the city treasury, the tickets to be sold at $25 each, according to the latest and most approved style. This little affair we look forward to as something nice. The gentlemen of the fancy will have unlimited license to put up their hands as often, and at whom they please. Policemen with drawn clubs will be mixed up with the crowd, with permission to pitch in and give it to any small or inoffensive looking individuals they may see about, while the interests of the waiters will be attended to, by placing it in their power to sell the refreshments to the highest bidders. By these precautions we believe the HEENAN Ball and reception, may almost be made to equal that of the Japanese, especially so, should we be fortunate enough to secure the good offices of BOOLE.

A Deficiency Supplied.

"MATRIMONIAL.—A YOUNG, HANDSOME AND INTELLIGENT GENTLEMAN, just from the South, 21 years old, is desirous of forming the acquaintance of some handsome and intelligent young lady, not over eighteen, with a view to matrimony.

I would like to marry
If I could only find,
Some handsome young lady
Just suited to my mind;
I would like her witty,
I would like her gay,
And with a little money
And the fashions of the day.

[We take the liberty of adding the second verse, which has evidently been accidentally omitted. ED. V. F.]

I'm a knavish fellow
I'm a heartless wretch;
I'll abuse the girl I marry,
And will sell, for what they'll fetch,
Her honor and her wedding ring,
The very clothes she wears;
Then forsake the tender-hearted thing
And disown the child she bears.

Con. for the Missionaries.

Why are the Gentlemen of the Japanese Embassy like certain well-known State Bonds?

Because they are Good, but not Convertible!

To the Friends, Lovers Especially and Countrymen of the Gallant Seventh.

Are you aware that the Camp Scott volunteers are regularly Tattooed every night? It is so, any way.

The Widow's Cruise.

The Lady FRANKLIN Expedition.

A CRACK AT SOME FOLKS.

EVERY summer there are two classes of people who look forward with delight to the fashionable exodus from the city; they are budding young ladies and grey old house-thieves. The summer months are peculiarly festive to each of them. The ladies must excuse us for daring to mention them in the same sentence with burglars and coves, but a moment's reflection will show that we do so not without good reason. Birds of a feather usually flock together; then why may not an editor place side by side the crafty house-breaker and the cunning heart-breaker? The burglar who enters our rooms and the damsel who enters our affections? The thief who purloins our silver and the maid who steals our peace of mind? Ah! young hoydens! you are not so far removed from the dreadful robber as you would like to suppose. You go to Newport, Long Branch, Saratoga and Niagara to carry on your depredations, and for pretty much the same object the city thief takes advantage of the family's absence to enter your mansion, turn on the gas, feast himself on your father's choice old wines and the contents of the refrigerators, and, when leaving, to carry with him a few souvenirs of his visit.

You know you do; don't deny it. Excuse yourself and—we had almost said you exculpate the thief, but on second thoughts we will not say that. Now is the gay season of the Five Points. The F. P. pays its respects to the Fifth Avenue, and politely leaves its card, after inviting itself to call again next summer.

The F. P. not unfrequently rides in its carriage on these occasions, and why should it not? Fifth Avenue does the same, so it is a square thing all around. If Fifth Avenue happens to come home before the out-of-town season is fairly over, it must not be astonished to find its visitor from down town gayly enjoying its *otium cum dignitate* in the sumptuous parlors and libraries of the aforesaid. Nor need Fifth Avenue fear to disturb the impassibility of Five Points by lustily shouting "Police!"

The Police are unusually scarce; probably also in the country. The best thing for the Avenue to do, under the circumstances, is to shake hands with the Points and beg it not to be in a hurry—in fact to fraternise cordially, for after all there is but little difference between a Wall-street Broker and a Baxter-street Cracksman.

Not Necessarily Flora Temples.

FOR SALE—AT THE DEPOT OF SIXTH AVENUE Railroad, corner of Forty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, several fine Horses, too valuable for the company's sesvices.

We are posted on Sixth Avenue Railroad trotters and do not consider the fact that those for sale "are too valuable for the company's services" any recommendation whatever. Most of the horseflesh on this route have concluded to stand it no longer, and prudently leave all the pulling to be done by its former acquaintances, skin and bones.

The Whole-Souled Jerseyman.

We have heard of men so mean that they would abstract coins from the eyelids of a defunct colored person. We were not, until lately, aware that more despicable mortals existed. The *Times* of Saturday convinced us of our error. They have them in Belvidere, N. J. Have them very bad, too, if what the *Times* tells us is true:

> Great efforts were made to induce Sheriff SWEENEY to execute HARDEN in public. The fine for so doing would have been $200, which the citizens of Belvidere offered to make up on condition of his so doing. The reasons given were, thousands of people from the surrounding townships and villages would come to witness the execution, and *their coming would benefit Belvidere, pecuniarily speaking, very largely.*

We promise our readers to desist, in future, from satirizing the actions of the Jerseymen. The mere mention of "Belvidere" will, we think, be sufficiently aggravating. At all events we shall content ourselves with making that little remark from time to time.

A Fair thing all around.

The Presidential term is four years only; as there are just four candidates for that office, why would it not do to amalgamate the tickets, elect them all unanimously, and let each of the men serve for a year?

A Matter of Course.

PATERFAMILIAS, whose son is down at Camp Scott just now, need entertain no fears in regard to the future of that young gentleman. Any one who has ever seen the Seventh's boys on parade can tell him that they always Turn Out well.

LITTLE STEPHEN A. TRYING TO CLIMB INTO A VERY HIGH CHAIR.

THE BURGLARS' CARNIVAL.

(A Scene in a Fifth Avenue parlor any time during the dog days.)

CORKEY JACK.—Come, Pigsey, the kerridge is a waitin' for us.

PIGSEY.—All right; but before we go, let's take a partin' drink to our absent friends, the perlice.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

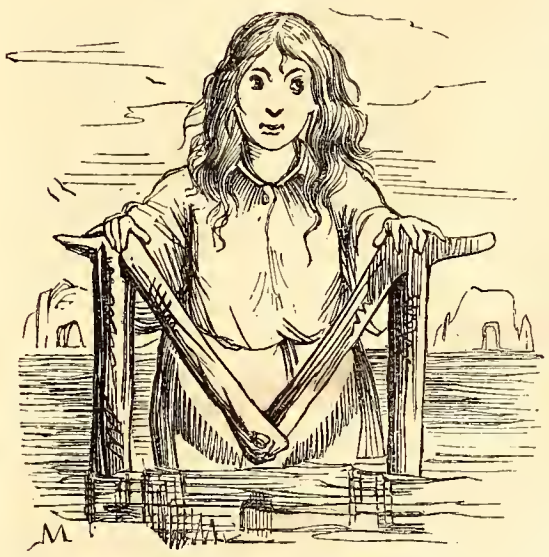
AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

No pent up cuticle contracts our powers,
For all we *want* we'll *grab*—and call it ours.

CHAPTER. III.



ERICAN watering places peculiar institutions. Cape May—alias Cape Island most peculiar one of lot—consequently least noticed. Foreigner comes country, goes Newport, Nahant, Saratoga, perhaps Va. Springs—thinks he knows all 'bout it—goes home—writes book: "America, a continuation of Europe — fag ends English style, and Paris fashions—*coiffure a la Mont de Pieté* — nothing in it." But don't see into peculiar character of each place, don't see *through* the character into different home-lives and social circles which meet there, don't know why MISS HIGHFLYER has all her acquaintances in the Top Sawyer House and not one in the Spread Eagle. Can't understand it, 'specially as Spread Eagle may be best kept house of two, have best table, best rooms and band music. Goes over Spread Eagle some evening—sees nice girls in broad flats and ribbons walking porticoes—hears *la ci darem* on piano—sees darkey spread table—very much same style fathers and mothers sitting round steps—don't understand it.

MISS HIGHFLYER understands it though, first-rate—could give Tourist some ideas if she could only explain. Can't do it though—can only say, "Nobody there one knows." Darkey waiters understand it too—just as well as HIGHFLYER—analyze in practical way better than any writer ever did. Understand the contradictions too—why HIGHFLYER's cousin lives at Spread Eagle—drives her own carriage down to beach while HIGHFLYER goes afoot. Cousin would give carriage though and travel hands and knees down to surf to have the worst of HIGHFLYERS beaux or friends—great country wonderful people! Tourist puts on extra-strong lens, lights gas—looks at remarkable insects. "H'm—very odd—well;—there certainly *is* a difference between them—but then it isn't so great d'ye observe, that the creatures need show such a beastly aversion for each other." Not being one of "creatures" himself, Tourist can't be expected to have their feelings. All very easy to understand in England, Germany, France—all down in novels, poems, all sorts things. American shades and demi-tints *not* down in novels yet—strong reason against it—six little holes round centre pin and saw handle in the rear—popular verdict 'sarved him right! Easy to say "copy from nature." Just set yourself up once to be copied and see how you'll like it! Find out like the Dutchman who stood still to have his photograph taken that the fellow's pointing a cannon at you instead of camera-obscura. Can't satirize anything but a *class* in England—can't do up anything but *individual* here. Am going to do an individual from life however, in this very chapter. Thus endeth first lesson.

To go Cape May leave Philadelphia in steamboat. Splendid place to leave, after first July. Hotter than Albany, hotter than Pan of Matanzas, out of Pan into fire when go from there to Philadelphia in summer. Day like Tophet, night like day stewed over again. People say it's healthiest there in summer—reason why—cooked victuals last longer than raw. Left wharf with RANDOLPH more dead than 'live. People trying to build rail r. down Jersey shore from Camden to Cape May—Jerseymen greatly enraged at Philadelphians because they don't finish road—'cause why, Jersey wants to ride at half price, sell fuel to company, send eggs to market—but don't want to pay for stock. Cuss the "city fellows" though for wanting public spirit, "cause they don't finish our railroad—nary bit." North of Cape May lies belt of God-forsakenest Country in existence. Natives, cedar-diggers—pass lives in trackless swamps, run iron drills down into mud—discover pre-adamite cedar trees heads all turned to East—dig'em up, sell 'em for tin cups, blue beads, axes and whiskey, get corned till their own heads are all 'bout due East also. Manners, like trees, pre-adamite only more so. Adam did see the Lord once—South Jersey never did and never will.

Look round on board boat—find very nice lady—MRS. CATALPA and daughter CAROLINE CATALPA—nice girl only few milestones inside thirty—but fine clear forehead, imperial eye-brow—eye like best Maraschino, agreeable to every taste and superior to all; superb figure—remarkable hands, and not "showy." Only trouble—knows too deuced much. Can't sink so deep or rise so high but what the CATALPA has a fibre below you or a blossom above you. Can't be bluffed, stunned shocked or instructed. Only word what you've got to say in delicate equivocal phrase—give it the courtly or scientific turn—and there's no idea extant in the whole range of human nature which you can't ventilate with CATALPA. Has no tendency to evil—is simply determined that so long as forms of good breeding are kept up nobody shall have whip-hand of her. Has been outside of them—too. Once in Vienna, masked ball, CATALPA retorted over and over again at CROAT baron—drove him half mad—CROAT gave her vile epithets in his native tongue and said in French: "Anger goes back to his mother-tongue." CATALPA whispered softly to him in Servian—"yes—and returns with what belongs to his mother." Had a heart once—where now! Somewhere high and dry among sea-weed, sands and old tide marks of Europe lies the bleaching shell—must have taken powerful tide—strong tempest—to wrench a CATALPA heart from native bed.

CATALPAS must have pets though—got young girl, great expressive eyes, not very expressive tongue—lump of ice half thawed, be boiling water some day. Seems to understand CATALPA without medium of words—has a light Spanish tone—*colorado pajizo*—sum total—one-half green, one half over-ripe. Good material for "regular little devil" of most dangerous description.

Make old lady comfortable—sharp dame but very dozy—arrange seats—talk. Bring out powerful opera-glass—CALPA sends Pet for her's—such a glass! Can see the fiddler-crabs five miles off on beach—good glass—no wonder—Grand Duke VEIT VON SCHLACHTENSCHLAGER gave it to her on her name-day—told her it was finest ever made in Germany. Begged her when he died to look sometimes into heaven with it, see if she could find him. Did look. Hadn't found him yet—would take a fresh observation from Cape Island. RANDOLPH suggested looking downward— — —at the heavens reflected in ocean. "And tempt thee not the eternal skies all spread in watery blue and tempt thee not thine own dark eyes——"

"Fine idea that," says CATALPA. "Go bathing in my own eyes!"

"Don't try it—unless you can swim," replied RANDOLPH. "Many a poor devil has been drowned there. If you wade you'll hurt your feet on the skeletons."

RANDOLPH said this gaily but CATALPA looked at him steadfastly—interestedly, while the Pet by quick magnetism lit up fire of eyes to entertain the stranger who had joined them with so few words. Then CATALPA replied with great sweetness. "All seas, whether they will or no, must contain the dead hopes which fools cast into them. Only *Dead Seas*"—here she looked straight at him—"are called up in wrath over a dreadful Sodom and Gomorrah."

After this pleasant little arrangement we all became very intimate. And if reader is as old stager as RANDOLPH and CATALPA he may understand why it was their mutual "sarse" was anything but annoying to either.

Cape May last point, tip end of Jersey. Wants the groves of nutwood, magnolia, laurel you find all over Atlantic—ain't very old self—but can remember when was only one tree on Cape Island: more now—but all ailanthusus or trees of heaven, so called 'cause devil himself can't stand smell of blossom—Chinese say 'cause pictures of angels in the bark—never could see 'em—have heard young ladies called angels in the rough—can't make it any nearer. Cape May jolly place though. Lots big hotels—TOM BARRETT pistol gallery—saloons—shanties sell fancy goods, cut Cape Diamonds, fight tiger, game open 25 hours a day, shops for bathing clothes and candy—arbors—six bath houses surmounted by benches overhead some sticks covered by dead oak leaves—sit under 'em and see ocean and vessels, a hundred sail perhaps in sight, going up and down Delaware Bay, all sorts things.

Cape May very serene place. In old times if man had fancy to promenade town in shirt and drawers, blowing French horn people thought nothing of it. If gentlemen got drunk as pipers, friends took 'em down, dipped 'em sober in surf—thought nothing of it.

If gay party arrested the police, locked 'em all up in bath-house and tried to roll it into sea—people thought nothing of it. If gentlemen fought duels with pistols, fence rails or decanters—thought nothing of it. If self-appointed regulators picked up all who were compelled to sleep or hammock about loose for want of rooms and made 'em shell out champagne—thought nothing of it. If a scandal of any size, color, complexion stripe kind or grossness showed its head—and plenty did—the whole island agreed in thinking nothing of it.

Late years things a little changed. COLUMBIA Hotel grew up and took in Baltimore and Philadelphia nobs—other houses tenanted by mixt society—landlords began to put down old *regime*. Still people flocked in—sometimes from seven to ten thousand people on island. Seen myself nearly three thousand bathing together—all ages and sexes—screaming and yelling, laughing, swearing, kicking, floating, howling, roaring, hooting, cheering, whooping, swimming, hurrahing, wading in the mad, angry, jolly triumphant desolate ferocious old wilderness of breakers. Assure you sir—no mistake about it—if you never tried the excitement of bathing at Cape May under the delirious circumstances aforesa'd you have a new sensation to undergo—as original a one as hashish, red pepper-brandy or snuff-and-pearlash-dipping—and a great deal nicer than all of 'em. Something like it on the coast of India when natives go down evening to take pious old wash, something same style Persian Gulf during pearl season and in South Seas when all hands flop through surf to come off to ship—but no *civilized* fun on face of earth to begin with it. Roman carnival nowhere. Heathen go it *in puribus*, Cape May goes it *in pluribus straw hattis, bathing-dresses, pantaloonum et chemisorum.* RANDOLPH says difference is between undressed decency and dressed indecency—but RANDOLPH is *rouè*—like all his tribe very critical in minor morals.

Long drive through wretched little sand pines, in wagons with sandy haired driver drawn by sand-horses among green sand-flies. Gets cooler—there you are, in town! Long train of wagons—great rush as usual to offices for rooms—awful struggle—suspense—landlord gives 'em—dispense—final result ex-pense. "No place where the pence *is* so mightier than the sword than at Cape May." (Voluntary contribution to the Telegrams by EOLINE CATHARINE WHEELER FLINDERS.)

Rushed into HARWOOD'S—grand outcry on piazza—wild waving of flats—musical hurrah!—Captain FLINDERS there awfully excited—all primed for fun; DE BROOM in rear. "How do you do?—Pa's got you such *nice* rooms—I've been teasing MR. HARWOOD all day long myself—and he'll do anything for me and you must run up and change in a hurry for we——"

Speech suddenly gave out and poor FLINDERS dried up abruptiously as the Countess CATALPA de Gramercy Park put out her

COUNTESS CATALPA.

head and twelve inches of foot, ankle and soforth—couldn't help it—to descend from step-less Jersey wagon—RANDOLPH officiating as squire. Shadow of awe on FLINDERS—good girl, not afraid of anything earthly, but CATALPA a shade beyond her humanity. Read about her dozen times in *Home J.*—regular stock in trade for all the JENKINS—presented to Queen VICTORIA—FLINDERS never was mentioned in newspaper in all her life except in hotel-arrivals. DE BROOM not so much un-oxygenized—got more oak in her, had more seasons and more seasoning. Never saw CATALPA before in life—only one glance between 'em over RANDOLPH'S head—great deal in that glance—man never yet born on earth who could give, take or take in so quickly as much as those girls did in quarter of second. Then came the sidelong squint—quick as frightened lightning at figure and dress—meant to get at STYLE, social position, lady-ism. DE BROOM nothing to flinch for—didn't flinch—BROOM'S a brick—knows she's no shade of "common"—knows herself "free from sin, trick or vice." Exit CATALPA—every rustle of her dress saying:

"Well—the girl is certainly a lady."

BROOM would like great deal better to sit in judgment instead of taking it. But she keeps her gun up first-rate. She'll be there some day ten years from now. Happier! Not by jug-full.

Great event of day at all Jersey sand-beaches; particularly C. May! is bath. Stump down through sand—undress in rough board shed, tub salt water on floor—sand gritting on floor—voices of bathers singing all around. Out into sunlight—fiery furnace—sand scorching hot under foot—queer light independent feeling however when in pantaloons, leather belt, flannel shirt and nothing else. Can run, sit down in sand, do as you blest please, nobody cares. Wait—here come the ladies!—Jer-u-sa-lem crick-ets!!! And that's FLINDERS! That rowdy, saucy, bare-foot, jolly, hoopless rip the celebrated FLINDERS! That piratical bloomer, FLINDERS! And tother one is DE BROOM. It is.

Rush down through the crowd—go in lemons!—sw'p!—how refreshing the first ice cold swash of foam—toe-deep, ankle-deep, knee-deep—I've got FLINDERS by the hand—jolly little hand—whoop—the surf is up to her nice little black leather belt now—steady!—turn my back to great sea—here comes an elephant breaker, a regular Great Eastern rolling in—an all devouring smooth rolling monster—ah but FLINDERS gives a lovely scream—just before it breaks lift her up; hold her high—am lost myself in a watery abyss—but wave lifts us—takes us in, and FLINDERS declares with emphatic delight she actually seemed to fly in shore—it was *so* delicious! Yes—don't doubt it—not much flying for gentleman bather though. Wants a strong arm and long practice to bathe girl well this way—girl must know how too—know how to catch breaker just before breaking—turn feet in shore—half float—let up!

Face music again—let's go under! Good. Hold to FLINDERS as to only treasure, brace steady—here it comes—bang! But *we* go under like Kanakas—Captain FLINDERS a grand old brick of a bather that's certain—how she dives—how her eyes shine as she comes out of water, jolly as a Newfoundland dog! Go it again my rose-bud, you're game all over!

I look in shore, I see the CATALPA bathing with a wretched old Noodle in knee-deep water; I pity her. I know she wants some fun, *la povera!* Apropos lady friend—introduces FLINDERS; Noodle escapes ashore, we three join hands, RANDOLPH and BROOM come into the ring—Ocean we defy thee. RANDOLPH takes the CATALPA Queen out—she throws herself to the work like a voluptuous swell as she is—pity she and RANDOLPH couldn't be drowned just now.

Go ashore; oysters, crackers, cobblers, sent to all the rooms, calm steals all over hotel—only in bar-room subdued horse talk, rattle of ice, lunchers dropping off one by one. The CATALPA in her room amid her own handsome furniture sent down from New York, FLINDERS and DE BROOM in their more modest apartment on hotel bedsteads, RANDOLPH and I even worse upholstered—all feel just the same sea breeze, cool, fresh, soul-cheering, which pours in at window and lifts up the mat and flaps it on the floor and blows the curtains and merrily sings to sleep. Good licks! There's RANDOLPH—half asleep with his Partegas between his lips, puffing slowly—there in the distance, far through the window is a long line of blue sea and white ships and Henlopen light-house—down towards kitchens and servants' quarters the nigger ha ha-ing is heard less and less distinctly—curtain—breeze—curtain—FLINDERS—*tap tap*—nothing—head on pillow—dream of EOLINE CATHERINE WHEEL——

[Well— we *did* all wake up in time for dinner and had *a right nice time* of it, though B. S. *did* spoil my soup by telling me to put *sherry* in it Dear VANITY FAIR—he *is* queer——] *Interrupted marginal note in lead pencil, signed* FLINDERS.

Ominous.

Notwithstanding the bad split in the Democratic party, the members of both factions are disposed to hope, from the fact that so many rails are required by the Republicans for campaign purposes. It indicates that they also will have to do a great deal of Splitting.

Prophecy by a Poet.

The bird that hovers over the head of the Coming Man, is the Baltimore Aureole!

"WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A BUTTON?"

The True Report.

There having been some variation in the different reports of Prof. James Renwick's evidence before the Central Park Investigating Committee, we feel happy in being able to give the real article. The Professor did not find any fault with the Park; he merely testified that there was more road room than was necessary and too little hill; that he considered the plan of the Park a bad one; he disapproved of the blasting and objected to the rocks; thought the location was unhealthy, and hadn't much faith in the honesty of the Commissioners; looked upon the pond as a mud hole and the bridges as miserable and unsightly failures; believed the tunnel to be a wretched piece of engineering, and the trees wrongly set out. This was all the Professor said.

———o———

Which they Won't.

A Union-and-Constitution-party politician lately asked one of Our Young Men if he thought the people would elect Bell, whether or no. "Elect Bell-Wether?" asked Our Young Man; "I should as soon expect them to elect Ewe!"

———o———

The First Bassi Profundi.

Those who Went Down into the C.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF FOWLER.

Ever since the flight of Mr. I. V. Fowler, late postmaster of this city, the papers have been laboring to make him ubiquitous. He is positively in Havana. He has been seen drinking a gin cocktail gracefully, in Denver City, wherever that is. He has been recognized at Baden-Baden. He has gone to Salt Lake. He is mining at Pike's Peak. In short, where isn't he?

In order that this ubiquity may be carried out in a proper and becoming manner, we have made arrangements to furnish the press at large with paragraphs concerning the whereabouts of Fowler, which we will supply to the trade at the lowest possible cash rates. They will be written in a neat and elegant style of diction, and wear an evident truthfulness on their faces, calculated to deceive even Mr. Fowler himself. Printed on slips, and sent in packages, free of postage, they will be found of the greatest service, especially to provincial editors, whose knowledge of geography is not so great as it was before they took to knowing "no North, no South, no East, no West." For city journals, we have a slightly superior article, containing first class grammar, and intended to prey upon the finer sympathies of the more cultivated classes. These, of course, are more expensive than the other kinds. Pathos brings a good price, just now, among literateurs.

The following is our catalogue with prices marked. Editors desiring paragraphs will please enclose the money, with a careful list of just the ones they wish; when the articles will be promptly sent, by mail. No money returned.

1. Fowler in Jeddo, Japan, with particulars of his recognition by a ship-captain. - - $12,00 per doz
1. In Leedsville, N. J. (flying rumor), disguised as a blacksmith, and working at trade. - - - $10,50
3. In Havana—same as in other papers, but grammatical. - - - - - - - - - - - 5,00
4. In the wilds of Canada; touching narratives of adventures. - - - - - - - - 13,00
5. Same, but made very harrowing, with all the horrible details. - - - - - - - - 15,00
6. Same with authentic letter from Fowler. - - 20,00
7. In Timbuctoo, with face blackened, passing for native, and married to chief's daughter; very interesting and rare - - - - - - - - 15,00
8. On Coney Island, digging clams for a wretched subsistence. - - - - - - - - 10,00
9. Same, with affidavits of real oystermen (expensive, but calculated to produce great local excitement; good for city papers.) - - - - 23,00
10. In Denver City, keeping a faro-bank (flying rumor.) 8,00
11. Same, authenticated. - - - - - - - 12,00
12. Impenitent death, in the northern part of Herkimer County. - - - - - - - - 10,00
13. Penitent ditto. - - - - - - - - - 10,00
14. All the details, with last words blank, to be inserted. - - - - - - - - - - 15,00
15. Last words (applicants for these should state what church their papers belong to.) - - - - - 00,50

Any of these will be sent, single copies, for two dollars. Packages of one dozen, assorted, thirteen dollars. The whole fourteen, last words in five different styles included, eighteen dollars, and a liberal discount made to wholesale buyers. If gentlemen, on looking over our catalogue, do not see anything to attract them, they can have paragraphs done to order, on receipt of instructions, and fifteen dollars in advance. Address us at almost any place mentioned in the catalogue.

Worldly Ways.

We read, in a late number of the *World*, that

* * * * a great revival followed, bringing into the church great numbers of members, who were living among us, away in the west, *with their letters in their pockets*, taken from eastern churches.

Now what earthly—or *worldly* rather—use was there to speak of "their letters in their pockets?" Why not say, as well, with their handkerchiefs, pocket-books, night-keys, small change, etc.? We don't quite see the point of specifying letters alone. We presume it is a way of the world, though, and we, unrighteous journalists, can not be expected to understand it.

How Peter Funk avoids Arrest.

By keeping a Good Watch for the policeman round the corner.

MESSRS. HAMMETT & CO.

Poor Human Nature has many weaknesses, and among them is a very strong desire to get money. We hope we shall not be accused of cynicism, if we venture to express the opinion that poor Human Natures may be found, who desire, even, to get money without giving any due equivalent therefor. The avarice of such, like "Virtue," is "its own reward"—indeed, its only reward.

For there are other poor Human Natures, whose weakness is a sad confusion between those principles denominated by the Ancients "*meum et tuum.*" These poor Human Natures know enough to play upon the weaknesses of the first-named class, and hence arise a vast and considerable number of swindles.

Perhaps the most thorough-going of all these, is the Bogus Lottery Swindle. To be sure, one receives a ticket, neatly printed and stamped with various incomprehensible numbers and things—but that is all one receives for his $.

And that is not quite the Ticket for Soup.

The genuine lottery, is, after all, not a very painfully conscientious and scrupulous affair. However, as its success depends upon that ineffaceable desire of poor Human Nature, to "trust to luck," as evinced by the institutions of pitching pennies, buying eggs in June, and advertising in the Sunday papers, we do not propose to discuss, much less to attack, its legitimacy.

But, if the genuine be questionable, what shall we say of the bogus? Doubtless, that it is *un*-questionable, in its black dishonesty.

Now, we do not mean to say that Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., of Wilmington, Delaware (whoever they may be,) are the proprietors of a bogus lottery. We do not desire, particularly, to figure as defendants in a suit for libel. We are not personally acquainted with Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., nor have we, at present, any wish to form their acquaintance. They may be very exemplary and eminently respectable persons. As eminently respectable as the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, Author of "The Mount Vernon Papers," for instance. But we do not know, *de facto*, so we by no means advise people to buy lottery-tickets of them. It is just possible, indeed, that if we were asked, by some young and inexperienced friend, for advice on the subject, we should say, "There be thieves, and thieves. Blessed are those that expect nothing, for when they don't draw any prize from Messrs. HAMMETT & Co's lottery, it will be no more astonishment to them than to us!"

This we might say, and with all due respect to Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., we think that our estimate would not be greatly below the mark.

For we received a letter, last week, from a mercantile firm in Peoria, Illinois, as follows:

Editors VANITY FAIR:—

Enclosed we send you our reply to the letter we mail herewith . . . . Our city has been flooded with letters of this description, and we think our reply, enclosed, about as brief and expressive as we could give.

Yours truly, —— —— & Co.

The letter spoken of, is from Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., to the Peoria firm, and opens in this remarkable manner:

DEAR SIR:—Having a large correspondence in almost every section of the country but yours, and being satisfied that we cannot introduce our Lotteries to advantage in your neighborhood until we send a good Prize to some one living there, *we offer it to you.* We will of course expect you to make it known among your acquaintances that you have drawn a handsome Prize at our office, otherwise no benefit will accrue to us from this arrangement . . . . . To show you our faith in the certificate, we promise that if it does not draw at least $ 4.000, we will give you another certificate in one of our Extra Lotteries *for nothing.* Let us know how you wish the money sent, and send us $10 in your letter, to pay the managers for the certificate. Please keep this letter strictly confidential, until we send you the money . . . . . Please send immediately. Very Respectfully,

HAMMETT & Co.

There! Could anything be more generous or more fair? Just try it once, if you have ten dollars that you especially desire to dispose of effectually, without the smallest morsel of a *quid pro quo!*

It is a great pity that the city was "flooded with such letters." We are charitable, almost to excess, but we cannot think that even the generosity of Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., could stand a free gift of "at least $4.000," to every respectable firm in Peoria. And then, why didn't Messrs. HAMMETT & Co. send on the prize at once, deducting that "$10, to pay the managers for the certificate?" Why send money backward and forward, in this way, when they have it all in their own hands? What sort of bird, we should like to know, can be caught with this sort of chaff?

We are obliged to the gentlemen who furnished us with this interesting document. If they had kept it "strictly confidential" until they received the money, as requested by Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., we fear that we should have never had this opportunity of exposing the business, and showing the Dear Public to what an extent the cultivation of cheek is carried in Wilmington, Deleware.

We have purposely repeated the name of Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., until our readers must have become familiar with it. If they should be swindled by anybody of that name now, we really cannot be held responsible for it. The gentlemen who sent us the letter, with their reply, were one too many for Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., and they will, doubtless, be pleased to see that reply reproduced from their pen-and-ink sketch, by the hand of our artist. Behold!

PEORIA, Ill., June 28th, 1860.

Messrs. HAMMETT & Co., Wilmington, Del.

GENTLEMEN—

Yours affectionately, —— ——

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

We have received the following festive epistle:

MALTA SALOON, July 5th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR—Sir: As you are probably aware that the Champion of the World is expected here shortly, it will be unnecessary for us to state the fact. What we wish to ask of you is, how we had best go to work to give him a regular tip-top reception. You see that Belt question rather refuses to go down with some of our boys, and they don't care about taking hold of matters so sweet as they would if HEENAN had took the original strap. The English have such a hankering after 'arf an' 'arf, you know, that they shoved it down our Boy's throat, whether or no. Now Jack's just the loveliest Boy out, but he didn't get what he went for, and what he earned. SAYERS got more than he wanted and more than he ought to have. It is the undersigned's opinion that the gentlemen who gave GEORGE WILKES a dinner at the ASTOR HOUSE should come forward and lend their advice in the matter. Most of us want to have him take the ribbons off the JAPANESE reception and ball, and besides spoil business for that travelling Incognito, the Prince of Wales—(Benicia's proper title, by the way.) Governor Morgan ought, of course, to come down and review him, and the Corporation could easily vote $50.000 for the entertainment of the man they bet on. Now, Mr. Editor, what is your opinion on the matter?

Respectfully,

FIVE OLD SPORTS.

Our advice is, First, get the $50.000 appropriation.

Second, Ask the Editor of the *World* what he thinks about it.

Third, Wait till HEENAN arrives, and then ask him what he thinks about it.

Fourth, Have Boole to act as Committee on the Whole.

Fifth, Retain ENRIGHT as counsellor.

Sixth, Invite the Fourth Ward School Trustees to Turn Out some more female teachers to meet him.

Seventh, Get four steam-fire engines to play on him in the Park.

Eighth, Have JOHN MORRISSEY freshly killed, and make a meal off him.

Ninth, Let HEENAN take the Ox by the horns.

Tenth. Dont ask us any more questions. ED. V. F.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

No pent up cuticle contracts our powers,
For all we *want* we'll *grab*—and call it ours.

CAPE MAY.

CHAPTER IV.

ONG rings at Columbia House Cape May, as in similar colleges all world over, to awaken dreamers to dinner or devotion, and with same happy effect—chorus of awakening growls, groans and 'get up I say!' heard all along entry through ventilators. RANDOLPH turned out, resplendent toilette, dressed as if getting ready for the Day of Judgment, and expected to be saved by his clothes. Looking over my own trunk found a lot of old dinner bills —*cartes à manger*—from Gramercy Park, Girard and other Houses. Slipp d 'em into my pocket—don't know why—found out though eventually.

Got down early—find FLINDERS cool as a cloud, ærial as an angel —DE BROOM with her—both fresh, flowing, sparkling in abundant Organdy dresses—dainty as flowers turned upside down with fair young faces for the belle-handles. FLINDERS "don't care for dress;" don't talk about it much, likes fun better—aunt FLINDERS says there's no getting her to go shopping—when ordered to get new duds says "oh well!—get me same as LUCY'S." Yet she always looks well dressed; always is, always will be a real *nice* girl. Just so—though her nose and one ear are at present sunburnt red and her hair which rolls back in a curly tangle, falls every morning over a fresh shade of brown laid on her neck the day before.

Talk in the parlor with her while DE BROOM touches piano. Accidentally pulled out old dinner-bills—FLINDERS catches sight, secures them all. Don't know what's up—see it though when we go in to feed. FLINDERS as she passes along lays 'em on peoples' plates.

"Just watch Old DRUMLEAF" quoth FLINDERS. "Keep an eye on him. That venerable hyæna is the misery of all the waiters, and the torment of everybody who sits near him. See how he reads the dinner bill though! We've caught him. Now old gentleman, we'll pay you off—you old nuisance!"

S on as DRUMLEAF had read bill he began to roar for waiter and gave out orders like sky-rockets.

"Waiter—hu'h!—you're there are you? Let—me—see! Turtle soup—really!—salmon with anchovy sauce, spring chicken with truffles—lamb cutlets *a la printaniere*, *beignets d'anana à la vanille*—mind sir—get me some of all those, and very quickly too, or I'll know the reason why."

DRUMLEAF ordered everything very slowly, very savagely and in very loud voice. Effect on the whole very striking, particularly on those who didn't have old New York bills before them, and who thought that DRUM had either a private dinner of his own to be ostentatiously eaten in public, or that he'd gone crazy. Whatever there was on the Columbia bill, won't say; but *do* remember that it *didn't* contain that day any turtle soup, truffles, spring chicken or pine-apple-fritters *à la vanille*.

When waiter returned and reported the whole lot among the missing DRUM got into fury. Abused servant, abused hotel, sure that disreputable boarders feed the waiters and got all the nice things—sent for landlord. Landlord came—got it hot and heavy. Tried to defend himself—not allowed to. References to past sins of omission. Asked to see bill—had it triumphantly stuck at him. Politely handed it back, suggesting to DRUM that he'd better go to the hotel where the bill came from if he wanted what was on its face. Magnificent tableau and stupendous outburst of laughter. *finale*—DRUM completely, elaborately, munificently *sold* and peace secured at his end of the table for the balance of the season.

FLINDERS behaved pretty well (considering) during rest of dinner until she heard DE BROOM remark "how white the mashed potatoes were." Quietly laid aside a small saucer with some mashed potato until dessert, when she began eating it with spoon. Consequence, a general demand for ice-cream by all who observed the performance, and sorrowful surprise to learn that it wasn't ice-cream day.

Moral—sold again.

After-dinner—six of us, in Jersey wagon drive to Cold Spring over most desolate road ever rolled out. Carry fun with us—RANDOLPH and I got just enough green seal steam on to make desert verdant and cover sands-banks with lilies and roses. Come home, sun down, ride on beach.

Ride on ocean beach at sun set, right into the rising and falling wash of foam gives a new sensation. Subdued music of the waters, grim death surging in the breakers and glaring at you not twenty feet off—blue horizon-edge beyond, quiet as heaven—clouds like sails above, sails like clouds below—wheels rustling in dry sand and running smooth in wet—girl voices calling out and laughing—great white hotel tops with stars and stripes just looking over banks, far in distance; all cool fresh and sea-breezy—not bad to take.

Driver very communicative. Informed us joyfully about lost vessels—once got from a schooner which went ashore as much coffee as lasted his family for most a year, and how "once't most the whole beach was kivered with oranges which was washed up from a rack. Not so good pickings now though as ther use't to be—must go furder up the coast to make anything off racks 'cause the insurers come down to Cape Island so quick and sarched everywher so abstemiously that poor folks hadn't a chanc't to save anything. Had been up the coast when a French ship all a-loaden with silks and wine and brandy had been racked." (Here his head began to work sideways as though the sorrowful joy of memory was fresh oil which made the neck-joints run easy) "The young ladies would have liked to a been ther. Evry gal got great rolls a silkses and velverts and some a the fisherman that didn't know the valyer on the dry goods or didn't keer, made 'emselves breeches and monkey jackets a white and crimson satin. Them was times! Wine an brandy (here he almost cried)—brandy *an* wine!—sarradeens done up in ile—boxes of confectuary—all in mid-winter and nary soul saved. Them was times!"

He drove along for ten minutes without speaking and suddenly broke out with:

"My father drunk 'leven bottles a champaign 'thout gittin' up from the basket wher it wus washed ashore. I hauled the old man above tide-mark and tuck the last bottle for myself. I've kep that bottle now for seven years. Folks sez old wine's the best. I 'spect that champagne's a gittin fust rate."

Home again. Hop in the evening. Cape May famous for hops. First symptom; while sitting at dinner a paper makes its appearance; everybody signs names in lead pencil; do likewise. When you go away find dollar charged for every such signature. Tea hurried through—tremendous rattling of tables and chairs, broom-handles and heels in dining-room. Hurry, bang, scrape—getting ready for "hop." Lights make appearance—band of music which plays at dinner, ditto. Ladies all ask one another "are you going to the hop?" and all answer "I shall just look in for a few minutes." Strange faces from other hotels begin to appear about our porticoes and in our parlor. Gentlemen and ladies in various stages of peacockery and full dressedness are also made manifest—room hot as Tophet, 90 deg.—flunkies in mid-winter black, bricks about as cool as usual.

Floor manager in a "mixed society" American-watering-place-hop if he minds his business has a hard row to hoe—especially between Philadelphia and Charleston S. C. Musn't introduce that immoral VANDAM SWEARINGEN to MISS PIETY PEPPERAL, must be very careful not to present LEMUEL LOFLUNG to ANASTASIA HIGHFLYER. Will give mortal offense to whole house if he ignorantly or carelessly brings outsider inside tangles of any of the thousand delicate lines which form the fringe-garment of society. Must cheer up wall flowers and flatter belle flowers, send iced water to old ladies and speak to everybody. Must be like PADDY'S shillalagh "all over orranamintel *and* useful."

Groups of non-subscribers to hop—generally wealthy and independent economists—sit in groups at each window, looking inside, criticising the dancers savagely. Always observed that those who have no business with anything are hardest to please with it. Exception to the rule, the windows populated by cullud pussons who are always frantically delighted, deeply interested and who on the whole get about ten times as much pleasure in seeing Missus with

her fine clothes on, as Missus does in wearing them. Have always observed that parties with nigger waiters and black orchestra are jollier than those served up in white—'cause why—the unfortunate down-trodden, abused men and bothers are often so uncommonly delighted on such occasions as to electrify their superiors with a few of the same sparks.

Danced with CATALPA—last time I saw her on the light fantastic was when her father was Minister to the Court of Saufuendfress—long time ago. Saw her but a moment, methinks I see her now in those marble halls with nobles and such by her si-i-ide. The polka was young then—so was the CATALPA—and she was polking with the GRAF VON BLITZENSCHLOG as people polked in eighteen-hundred and forty-five with all the bobtail airs and tip and sifter graces. You have forgotten it now, Madame; you would'nt believe it I dare say if I could scare up a magic mirror and show you how you danced in that early age. But you remember, don't you, when all New York a few years later, (and especially all Newport) danced the polka *a la cancan*, raving-distractedly? Surely you hav'nt forgotten that—it was some time before you got your first set of hoops! Well—ten years hence you will just as soon own to having ever danced the polka in its secondary form of the Newport *cancan* as you now do to having practised it in the primary stage. Oh the jolly olden time!

"*Qui vult dancere nunc modo;*
Wants to dance in the fashion oh
Debet discere, ought to know
Kichere floor *cum* heel and toe

"*Polkam jungere Virgo vis?*
Will you dance the Polka Miss?
Liberius—most willingly
Sic agimus—then let us try

"*Nunc cito læva, tunc dextra*
Head to the left then t'other way
Aspice retro in vultu
You look at her and she looks at you."

I remember too when CATALPA—she was wild then—went with her cousin KATE and WASH. BAYLER, (folks used to think she was engaged to him) in domino—or *in diabolo*—to the masked ball of the Grand Opera in Paris. And I remember how in the Unholy Land her party was robbed by Arabs and CATALPA was missing for three weeks—and finally turned up all right as the guest of SHEKH'

A RETIRED JERSEY WRECKER.

EFFENDI HARDCASE ABD'ULLAH—a very gentlemanly man who eventually died of an attack of cheese-knife through the heart in consequence of a horse-difficulty with a nomadic neighbor. All these souvenirs do I carefully ventilate with the Queenly CATALPA—brushing featherishly as we flit along—touching lightly on many a dimmer and darker experience and bit of knowledge. Good fellows and merry dames, long in their graves or scattered far and wide, come up again. We relight old ball rooms, see old suppers and loves and carnivals—back—back—to college days and boarding-school-girl-hood—

"And *you* are still beautiful—never half so charming!"

It bolted out from me in spite of myself. It was a blundering compliment for it said—you are passing away! But CATALPA took it very well—so well as to show real feeling.

"Yes—but there are so few—so very few years left. Well, good—*Wir haben gelebt und geliebet.* And when I know that the last blossoms are faded—"

"And then?"

"Oh then *amigo* for a good brave hand to press mine and a good true heart, as tired of life as I shall be; who will float with me on the misty wings of quarter of an ounce of strong, fresh hydrocyanic acid, out into death. I do love the smell of almonds dearly. They're like orange-flowers—there's a faint euthanasia in their very *idea.* I know how to make the magic draught too; old GMELIN in HEIDELBERG and ORFILA both showed me how—a little on the pulse, a little inhaled—

"Give me to-day the rosy bowl
Give me the golden gleam
To-morrow kick away the stool
And dangle from the beam!"

And she is in earnest—this dear CATALPA! Between her accomplished mind and that of FLINDERS lies a gulf which will not be bridged in time or in eternity.

The whole of this colloquy did not come off in the hop. The glorious finale was confided to me one sunny afternoon by CATALPA while sitting by my side in the harbor, over the bath houses, and under the dead oak-leaves. Behind us the town, before us the sea and the strand. Twenty or thirty feet further down were four children digging in the sand, making a house. Captain FLINDERS earnestly and actively superintending the excavations, with a large clam-shell in one hand, a wooden paddle made of a shingle in the other. The bow on her neck was knocked up to one side, "tipsy fashion," there was a diminutive smutch of wet sand on one cheek, half her curls had burst loose, and just seventeen fresh musquito bites were distinctly visible on her sunburnt face, while on neck and hands they were legion. In vain had I bathed those small swollen hands with hartshorn, and applied salæratus to the stung neck—alas! as Aunt FLINDERS said "EOLINE *would* keep rubbing the bites so!"—and so the bites got no better, and EOLINE CATHERINE WHEEL kept rushing about, defying sun and sand, and the entire entomology of New Jersey.

CATALPA's carriage comes along the beach with splendid grays. Countess CATALPA of Gramercy Square in no humor to ride—asks FLINDERS if she cares to. "Oh thank you! *thank you*, Miss CATALPA—you're *so* kind"—and then with a little hesitation—"Please Ma'am may I take the children?" "Certainly, my dear." And Captain FLINDERS bundles the children in, sand-shovels, and all, kissing the last wee little tot—about the size of a pepper box, as she lifts it up—and drives off in glory up to Poverty Beach, with a gay hurrah! Away in the setting sunshine goes the broad hat and fluttering ribbons and the glad voices. Happy? yes indeed!

When we come to the hotel an hour later there is another tableau. A wandering hand-organist stands by the piazza, grinding out a Bohemian waltz, while on the timber the four children are quadrilling at a grand rate, FLINDERS acting as dancing-master, and occasionally taking a turn with a confused pupil—the pleased spectators, consisting of four nurses, divers juveniles, and the perpetual German basket-seller.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" cries FLINDERS to LUCY DE BROOM. "For I hav'nt a penny of money, my dear, to pay for the music, and I've kept the poor things dancing till they're ready to drop. We've been having a ball on credit." So DE BROOM pays the piper—who ever knew FLINDERS to keep money or anything which could be spent, given away, torn or worn out? Where does it go? Where are the snows of last winter, what becomes of all the pins?

Part of the regular programme at Cape May, Atlantic, and so on, to buy work-baskets of German pedlers and Indians. Friends give 'em to one another—take 'em home for gifts. So we plunge in, a-work-basketing. CATALPA secures the great one in duck-shape, I get the two best fish for crochet-work and give them to girls. FLINDERS hunts up Pa and returns with wonderfully recruited treasury—and is sorely amazed to hear CATALPA talking German.

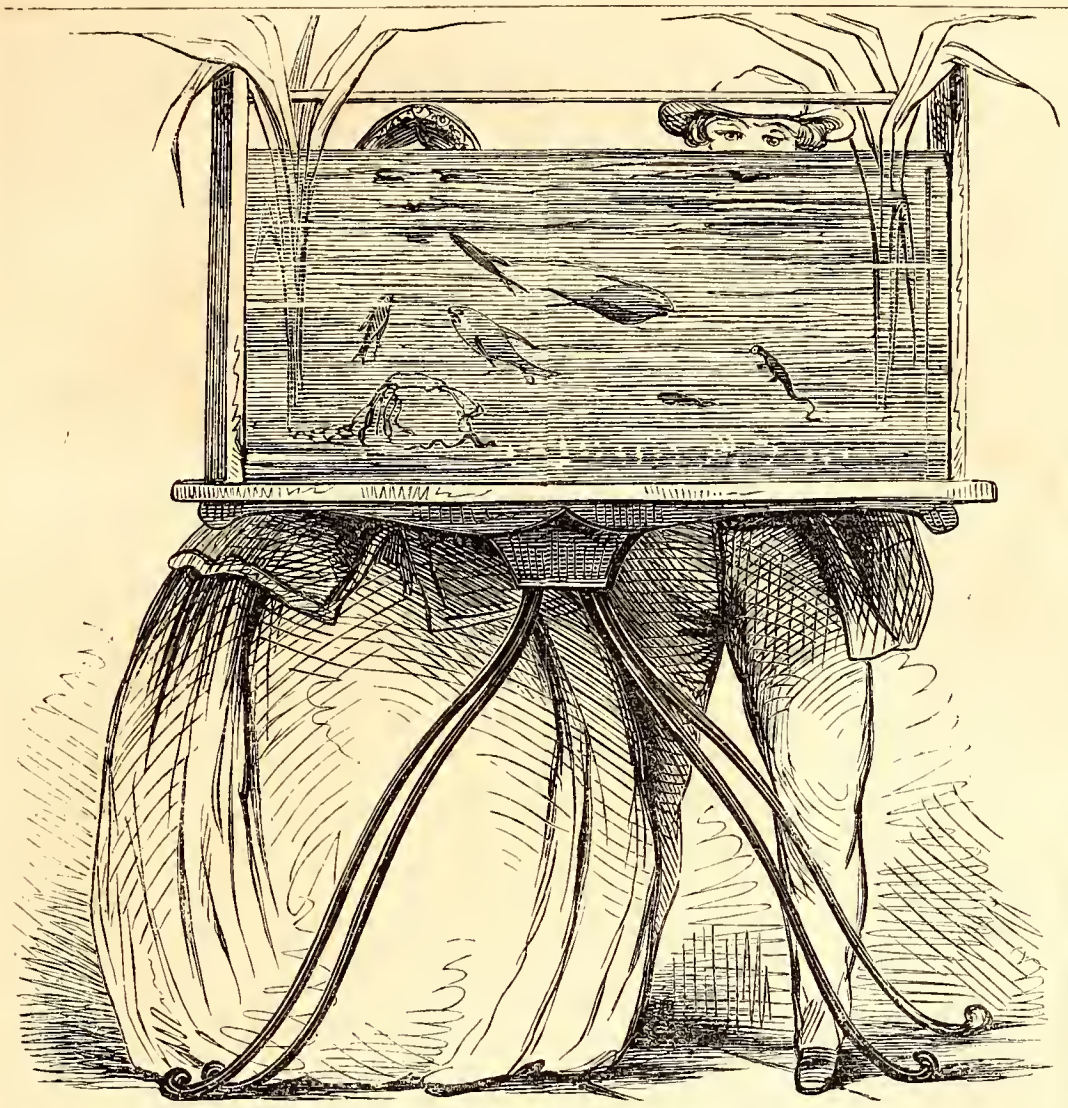
The pedler has a beautiful little vinaigrette or flacon, cased in fine basket network. I buy it quietly and hand it to CATALPA, saying:

"It was in very much such a flask that FRANCESCO DI CARRARA gave his perfumes. There is one still somewhere in a museum in Genoa."

"Thank you. When I look at it I shall think of the giver in connection with FRANCESCO."

"Madonna BORGIA—you do me honor!"

Woo-rah-oo-rooh! goes the gong, rush come the boarders! Go in ye hungry sinners—I am with you. This is our last evening at Cape May—to-morrow to new shores where breakers bound.



A GLIMPSE OF THE HONEYMOON AS SEEN THROUGH AN AQUARIUM AT NIXON'S.

INDIGENOUS JOCULARITY.

We are so much pleased, that we don't know what to do. We are proud. We look around us with a great joy, for everywhere we see the power we exert—the shining result of our unremitting and indefatigable labors. Briefly, we have humorized the entire American press. The consequence is a large crop of what the bills of a concert-saloon in Broadway neatly term "Indigenous Jocularity." Yes; every newspaper in the land, daily, weekly, semi-weekly, or tri-weekly; literary, commercial, religious, or sensational; old-fashioned, enterprising, Sunday, or respectable; every one, in short, has had an attack of wittiness that is truly wonderful, coming, as it does, in serious columns, from stern-nibbed pen, all unused to punning.

Who can tell how much we have benefitted the world, by thus setting our journalistic brothers an example, which they have taken, it is true, only of late, but as naturally and as easily as the late seal up at NIXON'S took to raw fish? We must give a few specimens of the humor which just now overflows from the press at large, and we will warrant them perfectly harmless. They may be read even by children, without deleterious effect.

A man on the Albany *Flag* has constructed a jest, intended to be considered severe. By carefully examining the last line, it will be found very mirthful:

> Why is the editor of the Louisville *Journal's* career through life, like a celebrated tune? Because it is the Rogue's March.

This is the first time we ever heard of the *Flag*, but we fear it won't be the last. All we ask of the man is, that if he does pitch into us for this notice, he won't do so in conundrum form.

Of course, PRENTICE, of the Louisville *Journal*, could not let such a chance slip. We are sorry that we cannot claim him as one of our disciples, but we cannot. He has long been notorious as a jocose person, having commenced very early in life, with a book full of such jokes as this:

> An exchange announces the marriage of a MISS FLINT, to a MR. LOCK. This is what we should call a *flint-lock!*

Mind, reader, we don't say that PRENTICE did that, actually, but it is dreadfully like his style. Here is his reply to the man on the *Flag*—a Roland exhumed for the Oliver of that unhappy person:

> Why will the editor of the *Flag*, at the close of his career through life be like a tune of PAGANINI'S? Because he will be executed on a single string.

There are jokes and jokes, but nothing finer than this, unless it is that cheerful conundrum of the same age, about doors not being doors when they are ajar, etc. Really, it is too funny! Single string! O, ho ho! Ah, ha ha! Funny dorg, that PRENTICE? He writes for IT!

Our nicest children in the joking way are the daily papers of this city. Fired by our example and stimulated by our success, they leap into a wildly effulgent mirth, and become fearfully gleeful about all sorts of solemn subjects. They don't seem quite to have got the hang of it yet, and some of their jokes sound strangely familiar, but practice makes perfect. This is the kind in which the dear old *Times*—gentle and virtuous organ, of ancient ideas or none—indulges:

> As the editor of a Cincinnati paper was playing with that pretty little plaything so much used out West, a revolver, it "revolved," and sent the bullet in very unpleasant proximity to his head. A slight depression of the muzzle of the pistol, and the editorial matter in that office would have been very materially leaded.

Playful, isn't it? Playful as the Park fountain! Isn't it nice to know that VANITY FAIR has set such balls rolling? O, dear, yes!

The *Herald* is rarely behind its cotemporaries in other things, so it doesn't seem likely that it would be behind time on this occasion. How does this sound, for a beginning? The subject was a projected cock-fight:

> ". . . . the approaching affair, which, though a foul one, will be distinguished, undoubtedly, by fair play."

If the young man who did that will come around to our office, we will make him a present of a complete edition of the works of JOSEPH MILLER, Esq., deceased. We fear that the pun on "fowl" and "foul" is not strictly original with the *Herald*. We think we have heard it several times before, in fact, and can swear that the Albany *Argus* got it off before the *Herald* man did. Here it is, with quite a nest of others, all nearly as good, and not a very great deal older:

> Senator SUMNER has had his head mended, but not his manners. His last speech is the very essence of ruffianism of the tongue—coarse, vituperative and false. It proves that the man who is a *cow*-ard in acts is generally a *bull*-y in words, and that he who is *chicken* hearted has naturally a *foul* tongue.

By strict attention to the italicized words, the jokes may be easily detected. They are very funny now, those Albany folks. Then there's the Boston *Post*; that didn't do much in the humorous way, formerly. Look at it now! It is fairly encrusted with jokes, and here is one we have scaled off:

> There is no telling when the legislature will rise—it will *set*, probably, until it *hatches* mischief enough to last through the autumn.

Not so powerful, perhaps, as the *Argus*, but very fair, after all, for Boston. The *Post* will be one of the most brilliant of all our imitators, if it keeps on, and perhaps our favorite.

But our best-beloved now, at this present writing—our own dear little pet, among those who meekly follow in our jocose footsteps—is the *World*. The pious fossil of that name has jokes in it! Well, why not? The World is only a sort of VANITY FAIR! This cheerful antique had a letter from Paris, the other day, wherein a charitable fancy fair was described. One of the attractions was a lucky-bag, or lottery of some kind, and the hilarious correspondent tells this side-splitter about it:

> We knew a young lady who drew a cigar. Was she up to *snuff*, or did she take it at a *pinch?*

It is suspected that JAPHET made all the puns about tobacco that could be made, in the ark, one rainy Sunday, and that his brother SHEM took possession of them for publication. Doubtless, he sent these to the *World*, as soon as he got on shore. The paper must have been just about acquiring its tone at that era.

It is a pretty strong opposition to stand—the whole press against VANITY FAIR—but we can afford to say, "Go, little jokers! There is room enough on earth for you and for us also!" It is good to laugh heartily. Fun is wholesome, and makes people fat. We look forward with great hope, to the time when all our disciples shall equal ourself, but we confess that now, when we try to read the once staid and respectable papers, we are forced to cry, with pretty KATIE BATEMAN in "EVANGELINE."

"Such mirth is terrible?"

Con. by a Hibernian.

Why is the most valuable domestic animal like a Blacksmith? 'Cause he's a *Horse shure.*

COOL!

Small Boy.—SAY, OLD HIPPERPOTAMUS, HOW'S THE THERMOMETER?

LITTLE BIBBS HAS BEEN TO SEE THE HANGING

Editors Vanity Fair.

GENTS:—Knowing that you are enterprising chaps and bound to be well posted, I thought it wuddent be a bad idear for me to send you a little sort of a scrawl for your noospaper. Gents I've been to see the hanging and a jolly good time of it I've had, I can tell you. There was a lot of us fellers wanted to see the fun, and so d'ye see we put out to go in as reporters. That want bad, was it? Well they couldn't come it, but SWINGLES and I did. SWINGLES is a good feller when he's sober. We got in, we did, and so I thought yude like to have an account of the whole thing. I'm opposed to hanging, I am, but I was bound to see that man hanged I was. Well you see we was invited to be on board the boat at the foot of Canal-street at nine o'clock, and you may bet your life I was there, and so was SWINGLES. Well we waited and waited, but yet the man that was to be hung diddent come. You may bet there was some cussin then. Well at last he come, and then there was a high old time. The fellers pushed and yelled, to get in through the gate, so as to go aboard the boat, but it wasn't no go if they diddent have a ticket. There was an old woman who made a lot of fun for the boys. She ram-jammed herself through the gate, but they wuddent let her aboard the boat, so she went round trying to sell her ticket for six shillen. Well at last we got aboard the boat and off she went. It was just as good as a pic-nic or a Sunday School excursion, I tell you. In the first place there was the feller that was going to be hung down in the cabin saying his prares, and up on the deck there was the boys having a good time. There was refreshments consisting of sandwiches and so forth, on the forward deck, and lots of tod at ten cents a drink, and may be it diddent go down, you may bet your life on that. Well we soon got down to the place, and then there was a jolly rush. Every feller tried to see which could run the fastest, but you see there was no fun to be had until the man that was to be hanged was brought out, so I stayed. Captain RYNDERS, he maid a speech, askin the crowd to behave theirselves and keep order, and then he fixed 'em all in procession. It was reel fun to see the fellers walking up solemn as parsons to see 'em hang the man. SWINGLES and I looked at each each other, and came near laughin right out. We marcht right on, the fellers out in the boats hollerin all the time for 'em to hang the man, and cussin and swearin like troopers.

Well, at last we got up to the top of the hill, and they taked the man up to the scaffold. He diddent seem to care a cuss about it, he diddent. The fellers were all hollerin for 'em to hurry up the hangin, and yet they was such fools that they kept 'em waiting at least ten minutes while they let the man that was going to be hung, pray. It's my opinion that that kind of thing might have been done before he left the Tombs, and SWINGLES thinks so too.

After that was over they put the roap round his neck and RYNDERS asked him if he diddent want to make a speach, and I'm be blowed if he diddent refuse. After that SWINGLES and I was disgusted, and when the feller went up pop in the air, I diddent cair one cuss. Well and so they hung the feller, and then the fun was over, and most of the boys began to clear out, SWINGLES and I and a good many other folks looked around some and smoked segars, and some of the fellers told some funny stories about chaps that was hung, but I've forgot 'em, and so I can't send 'em to you. So after that SWINGLES and I went aboard the boat and came back to New York, and as we had nothing else to do that day, we made a day of it, so you see I doant feel very well to-day. Got a kind of muggy feelin in my head. Any how its pretty good fun to go and see a feller hung, and I'm bound to go every time I get a chance.

Yours to command, gents,

WM. HENRY BIBBS.

P. S. I'm sorry for the feller that was hung you know.

W. H. B.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

Probably no man ever had more derogatory epitaphs written in advance of his demise than JOHN E. ENRIGHT, of 117 Cedar-street, late Health Warden of this city, and from time immemorial the most impudent, persistent, bold, bungling ticket-swindler in town. His portrait has appeared on an average of once a week in the papers, and the public know his style about as well as they do BOOLE'S, GENET'S and VAN TINE'S. The Island, the Tombs and Sing Sing have long had claims upon ENRIGHT, but he could never find it convenient to respond to their demands. He has always claimed the prerogative of insulting JUSTICE by tweaking her nose, slapping her face, treading on her toes, and by little pranks of a similar stripe. The poor lady's bandaged eyes always prevented her dodging these assaults or catching him after they were committed. Such was the ENRIGHT of the olden time, but presto! a change has come o'er the spirit of his dreams and transformed even the realities of his existence. JUSTICE (WELCH) has succeeded in securing his valuable services for decorating the marble palace in Centre-street with his own full length portrait, life size, taken, not by BRADY, but by officer DOUGHERTY. ENRIGHT'S lane was getting rather long and of course it had to have a turn.

ENRIGHT undertook to dine off altogether too many Greens and got choked in the attempt. It was thus:

Mr. MCQUALKEN arrival in the city on Thursday, and was induced to enter the place of ENRIGHT, but not liking its looks he turned to leave, when the sum of $1 was demanded. He refused to pay this, when, as is alleged, RYAN by order of ENRIGHT, set upon him and robbed him of $1. 05. in change.

Now he sigheth for bail in vain. His political influence won't stir a peg in his behalf. His game is up. He is cribbed (for cribbing,) cabined (for cabbaging) and confined (for confining.)

The public will have hard work to recognise this desolate picture of JOHN and may well exclaim, "Oh! how have the mighty fallen!" Not only every JACK but every JUG must have its GILL, and the Tombs has received rather more than that measure of ENRIGHT. May he never run over or spill out. May his next transition be to spheres where verdant countrymen are supplied with well-cut-eye-teeth and where criticism would be superfluous

N. B. ENRIGHT with his ears cropped would draw very well at twenty-five cents a head, during the hot weather. Try it, somebody.

All the Difference.

Before the arrival of the Great Eastern a Cockney croaker said to us, "she will never cross the bar; she draws too much for that." When the G. E. arrived, however, and was exhibited at $1.00 a head her managers found to their great surprise that she didn't Draw enough.

Commercial Paradox.

When a Merchant carries on his business like clock-work, there is seldom any danger of his Winding Up.

The Murder Mania.

There have been so many murders committed in and about our city during the past fortnight that we think it will be a great pity if somebody does not Get the Hang of it.

A terrible "Blow" for the Republicans.

Senator SUMNER'S late speech.

The Object of the Sicilian Revolution.

To Give BOMBA a Turn.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HIS expensive institution is already seasick on the broad Atlantic, not having had the fortune to be got ready in time to come over by the Great Eastern. It is generally supposed that the Prince is travelling *incog* — *i. e.* all done up in a bundle or basket, and carefully hidden from daylight in any of its varied aspects. This incog. system is to the Japanese Naboen (?) what the waistcoat is to the trowsers; the button to the button-hole, the hat to the head, sugar to tea, and Alderman BOOLE to a man smally supplied with the esteem of his fellow citizens, in fact a thing to match.

The Prince, if he comes in a bundle or incog, will be directed as the Baron RENFREW SIMPLY—mark that SIMPLY, it is a little responsibility belonging to the *Herald*. He is called ALBERT EDWARD, and has no sirname, such as BOOLE, ENRIGHT, B. and so on. He is Prince of Wales by patent, because his mother had him patented at his birth as being the genuine original institution, and solely intended for her use. Patents were also taken out for him as Earl of Chester and Earl of Dublin—a city in Ireland. Then he is Duke of Cornwall, spoken of in Jack the Giant-Killer, of Rothsay and of Saxony, besides being Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Lord of the Isles, Pet of His Ma, Earl of Conrick, Baron of Renfrew and Great Steward of Scotland. From the latter title it is argued that he is a bit of a diner and winer, and probably has a weakness for cakes and haggis.

This constantly increasing catalogue of titles is not so peculiar to his royal Highness, as may at first be supposed. In this deply civilized community we discover many a man and woman whose crest is a compound of *aliases*. For example, his Honor the Argus, has been at different times known as the Broker's Boy, the Journeyman Cigar-Maker, the Lawyer, the Speculator, the Senator, the Brother of the Lottery Man, the Marvin Man, the Determined, the Chameleon, the Proprietor of Mozart Hall. and "His Excellency." ABE LINCOLN has, from time to time, been recognised under such cognomens as the Rail Splitter, the Flat Boatman, and Honest Old ABE. Among Vth Avenues the thing is very popular; not unfrequently do we find that the accomplished Madame MARCORTÉ was formerly BRIDGET McCARTY of Mulberry-street; the Misses OREILLÉES were once MIKE O'REILLY'S Girls; the Inventor of Sarsaparilla becomes Doctor So-AND-So; the ex-restaurant keeper is WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM DE BRUN, Esq.

A fellow feeling will be apt to make such people wondrous kind to the Incog. Just fancy his flirting with Miss SWEETPEAS, whose pa is owner of a livery stable in the next block! How she will astonish the Incog. with recitals of her equestrian feats! Bloomingdale Road, Harlem Lane on Sundays, Burnham's, Snediker's, Tillietudlem, 2. 30, Sherry cobblers, covered with dust, horses one sheet of foam, g'long! hi! ya! and soforth. The Incog. will form an opinion of the SWEETPEASES, very likely. We fear it will be an English opinion, though.

But—ah! let us approach the subject reverentially! how the Boston Mouth is watering for the smallest sip in life of the Wee Baron! Oh! Oh! Boston smooths her hair, adjusts her trinkets, looks into the mirror over the left shoulder, looks into the mirror over the right shoulder, gazes into the mirror vis à vis, pronounces herself perfect, and flies to the hall-door, ready to meet him when he shall be ready to appear.

She looks and longs, she seats herself on the front stoop, she peruses the *Atlantic Monthly*, she salutes Mr. EVERETT, author of the Mount Vernon Papers, who is airing himself on the Common, and shows him to Baby, she grows impatient at the Incog's delay and feels inwardly bad to a degree.

He will visit New York, but whether he will visit Boston is a question. May be he will, for a reason; may be he will not for a reason.

Who knows? Not Boston.

There is something wondrous sad in the position of Boston whenever any opportunity for toadying is given to our people. Boston doats on toadying, yet not one toadied out of twenty offers to stand her blandishments. They seem loath to being welcomed by the Bostonian Mouth-piece, Mr. EVERETT, A. O. T. M. V. P. They tremble at the thought of the vast array of physical women that would turn out *en masse* to greet them. All this is bad for Boston, bad for her trade, bad for her temper, bad for her health. We hope the Incog. will allow himself to be influenced to a degree. If he cannot make up his mind to cross the Back Bay, he may at least go as far as Roxbury and view the triple hillocks at a distance. It would be something for Boston to brag about.

PRIZES FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We must not be behindhand in our business arrangemants. Everything that is new, we intend to bring to bear on that point. We hear of people making their millions in gift book enterprises, the successful ones gathering fame, honor and wealth, and the unsuccessful reaping the State prison. We look with admiration on newspapers built up by a magnificent allotment of prizes, covering more value than the entire circulation, and we are ambitious of emulating such a noble example. To this end we have been looking for months, but without a successful or brilliant idea. We have offered large bounties, sundry Vs, Xs, etc., with baskets of wine and Delmonico dinners for a simple idea, by which we should be enabled to Bonnerize all creation, and keep our seventeen HOE'S presses running night and day. And yet strange to say, we have not had the article offered. All great ideas are born in an instant, not nursed out gradually. It has been so with us. While the brains of our three hundred contributors and editors, our seven hundred and thirty-three compositors and pressmen, to say nothing of the office boy, were violently agitated, the great end was reached by the original Four Cent Man, who, in gratitude for our unflinching friendship in publishing his correspondence without mutilation, rushed into our office with the following paragraph cut from the *Tribune:*

"The United States Express Company received by their express yesterday morning two genuine rails, split by honest ABE LINCOLN thirty years ago, directed to a prominent citizen of this city."

With the prescience of genius, we saw in a moment as our business contributor has it the "the money that was behind it," and without a moment's delay we started a private express immediately for the locality of the remaining rails. Before this goes to press, our special rail correspondent will have secured all the lot, irrespective of quantity or quality. With this brilliant prospect before us, we issue the following prospectus:

GREAT CHANCE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE RAIL PAPER!

THE RAIL PAPER!!

THE RAIL PAPER!!!

The publishers of this paper having, with immense genius and hercuelean endeavor, secured the entire agency of the genuine LINCOLN rails, offer them only to subscribers on the following terms:

Each one remitting the sum of $3, will have forwarded to him a square inch of the real rail sufficiently large to manufacture a ring, or such other ornament as will, if prominently worn, entitle the holder in the event of the election of LINCOLN and HAMLIN, to any small local office, as postmaster, custom house officer, or deputy marshal.

Each person remitting enough cash for five subscriptions, shall receive a cube containing the exact square of the rail by mathematical computation. This will certainly ensure a consulship, or a place in the war or treasury department.

Each person subscribing for ten copies, shall have a chunk not less than twelve inches in length, with a glass shade elegantly fitted for the parlor mantel. This will be a certain warrant for a collectorship of customs in a first class city, a postmaster's berth where the funds are only enquired after once in five years, or such other office as the importance of the man shall demand.

The remission of sufficient to cover one hundred subscriptions, will test our resources to the utmost. For this we will forward one rail, free from flaw or blemish. Its proper use at ward or county meetings, and suitable deification, will be a passport to any office in the gift of the new administration. The Cabinet will be open to its possessor, or a foreign mission, but should his taste run the other way, and wealth be the summit of his ambition, he can have the contract for printing, without being obliged to share.

We trust that our liberal schedule will meet with public approbation. All remittances, if registered, will be at our own risk. Address publishers VANITY FAIR, New-York.

THE CHASE OF THE BOUNDING RUSTIC.

The *Herald* of 6th inst., contained the following:

BROILED CHICKENS.—HOW ARE VEGETABLES?
FOURTH OF JULY.

On reading it we at once concluded that it would not be a bad idea to send our artist to the spot, with orders to take sketches of BROILED CHICKENS, and his Peorian friends VEGETABLES, and the well-known FOURTH OF JULY. He executed the commission, and below is given the satisfactory result.

1 "FOURTH OF JULY" ...NDING IN HIS "PERSONAL."

2. "BROILED CHICKENS" HEARS FROM HIS FRIEND "FOURTH OF JULY."

3. THE ARRIVAL OF "VEGETABLES."

4 "VEGETABLES" HUNTED DOWN.

A Necessary Precaution.

In these Out-of-Town Months our citizens are so utterly unprotected from the desperate burglars who do then abound that we recommend every father of a family, to sleep with a pistol under his pillow, that, in case of attack, he may at least offer some resistence, and so, until arrival of the po—— no, not the police, the neighbors, have the satisfaction of keeping the "coves" at Bay.

THE MODERN PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

THE WALL by - - - J. B—CH—N. PYRAMUS by - - - S. A. D—GL—S. THISBE by - - J. C. B-CK-D

Pyramus.—O, WICKED WALL, THROUGH WHOM I SEE NO BLISS.

[*Midsummer Night's Dream.* ACT 5, SCENE 1ST.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Man About Town.

OUND in the crowded haunts of the great cities, a singular fact in connection with this creature is that it is never encountered in the country. Naturalists have vainly endeavored to account for this, but it is commonly believed that it cannot abide the simplicity, the freshness, and the quiet of natural scenes, being in constant need of the noisy encouragement of crowds. It is supposed that this fondness for the Town gave rise to the name it bears. This, however, is only a supposition.

In appearance the Man About Town bears a not very remote resemblance to the noble human form, in which, some savans think, it was originally created. Its features, however, are expressive of no true human purpose, or sanctified human suffering, or noble human sympathy. Sometimes a blank vacuity is in them; often, an intelligence that rises not above the level of brute selfish possession; often again, a fixed hurtfulness, a cunning wickedness, swaddled in favorable and gracious smiles, a carelesss of all consequences but those of the now. The garb is a curious burlesque upon the simple dignity of an intelligent being's attire. It is brawling in pattern, obstreperous in color; it embodies all that is most obnoxious in the prevailing human fashions; it suggests, without ever realizing a fit. The creature has a passion for gaudy adornments, and loves heavy pieces of shining metal to dangle about its person. It often caricatures the ape—the only animal that has ever succeeded in this great feat. To defeat the blessed design of Heaven it not seldom looks through an eye-glass; created with vigor in its limbs, it carries a cane.

The most mysterious attribute of the Man About Town is its ubiquity. It has no particular place; may be found anywhere, almost always. Now it is encountered shuffling along the throng'ed sidewalk, casting moist glances at every woman, and settling a lofty scorn upon every unknown man it meets, drowning its voice in the roar of industry and folly; now attitudinizing languidly on the hotel-steps, sucking its teeth, or twisting the hair that hangs about its face, at the same time having a bit of innocent sport with old beggars, and astonishing the people from Peoria and other wild and uncultivated places, by a display of reckless familiarity with organ-girls; now at the free lunch, making up for the accidental loss of breakfast, and looking out for the "angel unawares" that bar-rooms sometimes entertain; now on the road, behind a horse whose worn ribs the foam conceals, doing the best of livery speed, on a magnificent promise to the proprietor; now at the theatre, now somewhere else we will not mention.

The favorite food of the Man About Town is Time. This it consumes in great quantities, first killing it. Its appetite is insatiable and will not be appeased with the honest hours of leisure and recreation. It craves the hours that are brightest with hope, the hours that are most golden with promise, the hours that are most solemn with duty.

No useful purpose can be conceived in this animal creation. It gladdens with no song of promise, it enhances the value of the vital heritage with no generous contribution. Unable to assign any better reason for its existence, naturalists have decided that the purpose of Providence in allowing it a place in the scale of being was that it might serve as a melancholy warning, and thus we hope fulfilling the divine design it may meet with its reward.

THOUVENEL.

Of all the "splendid names" that have had their rise within the past year or two, that of Thouvenel seems to me the greatest. A smooth, good-looking name, easy to pronounce (*Too*venel) and sweet under the tongue. The gentleman who bears it is sublime, and like most sublimites, a mystery. He is a lofty and enormous person—a man of power and wisdom.

He understands the Italian question!

He writes "letters of instruction" to Count Cavour!

He speaks of the Government of France, as "We!"

He has received the Morocco Embassy to France, headed by the Chief Embassador Hadj-Driz-Ben-Driz—a sort of colored Simme-Boojsen!

Ah, who would not be Thouvenel!

His long documents on the European imbroglio generally and the Italian difficulty particularly, are the most profound and incomprehensive writings we have ever read, not even excepting the *Herald* leaders on foreign affairs. We reverence the man who can write so much and so inexplicably on that copious and sphynx-like subject. We admire Stephen H. Branch; we appreciate the Sunday editors; we do not dislike Banks' political speeches, nor the novels of Herman Melville, but we adore Thouvenel. Long may he wave!

HE SHOULD BE AN ACTOR.

Dr. Bellows' Prayers.—The Cincinnati Daily *News*, in an editorial which has for its text a recent sermon delivered by Dr. Bellows, in that city, says of the prayer which preceeded it:

"Dr. Bellows is a cultivated elocutionist. His opening prayer at the evening service on Sunday was a finished and artistic piece of execution. It has often occurred to us that our preachers might vastly increase their power over their hearers by taking lessons of elocution from the theatre, providing it could be done without ruining their standing in the church, which of course can not be done in this city, especially if they should happen to sit in the pit with boatmen and common people. But actors of fame might have improved their art by taking a lesson from Dr. Bellows' execution of that prayer."—*World.*

Look at that now! copied into the *World*—the organ of the Fulton-steet Daily Prayer Meeting! Organ of Mr. and Mrs. Pecksniff and the youthful Pecksniffs! Organ of Sabbatarian committees! Organ whose chiefest piety consists in not advertising theatrical performances! Organ that ignores Shakespere and Boucicault, McKean and Forrest, Siddons and Cushman, Tom Taylor and Brougham, Macready, and Lester Wallack, Charles Mathews, and Jefferson, Madame Vestris and Laura Keene, Scribe and Mort. Thompson, Planche and O'Brien! Oh! oh! Positively we must exclaim once more, oh! oh! For shame! Fie! Out upon it! Ugh! Take it away! Cover it up! Stop its noise! Do!

Now what has the *World* got to say for itself, Eh? What is the difference between admiring the elocution of a prayer and the elocution of "To be or not to be," "Lay on Macduff," or "Crniskeen Lan"? we would like to know. Does the *World* dare to use so potent a weapon of Satan as theatrical attitudes and gesture, when pouring forth a heartfelt prayer to Heaven? Would the effect of the prayer be heightened above? But then, after all, there are sour grapes on the vine, for of course a clergyman's standing in the Church would be ruined, at least so far as city congregations are concerned, were he to attend a theatre for the purpose of perfecting his oratory. So it can't be did, as the critic says.

After sitting alongside of boatmen, newsboys and peanut venders, his odor of sanctity would be impaired and the whole face of his moral nature, as we once heard an earnest preacher say, "irretrievably smashed." One sitting in a pit would damage his character more than riding a dozen times in an omnibus beside genteel gamblers, unblushing women, and white-headed Wall-street swindlers, wouldn't it?

The shining lights of his parish would raise 'Old Ned' if he (Dr. B.) were to meet them at Niblo's or Laura Keene's. They are all privileged to partake of the vanities and follies of this world, while he is not, even though he were to do it piously, *à la* Aminadab Sleek.

But, fastidious reader, please mark the closing sentence of the paragraph quoted. "But actors of fame might have improved their art by taking a lesson from Dr. Bellows' execution of that prayer." What do you think of that? The *World* objects to the stage, and in the same breath, endorses a bit of advise to actors, which if followed, would surely render their performances doubly attractive. This is truly the astonishment of the season.

"Don't go to the theatre, dear people," says the *World*, "because it is wicked to do so. Messrs. Blake, Walcot, Jefferson, Smith, and Davenport, if you want to improve your acting, put more money in your pockets, and help send more souls to tophet just call round some Sunday and take a look at Dr. Bellows when making a prayer. You needn't mind the religion, or the moral part of his discourse, only observe his attitude, the roll of his eyes, the trembling of his voice, the quantity of his accent, the ebb and flow of his silvery tones, the sigh for mercy, the exulting shout of thanksgiving, and the sublime enunciation of his 'Amen!' Do come round won't you? Our folks can't go to see you, for you are sinners and low actors, but never mind that, you come and see our pulpit performer."

As we remarked in the beginning, oh! oh! For shame! Fie! Out upon such hypocritical trash! we refuse seeing any sense in it, and are satisfied to have Pecksniff call us wicked.

Political Motley.

The Republican nomination has produced an odd chromatological metamorphosis. Lincoln Green is now considered a Party-Color.

WHAT WE HAVE IN STORE FOR THE PEOPLE.

SUCCESSION of excitements has occured during the past few months. First there was the news of the great Fight at Farnboro, then came the little Fight in Printing House square after that the ovation to the Japs, next the arrival of the GreatEastern and lastly the return of Conqueror HEENAN esq. There were, it is true, a few lesser matters that received a fair amount of notice from the Public. Such as the Charlston, Chicago and Baltimore Conventions, the Fulton-Street Daily Prayer Meeting, the Rage of Boston because the Embassy declined seeing its rural Elephants (including the *Atlantic Monthly* and MR EVERETT of the *Ledger*) at any price, the Comet, the Fourth of July, the ENRIGHT, the Worms in the Parks, the *World* newspaper, the Spingler Elopement, the Fourth Ward Trustees, the Hermit at Nixon's, the Hot Weather, the BOOLE, the Infant-Lambert, the What Is It? and so on; but these were over-shadowed by those first mentioned. May be the Prince of Wales will tend to keep our curiosity up when he comes here, but it is not yet certain that he will.

Now we know very well that people must have something to talk about, to read about, to run after, to gaze upon, to ovate, lionize and drive to the verge of distraction and back again, and that something must be got up expressly for this purpose, in the event of nothing turning up of its own accord. We are bound that the popular wish shall be gratified so far as lies in our power. If the Timbuctoo King refuses to send an embassy to this country, if the Prince of Wales won't snub Boston (likewise the *Atlantic Monthly* and Mr EVERETT of the *Ledger*) if the Spingler Institute don't improvise another elopement, why, then VANITY FAIR will be most happy in providing for the general interest as follows.

We will procure and exhibit a deputation of Jerseymen to act as ambassadors from the Trenton Government to ours at Washington, or a pair of black tom cats, each four hundred feet in length, or a man of note who is not a Bostonian, or a bigger fool than Alderman – exactly! – or an uglier specimen of face than ABE LINCOLN'S or a more impudent politician than ONE EYE, or a set of greater block-heads than the Fourth Ward School Trustees, or a more envious crowd of folks than the Philadelphia crowd, or a vessel three barley corns larger than the Great Eastern, or a more disappointed man than WM H. SEWARD, or a more dangerous ferry than Christopher-street ferry, or a prettier girl than any who go to REV. BEECHER'S Church, or a more prolific dramatist than DION B, or a more barefaced swindler than JOHN E. ENRIGHT, or a more appropriate wearer of the white feather than ROGER A. PRYOR, or an animated jelly-cake, or an omnibus horse that never fell on the Russ, or a country clergyman whose congregation pay him as much salary as would keep five of their fast young men in cigars, or a dog with a sorrowful tail, or a Mormon who never had a wife, or a more modest man than Bennett suddenly became when he gave a fête champetre to the Japs, and said nothing about it in the *Herald*, or a winking mosquito, or an Irishman who is a politician, or a red rhinoceros, or something equally new, startling and absurd. When the time comes our curtain shall rise.

ANOTHER GRAND RECEPTION.

With all the festive vim of a decidedly great people, we have done the Japanese, are doing the Great Eastern, and, with a whetted appetite, are only waiting to do the PRINCE OF WALES, whenever it shall please his Ma to send him to be did.

We must not however flatter ourselves that we have performed the whole duty of man. Great ends are yet to be achieved, and great men to be received. The American Eagle must have room to spread itself Shall the British Lion exult alone over its great? Shall a bloated British aristocracy shower gold and build images of silver, life size, to its SAYERS unrebuked? (Vide European News by the Adriatic; *Herald* 1st inst.) No! Let our citizens in every part of the world feel that distinguishing themselves abroad is equivalent to distinction at home. With this view before us we call upon Americans to stand ready, and after having done fistic honor in accordance with the programme in another column, to JOHN C. HEENAN, the half-shell representative of the boisterous, clamorous, and muscular governing classes, let them turn their attention to another countryman.—ELI BOGGS.

From the China *Chronicle* of April 12th, published at Whampoa we take some record of the illustrious BOGGS, our eminent fellow citizen who is so soon to be among us.

> ELI BOGGS, the notorious Yankee pirate, whose late career is well known to our readers, and who was sentenced to imprisonment for life, in lieu of hanging, for murder, rapine and violence, is to be liberated. His freedom has been obtained through the intercession of the American Consul. He will be sent to America by the first ship the captain of which is willing to take him. One, we are told, declined the honor of accepting so worthy a passenger. It is said that illness has greatly borne him down, and it was expected he would not have lived another six months if kept in prison.

Shall BOGGS come unreceived? Are we so lost to our dignity as not to recognize native talent in whatever line it may develope? Here we have the embodiment of a spirit that has sought conquest even under the heats of an East Indian Sun, which has levied tribute from John Chinaman, and made even the British Lion to tremble for his trading boats. Shall he be suffered to land upon his native soil, unhonored and unsung? Forbid it Spirit of Seventy Six! Forbid it, ye advocates of the extension of the area of Freedom! Let it never be said in the long future that the fame of America was extended to the China Seas, and that its extender returned to his native land without a reception. Let BOOLE be immediately formed into a committee to receive ELI BOGGS.

INCONSISTENT ALREADY.

It may or may not be remembered by our readers, that the *World* newspaper set out on its "venerable career," as MR. EDWARD EVERETT would say, with a firm resolution to be tremendously honest. It was going to have a good assortment of first-class principles, and had engaged a member of the Young Men's Christian Association expressly to do the conscience part of the business. Indeed, we have heard that it could not afford a Conscience Editor and a proof-reader too, so, with extraordinary morality, it preferred the former, and let the latter ignominiously slide.

If we recollect—and we think we do—the *World* declared, in its initial number, that:

> "The first business of every press is to be true to itself—true to its own conscience. It must have a conscience, or else not have a character; and if no character, no influence."

We now intend to convict the *World* out of its own mouth, and thus to prove it a journal without character or influence!

Gentlemen of the *World*, we have a strange habit, quite unknown to you, of paying very good prices for very good matter—two institutions of which you seem painfully ignorant. We have, also, a prejudice in favor of the belief that when we pay for anything, it is our property. Many pious people do not entertain this faith, but we do, without laying claim to any especial piety above that of good works.

Well, we buy jokes, and squibs, among other matter, and fancy that they are our own. They are written expressly for us, and paid for by our munificent and lordly publisher. But the *World* doesn't see it. The *World* quietly nips our little innocent jokes, and never even has the fairness to put "VANITY FAIR" after them as credit.

Where is your "conscience," gentlemen of the *World?* Why are you not "true to it," as you said it was "the business of every press" to be? It is ghastly to see any attempt whatever at mirthfulness, in a paper like yours, but when you deliberately steal our squibs, without even a word to show whence you stole them, we object, on the very same grounds laid down by yourselves, concerning the necessity of conscience to character, and character to influence. *World*, you are a pious old humbug, and we do not believe in you at all. We commend you to examine a certain antique book, now in our possession, which, in a portion called Exodus, gives the following advice, twentieth chapter, fifteenth verse, commonly called the Eighth Commandment:

"Thou shalt not steal."

SUMMER SOLITUDE IN NEW YORK.
No. 1.

Lone Man.—"THAT BOOT'S FINISHED, IS IT?—WELL, NEVER MIND THE OTHER; THE *Herald* SAYS THAT THERE IS NOBODY IN TOWN."

THE GREAT EASTERN.

OPINIONS OF "THE UNDERSIGNED."

I have been to see the Great Eastern.

One fine morning last week, THE AMBROSIAL and THE UNDERSIGNED did procure reporters' passes, and did take a Bleecker-street stage, for the purpose of lending their countenances to that comely aquatic monument of skill and taste, the Big Ship.

There were three young women and two men in the stage, beside us, and I could not help feeling somehow, as if they too were going to see the Great Eastern. In fact, I felt as if "all the world, if not "the rest of mankind," (vide old ZACK) were going to see the Great Eastern. But when the omnibus (I hate omnibuses) stopped at the corner of Hammond-street, and the driver shouted through the pay-hole, "Anybody for the Great Eastern?" I found that THE AMBROSIAL and myself were the only ones who alighted.

The others pursued their way in absurd apathy, as if the Triumph of Mind over Matter were of no consequence and the Great Eastern were not at the foot of Hammond-street. As we approached that henceforth classic haven, we descried tall spars, making themselves loftily conspicuous above the sheds, tents, and booths that infest the vacant lots thereabout. Both of us began to commence to prepare to get ready to become enthusiastic. The flush of excitement glowed upon our manly cheeks, and our willing note-books were sought by tremulous hands.

We threaded our devious way through the crowd of unwashed persons who try to sell lemonade, peaches, and lager-bier from ricketty impromptu tables, and saw a long, long, long, long black hull, striped with white, surmounted by many masts and smoke-stacks, lying in unconscious majesty and twenty-seven feet of water, at the end of the dock.

We smothered our feelings and showed our passes, on which we were permitted to enter the vessel through a square gangway near the stern. At the foot of the stairs that led to the deck, was a turnstile, through which I was unceremoniously shoved by a man with buttons. THE AMBROSIAL, on the contrary, was seized by another man—an elderly nautical person—and smuggled through a side entrance, where he had to leave his autograph in a book, for some reasons unknown.

This mysterious operation over, we rejoined each other, and went up on deck.

It was wide. It was long. It was spacious. It suggested promenades and quadrilles. The G. E. would be a splendid craft for moonlight excursions around Staten Island, such as I used to enjoy on the *Thomas Hunt*. There wasn't room on the *Hunt's* decks, I remember, for ALICE and me to waltz, but there would be, here.

THE AMBROSIAL, fired with marine enthusiasm, mounted the raised platform where the steering apparatus was, and I followed. There were many large wheels, and many large compasses, which we examined closely. Not much variety about them. The wheels were all alike, and the compass-needles all pointed one way. I remarked this, and THE AMBROSIAL, whose father is a jolly Ancient Mariner, chid me hilariously for my ignorance of that useful but impassive instrument, the compass. Then we leaned over the taff-rail, and looked away down the sheer depth of iron wall, to the water, far below.

"For the first time," observed my friend, "I realize where I am. This," he added, solemnly, "is the Great Eastern!"

"Yes," I replied, "and this is the Great Stern."

We then journeyed forward, over the vast prairie of deck, stopping to glance at the smiling villages of houses for the accommodation of the donkey-engine, the officers, and such. One of these, the captain's house, I believe, we looked into, and found it charming. It had an elegant parlor, with polished grate, marble mantel, mirrors, pictures, carpet, clock, sideboard—the luxuries of the sea and the season, in fact. A nice, cosey little bedroom adjoined, wherein sat a handsome, gentlemanly person, with buttons. I fancied him to be Captain J. VINE HALL, and no doubt he was all my fancy painted him. I was glad he was good-looking. The G. E. deserves a good-looking captain.

Ascending to the top of what THE AMBROSIAL called the "starbud" paddlebox, we had an excellent view of the whole vast bulk—the expansive deck—the long rows of large boats hanging on each side—the lofty masts and chimneys above—the long lines of the bow, stretching far into the South and the long lines of the stern, stretching far into the North. We were particularly struck with the symmetry and grace of these lines. Notwithstanding the enormous size of the ship, she as light, as elegant, and as graceful as a sea-nymph, or the pretty GALE sisters in a pas de deux. And that is saying a good deal. She seems wonderously strong and staunch, too, but I say, if she *should* be wrecked, what a tremendous wreck she would make, eh?

After a visit to the extreme tip of her nose, we returned and went below, to the First Dining Saloon, a plain neat hall, where a very fair brass band were discoursing very solemn music. Here also were several enterprising gentlemen who had no end of "Great Eastern Waltzes," and "Great Eastern Polkas," for sale, each ornamented with a highly-colored lithographic titlepage, very unlike the Great Eastern. Thence we visited the Grand Saloon, a beautiful and orientally-luxurious place, with large mirrors, gold-figured paper, arabesque paintings, soft carpets, chandeliers, and rich furniture. It was splendid. It was gorgeous. It was thundering comfortable.

So were the staterooms, at the sides of this saloon. Nice little rooms, with four or six berths, wide and reposeful—tables—nice washstands—long velvet-cushioned sofas, and everything as neat as a pin. I wouldn't be one particle disgusted, if the Directors were to offer one of those staterooms to THE AMBROSIAL and THE UNDERSIGNED for an excursion somewhere.

Leaving these delights, we braved a narrow and tortuous stairway to the Engine Room. Here were enormous masses of iron, some polished and some painted green Great wheels, and shafts, and cylinders, and screws, and bolts, and couplings—ponderous affairs, which under certain circumstances, would materially assist in producing the tremendous wreck I have mentioned. If those iron things got to sloshing around loose, I should desire to be set on shore immediately. THE AMBROSIAL hazarded the opinion that the engine was a Big Thing, and I thought that was About the Size of It. When we had satisfied our curiosity and got a good deal of grease on our hands from the stair-rails, we went forward again, and penetrated into the bowels of the leviathan, down five pairs of stairs. Each story grew lower and more dismal, like the stories in the Sunday papers, till the last, which was dark, and smelt pungently of tarred oakum—a scent which rendered THE AMBROSIAL aquatically gleeful again, reminding him, as it did, of a certain semi-marine loft in the house of his father, the Ancient Mariner, wherein were stored the nautical properties of that pleasant Gentleman.

We had now about exhausted the charms of the G. E., and began to feel tired, so we took a last lingering look around, and departed through another square gangway, near the bow. From the shore, the G. E. presents a very striking view, calculated, as the reporters say, to excite mingled feelings of admiration and awe. I wish, however, that somebody would paint her chimneys a better color. They are now of a faded cream tint, like a new meerschaum. Perhaps, like that, they will require a color when they have been smoked more.

In conclusion, my opinion of this vessel may be stated in the words of many advertisements She is "a new and commodious steamer," and I am

The Undersigned.

SABBATARIAN GRAMMAR.

HAVING been rendered idiotic by the perusal of a letter, published in one of the heavy dailies, we must be pardoned if we make some idiotic remarks thereon.

As nearly as we can make out, somebody has been annoyed by a concert-saloon performance near his house, and wants the heavy daily before mentioned, to do something. But behold the extraordinary manner in which this somebody goes about the task of letting the World know these facts! He begins a long way off, and stumbles toward the mark in this a fshion:

> "I read with great interest your praiseworthy endeavor to resist, by the influence of your excellent journal, the attempts being made to desecrate the comforts of a quiet, well ordered Sabbath, by the introduction of those offensive concerts,—the glaring light of cigar and other stores—kept open in defiance of the laws."

Why "the glaring light of cigar and other stores" should be designated as "those offensive concerts," rather puzzles us. How the "introduction" of lights, alone, can "desecrate the comforts of a quiet, well ordered Sabbath" too, may be a problem to some of our sane readers, but we have not sufficient reason left to explain it.

Our Sphynx-like and Eleusinian Sabbath-keeper goes on to become more explicit, though hardly more lucid:—

> . . . . feeling that our views on the point are entirely agreeing, I beg to call your attention to the "New ——— hall," in Broadway, near Bleecker street, hitherto known as —— hall, and has been used for political meetings. But judge of the offence to myself and family, upon returning from church last Sunday evening, to hear the clash of noisy instruments, and the screaming, in a loud female voice—some ballad, I suppose; for I immediately closed my "house's ears," and went to the front rooms, feeling more discomposed than I can explain, and could not retire to rest till it ceased.

The construction of that first sentence defies competition. He begs to call the editor's attention to the New ——— hall, and has been used for political meetings! We are really very glad to hear it, though we are not quite sure what it is we have heard. His second sentence is plainer. We are to judge of the offence to himself and family, upon returning from church to hear the clash of noisy instruments, etc. Why did he return to hear said clash, then? And, if not impertinent, might we inquire what the offence is, of which we are to judge?

It may not be very clear, either, that connection between his closing his "house's ears," and his supposition that the screaming in a loud female voice was "some ballad," but he is evidently satisfied with it, so we cannot object. Still, we must say that this clause does not render us the least assistance in judging of the offence to himself and family. Perhaps we shall get more light—a whole "concert" of "glaring light," it may be—from the next statement:—

> "The nuisance continues nightly till 12 o'clock, and the windows open; and, by the advertisment, it is to be extensively carried out. It will seriously interfere with the peace and quiet of many families, for it embraces a large square of ground, and the houses cannot avoid hearing the loud music and singing."

Ah! The nuisance continues till midnight, "and the windows open". Of course the windows open. They are all made so as to open, now-a-days. "And by the advertisment, it will be extensively carried out." Does this refer to the ballad, the opening of the windows, the advertisement, or—lucky thought!—to the nuisance? There is no positive internal evidence that it does *not* refer to the nuisance, so we shall believe it does, for the present. We wish, however, that this writer had been a little more circumspect in his treatment of the word "and." We fancied, from the first, that he would get into difficulty with it, and now we see that it has bothered him a good deal more than the performances in the "New ——— hall and has been used for political meetings."

Taking it for granted that the nuisance is referred to, we find that "it embraces a large square of ground, *and* the houses cannot avoid hearing the loud music *and* singing." Verily! Walls have ears, then, at last! Arr-ears perhaps. In the language of builders, a chimney, a tower, a wall, or even a whole house, may Cant, as effectually as this gentle and ungrammatical Sabbatarian, but we hardly imagined that such canting could be heard by any other house, even though it were an Auricular Hospital.

We have no heart to copy the end of this letter, and the weather is too hot for affairs of honor, or we should demand an immediate explanation, on behalf of the English Language—an institution that has done us many kind services before now. In conclusion, however, we must insist upon this gentleman's closer observance of his principles. As he evidently considers the Sabbath a day for total peace and silence, so far as possible, let him hereafter keep as silent about it as he possibly can.

HOW WE MEAN TO DO IT.

We have always emphatically declared that we were not above receiving instruction; for what saith the wise man of old? "Thou art never too ancient to listen unto the words of wisdom."

With this great guiding star for our faith, we have been watching with anxious eyes, the course of the Trustees appointed to erect a monument in Independence Square, Philadelphia. We knew from the first that these gentlemen would do something, and they have gone and been and done it. After having wisely concluded beforehand how much the monument shall cost, they have with a financial acumen, beyond praise, laid down the law concerning the amount each state shall contribute. New York is mulcted in the sum of $50,490, while Pennsylvania pays only $38,250, Massachusetts must fork over $10,830, while New Jersey is let up with $7,650. Not content with laying down the law as to the sum required, our financiers also imperatively name the day on which it must be paid; one fourth on July 1st, 1861, the balance in three equal instalments on the first day of each succeeding year.

Now *that* we hold to be emphatically the way to do it, and, further, we declare it to be our intention to do likewise. For many months we have felt that the growing importance of our journal required room in which to swell. In plain terms we want an office, a new office. The *Times*, the *World*, the *Daily News*, and various other obscure sheets, revel in brown stone, white marble and architectural iron; why should not we? To that end we would inform the different states and cities—without caring whether they are the original JACOBS or no—that we have concluded on the cost of our new building, and apportion the amounts among them as follows: Philadelphia, which by the consolidation takes in rather more than three quarters of the state, $22,847; Virginia, exclusive of ROGER A. PRYOR, $12,912; Massachusetts, exclusive of Boston, which we mean to tax at a small percentage on its own valuation, $6,534. We flatter ourselves that we shall make rather a good thing out of Boston. New Jersey—wanting the cultivation which we only can impart—$45,789. Beyond these items we shall proceed no farther at present, but wait until the sums we need have been paid in. In our judgment the money will be required in the following instalments, and we call for them in this order: One-fourth, on the 1st day of August next, and the remaining three-fourths as soon as possible after. The design and location of our new office is not yet settled on, but that need not deter those mentioned above from immediately sending on the funds.

We earnestly hope that our way of doing it will please Philadelphia and induce her to immediately respond. There is no higher compliment to pay genius than to copy its works.

In a Tight Place.

Our Tammany reporter informs us that some desperate attempts were made recently in the old Wigwam to read WOOD out of the Democratic Party, but that they failed in consequence of the leading officials being unable to *read*—a circumstance which compelled them to leave FERNANDO in for a Spell.

We Think So.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD's photograph ought to be good, for she Takes Well everywhere.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

No pent up cuticle contracts our powers,
For all we *want* we'll *grab*—and call it ours.

CHAPTER V.

PHILADELPHIA editors perfect Arabs—always roaming about—in all the watering places—on excursions—romantic and scientific benders—wherever there's something good from rising of sun even unto going down of same always put themselves down for two large chances. All of 'em Colonels—nomadesde camp—all good natured as split watermelons. Recur to topic because didn't exhaust it the first time and because met some on deck of boat going up from Cape May. Was FITZG heralded to the party with due courtesy—first introduction to GODEY of Ladies' Book—gentlemen of great affability and humor—friend of more daughters of America than any man that ever lived. Put curious enigma to me—told him my name was DAVIS not ŒDIPUS and couldn't do it, but would make it all right as soon as I got my trunk open, if any of the party had a cork-screw. Next 'dividual, Major FREAS of Germantown Telegraph—praiseworthy citizen—regular F. F. F. one may say, since fun, FREAS and fishing go together whenever he's after the trout. JESPER HARDING of Inquirer, veteran of press—made more Bibles than any man alive; beat the seven story stack of Bibles story all to pieces. Father CRUMP aboard—good old soul as ever lived—one who like unto DICK STODDARD is full of "curious learning and quaint humor." Talked terrapins, type, turtle-soup, tragedy, tobacco, trotting, truffles and turkey till we arrived in Philadelphia. Went straight to Girard House—best house going—asked good little boy with a hymn book, named CHADWICK, if Mr. GIRARD was in? Said he'd just stepped out. Inquired for MRS. GIRARD—said she'd gone in country but had left word to give me a room if that was what I wanted. Told him I must know first if they kept a cow—never put up at taverns where they used bought milk; wasn't green if I did come from New York. Told me that cow was feeding somewhere down street but would be home by sundown—if she didn't, he or CHARLEY DUFFY would bring her in by the horns. Asked me if I took a cocktail for tea? Told him no—took it to be ardent spirits and bitters. Looked gravely, steadily at me and said I'd do. CHADWICK 'markable man—got 812.837 intimate friends and is on speaking terms with the rest of mankind. Pious people all—Col. PRESBURY first man of whom it was ever said "he *can* keep a hotel—and he *can*." Saw Col. SYKES, late of Sebastopol—beg leave to express to him due sense of gratitude for numerous courtesies. 'cause why—in midst of life we are in death—and should be sorry to cave in or give out with an unpaid thank due.

SARATOGA—grand word—reads well in history and looks uncommonly nobby in VANITY FAIR. Always nice—other places, Newport or Sharon, may go up, but Saratoga don't go down—except in the form of Congress or Empire water—and hope never will. Some people fond of saying how long they've been going there. Know one case of gentleman who went to Saratoga and his parents before him—grandfather went there before them to fight during Revolution and great grandfather before him to trade with Indians. Indians used to dip water up with calebash and swill a gallon—hadn't learned to pay two shillings a bottle for it or would have learned to treat it with more respect and size their drinks. United States Hotel the full blossom one; Union and Congress Hall the lesser flowers, but all very good. U. S covers numerous acres, surrounds a serene court—close your eyes some day next winter when you hear Saratoga mentioned and I'll bet the first thing you see'll be that quadrangle—people laying off in chairs or strolling round, or may be a summer vision of the lawn back of the house, where, after dinner, ladies appear in graceful multitude on one side and gentlemen in cigar'd comfort on the other, waiting to see all sorts of stylish vehicles and lovely horses, fast trotting girls and two-thirty men roll away in lively luxury to Saratoga Lake. More of them come and more—believe I've seen more beautiful girls go riding away towards that lake of afternoons than ever filled muslin anywhere else on this side of Paradise.

Before breakfast—on portico RANDOLPH and I scanned people—old BUNGO and two nieces—everlasting scan-magpies—one of 'em pretty—more's pity—lost even her vanity in her endless mania for gathering gossip—fine dark eyes—think they're rolling in soul do you?—nothing of the kind—only puppets dancing on the organ while it grinds out a tune about the sins and sorrows of people and families she don't even know. Pretty lips!—oh yes—more mischief goes through them than ever went through the Lion's Mouth of Venice—those accusations used to be examined into—her's ar'nt. A fine Sévres vase, gracefully designed, daintily colored, fit for noblest uses—converted to a slop jar! Great mistake however to suppose such girls not liked. LETTIE BUNGO quite noted—always quoted—no want of simple sisters to praise her or soft-headed breth'ren to adore. But the bricks quiz her—she knoweth it not—and the women who are true gold pass her quietly and afar off as in a dream—there are mysteries of life which the gossip-hunter never dreamed of—there is a world, sometimes even around her into which she has not peeped—the cosmopolite and truly gentle world which sayeth naught of such BUNGOS, and only murmurs at times to them from afar—*bon soir la compagnie!*

Look further on—see another New York friend—SANTA NEROLI—an odd girl some people call her—a very nice girl LUCY DE BROOM says—one of the kind who have very few friends—go through life quiet as violets under green leaves. Don't think I ever quite understood her till I knew her brother EUSTACE. When you want to understand one member of a well ordered family study the others, unless the brother is a very aqualactic youth in which case sister generally has a good deal of man—or devil—in her. EUSTACE NEROLI not soft, not hard, not muff; on first acquaintance vexatiously immaculate. Sister in consequence is graceful and gentle but with latent fire. If he could take one step further into demonstrative genius, would be a brick. Sister beats him in the long run. Talk to her long enough—a good while and you'll knock sparks. SANTA NEROLI always in black—very thin rather tall but graceful as a serpent. No plumpness about her and yet so well rounded and lithe—shows no angles—grand eyes romantic, home like, strange, familiar, dreamy, funny—have seen a dozen characters in them within four seconds. Simmers down when you begin to talk of other people, until she dries entirely up. Don't know many first class folks and *won't* know anybody else—goes silently with EUSTACE on through life, looking into flowers and perfumes and poetry and art and shells for the ideas and love which the world don't give.

Think SANTA NEROLA will marry uncommonly well some day—sure of it. All such graceful obscurities sure to? Young ladies is'nt it queer—but running round in the world and making your capital of gossip and belle-ship isn't *always* the sure ticket. Why is BABYLONIA SMINKE unmarried; she the lovely veteran of ten seasons? The fact is—you may have forgot it visiting round so much above Fourteenth-street—but there's a Providence and I find a strong proof of it in the fact that by some unaccountable mystery the SANTA NEROLIS always marry very well out of their timid and gentle obscurity, while the BABYLONIA SMINKES and BUNGOES go old maiding about or sit down to a grand match—which generally turns out one of the devil's own making.

Make party with NEROLIS—go down spring, drink water. RANDOLPH was devouring Green Seal last night—thinks Congress uncommonly nice—SANTA seems to find it uncommonly nasty. RANDOLPH wishes spring was in New York, right in centre of Gramercy Park Square, running out of pitcher which the HEBE is holding in the fountain. Would send over for a pail—two pails—of it, every morning. Inspect bottling process—curious and useful—Miss NEROLI thinks it must remind us all of Bubbles from the Brunnens—and suggests that during the Middle Ages it would have been called a Holy Well and had a romantic legend and a lovely saint.

Tell her that she shall be the individual and will do the legend myself on first convenient foolscap. RANDOLPH muttered in under tone something about Congress water's always being a "pious old drink" from the word go, and doubted if I could add to its sanctity. Began to sing my beautiful legend extempore. "There was a saint lived in a well—fari tolol de laddy da. Of all the saints she bore the bell—with a rowly powly"—am abruptly interrupted by cries of horrible! from Miss NEROLI and groans from RANDOLPH, under cover of which we turn to return to breakfast.

Always enjoy breakfasts at Saratoga—RANDOLPH says his would be 'mproved if he could only see the ostentatious and wide spreading cullud pusson who used to extend from Philadelphia hither as head-waiter. He was a superber, said RANDOLPH—a thirty-five-hundred dollar darkey—it was as good as seeing a check on the Chemical Bank flying round, to behold such a fine piece of property waiting on me. "Ah" says RANDOLPH "you Northerners don't know how to feel rich. I don't car how wealthy you are—you can't realize what opulence is till you *see it* buy flesh and blood. Money becomes something noble and aristocratic then—something fit for a gentleman to own and handle. I declar I sometimes think if I lived North I'd prefer poverty to riches. What *are* riches if you can't buy servants with 'em? Empty delusions—mere counters—abstractions. "MAN" said RANDOLPH—rising to eloquence "is never self-realistic—till he *owns somebody!*" And here he relapsed into silence and solemnity. 'Tisn't very often RANDOLPH airs his Richmond sociology—when he *does* it comes strong and produces effects in those holding contrary opinions. Pretty SANTA NEROLI—wasn't used to hear anybody express opinions boldly—opened her great eyes at RANDOLPH—and then with a great effort said merrily:

"I suppose if you lived in the North sir, you'd have to be content with a wife for a slave. She would probably make you realize the value of money quite as well."

"Ar' thar any wives to be bought?" inquired RANDOLPH negligently. So we voted it a draw game, and breakfast being over made up a party with General JINKUM of Louisville and his nieces JULIETTE and JOLLIETTE to roll tenpins.

Tenpins great institution at Old Saratoga. Can tell a Saratoga roll wherever I see it—recognized one once in the Bohemian village of Zhjretzwrzch. Peasants rolling balls with holes in 'em on turf at

"THAT MAN SHA—AD?"

pins—traveller stopped and gave one long winder—all our party halloed out "Saratoga by Jupiter." So it was. Made up party with the NEROLIS and BUNGOS—rolled like Revelations—scared up spares and ten licks enough to last over winter and have a few left for spring. SANTA rolled magnoriously, likewise. Quiet, steady firm and always astonished at her own luck. I like that girl—oh FLINDERS! if you were only here—oh my rowdy angel, my beloved my blessed! Tenpins accomplished, adjourn to circular railroad. Go around like revolving pin-wheels until creation seems one blaze of Fourth of July. Extraordinary creature this same human Man—only set him up on something that goes and how he *do* letter rip!

Next move—towards Indians. Indians make moccassins, bead work, war clubs to brain enemies with—asked one old buffer if he'd scalped anybody lately and where he buried the bodies—answered "two shillin" and grunted. Inquired price of good-looking squaw, replied "whiskey." Asked him "mungawampooneaghuwadawanuckwicketaquock?" and got it all back with compound interest. Ladies struck with awe at my accomplishments as linguist—asked me to ask old bull Injun price of work bag. Took bag up and exclaimed volubly "Tautaugcohogscuppaugmiantonomohwumsuttanaumkeog?" Injun held up four figures and grunted "shillens." Shook my head and said *whangdoodle*—Injun grunted dissent. Smiled blandly and remarking "pizarinctum metamorality" held out extra middle finger drawing down my left under eye lid. Injun nodded assent. Gave him sixty-two cents and took bag. Immense amazement, and request to "talk some more Indian." Face up to the senap and began:

"Mahopac adirondac. Wie gelhts alleweil du alter Schweinigel?"

"Ugh!"

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen bluhn?"

"Ugh!"

"Clenicus in sella, gaudet veniente puella."

"Ug—gh!"

General delight—people always like what they don't understand. Ladies wanted to know where learned to talk Indian. Not knowing couldn't say, but murmured "travel." "On his cheek," added RANDOLPH.

Dinner—Monks's band—fed pretty well—got one of Old DEXTER's go-carts and kittens—let out for Ballston. Great place in olden time—thirty years ago when poet sung on hot day:

> "Oh Saratoga, Lebanon, Niagara and Ballston.
> The man who does sigh for you this weather must be all stone."

Somebody told me that allusion was here made—good naturedly you know—to ALLSTON the painter, who would'nt go out of town one summer and was thus by poetic leisure, petrified. So the times fly by—*telle est la vie—alles hat seine Zeit.* It's a queer thing to go back to the days when N. P. WILLIS was a gay youth with a fine large crop of curls, and a little jaunty cap put on top-side-ways, with a page in cataracts of soldier-buttons, running after him—when the General's songs were new, and PERCIVAL was recited in evening-parties, and ladies still sang MOORE's Melodies—queer to go it all over and recal the hotels which were and are not—and fashions which are faded—tunes now found only in old, quaintly engraved music columns—belles who are now hardly *jeune encore*, save to the politest of beaux. Then people were just as merry as at present in their watering places—held just as much to their "style" and "*ton*"—we call it *tone* now-a-days—but 'twas all set in a different key, Madame—or the tune was played on different instruments—how is it that all this never occurs to you when you see General DEADWOOD, or my Lady CRAMOISIE VELOURS, as they walk about the promenades, and sit in the parlors of the United States? If you could only step right into their memories, dear reader—walk right into the secret halls of their minds and see this Saratoga as *they* once saw it, and feel its spirit of the days of high collars and short-waisted dresses as *they* felt it—'twould be as marvelous to you as though the incantation scene in DER FREYSCHUTZ, got up with all the resources of DOMDANIEL and Tophet should suddenly burst on your eyes when peeping into a stereoscope. Not so horrifying certainly—not so alarming—but quite as odd, dear lady—quite as different from what you are now feeling in the *régime* of hoops and alligator bonnets. "Ah, they were pleasant days, my dear," says Madame VELOURS. Parbleu! Madame—we believe it.

In those times COOPER used to sit in parlor of Sans Souci hotel and read his forthcoming novel to lady-guests—*tempi-passati.* Some day a book will appear on by gone Saratogans—FRANK WADDELL and all who once contributed to make these pleasant places still more pleasant.

Or take drive to Lake—make day's excursion—go to further end—spring there great for external ailments—beautiful place. Picnic—forget cares and sorrows—pass Clicquot or chablis or scup'nong or whatever you've got and be jolly. There's an air of quaint antique, gentle, high-toned jolliness—a creamy joyousness all over Saratoguc'—there's a witchery of high old times in a high-toned way in the very atmosphere, even as the witchery of olden time and dreaminess lies over Sleepy Hollow. *A vos beaux yeux Madame!* let us light our cigars!—and when we meet again be glad once more and know each other as those did who once retired from the world to the merric Theleme of Saratoga. Farewell then oh Congress, Empire, High Rock, Flat Rock, Iodine, Hamilton, Columbia, Putnam, Pavilion and what other springs there may be unknown or known to fame. Many a coming summer find me again among you!

The Inconvenience of a new Chambermaid.

SHE IS SO HANDY IN ARRANGING THINGS.

HUNT THE SLIPPER.

MR. VANDUSEL IS JUST IN THE MOOD TO LIE OFF COMFORTABLY AND—"OH DEAR! WHAT HAS BECOME OF MY SLIPPERS?" JUST OUT OF ARM'S REACH OF COURSE—THE BUREAU NAILED DOWN, AND NO CANE OR POKER.

WHERE IS THE TOWEL.

JUST WASHED—GOT HIS EYES FULL OF STINGING SOAP—FEELING ABOUT FOR TOWEL—AND NONE THERE! (*A little profanity is here allowed.*)

TESTIFICATORY LITERATURE.

The curiosities of the patent-medicine-puffing class of literature, would, if collected, form an inventive and instructive library of many columns. We are not going to collect them, however—do not be afraid. So far from dwelling on the subject at large, indeed we are going to confine ourselves to the consideration of some points, literary and otherwise, connected with a thing called "The Lactonah," for our first information respecting which we are indebted to the advertising columns of our volatile young cotemporary, the *World*. Quoted in the Lactonah department of that journal, we find the following, the lack of literary tone prevailing in which, is very characteristic of the leaders of the heavy illustrated press, and quite harmonious with the celebration of Lactonah, which, in its Latin derivation, displays a tendency to milk, and is, probably, not altogether innocent of water.

"'INVIGORATE, O, JUVENIS!' saith the bard. All the physical and mental developments of man depend upon the state of the digestive organs and the stomach; therefore he that shall place within the hands of this melancholy race a stimulant to energy and perseverence which will ever lift the cloud of melancholy from the brain, is a doer of good deeds. We can certify that 'LACTONAH' will do all this, and is especially valuable to parties suffering from debility."—*New York Illustrated News.*

There is an exciting mystery in the above brief but brilliant essay, arising from the difficulty of placing the person or thing characterised in the expression, "melancholy race," a claimant to which there would appear to be no less than five parties on foot, viz: "Juvenis," "the bard," "man," the digestive organs; the stomach. This matter the parties in question must settle among themselves: at least we won't do it, as our dramatic critic declines to investigate the subject any further, having already devoted himself to it for two whole days and nights, without success. The reader will remark that "parties suffering from debility" are mentioned in the article from the heavy illustrated paper. Had "nobility" been the word, instead of "debility," there might there have been salvation in Lactonah for suffering New York victimized in so heavy an amount for the love of the aristocratic Japanese, and now preparing its BOOL-ish marrowbones for a genuflexion, before the coming GUELPH. As it is, we must reserve our belief in Lactonah, and proceed to the consideration of testimonial No. 2, which, if not instructive, will at least be found amusing.

WHAT A MOTHER SAYS.

"It should be known, my son, aged 25, seemed ordained to bring me with sorrow to the grave. He had been saved from the drunkard's fate by the wonderful virtues of the Lactonah. I secretly poured one fifty-cent bottle of the Lactonah into a bottle of his rum. I noticed the rum lasted twice as long as usual. When he opened another bottle, I poured a bottle of the Lactonah into that also. In two weeks it was not more than half emptied. I have known it to go in a single day before I adopted this expedient. A few days afterward, when one of his companions asked him to 'go and take something,' he replied, 'Why, Tom, I cannot drink now, for I hate the smell of all kinds of liquors." Three months have passed without a relapse, and I believe he is entirely reclaimed.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER."

Setting aside the justification of motive, and taking a practical view of the episode to which "Tom" lends so much reality in the above pleasing little sketch from real life, we would respectfully suggest that the power of Lactonah as a rumifuge will be materially depreciated if it is to be blown upon in this way. Anybody who detects a queer taste in his rum, henceforth, must be a great fool if he does not immediately attribute it to Lactonah, and a very good-natured one if he does not at once proceed to the destruction of every bottle of that obnoxious fluid within his reach. Certainly, unless actually an idiot, he would take prompt measures, under the circumstances, of placing his private alcohol under lock and key, for the future. Thus it is that testificatory literature ever defeats its ends. The "Grateful Mother" has irreparably damaged Lactonah by her want of reticence. Indeed she appears, to our way of thinking, to be a very unsafe old person, generally. We would not drink with her upon any account.

A word of two more, and we will retire from the drug business for the present. The opening paragraph of the Lactonah monograph contains the following arrangement, which is probably intended to apply to the physic in question, but in reality a recommendation of a person unknown to us.

GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

"The dyspeptic and feeble should never be without."—*Judge W. W. W.*

We are puzzled to guess why the eloquent writer who devotes himself to the celebration of Lactonah, should thus suddenly reject the idea of that medicine, and recommend debilitated persons to have recourse to a Judge, instead. On second consideration, we think we see a glimmering of light, however. Judge W. W. W. is, possibly, a very comical person, a judge of other liquors than Lactonah, and one whose laugh would do more to stir up a sluggish liver than any advisably quantity of that thing. If this is so, there is sense in the recommendation. If this is so, take away the drug and bring up the Judge, by all means.

1st. *Jolly Burglar.*—Coesindo, Simmons!—that ain't fast enough for a Fifth-avenue piano.

PUNNING MADE EASY.

Every Man his own Punster.

(Continued.)

The establishment of a Punnery, in which public instruction in the noble art may be given, may justly be called the want of the age. Strange as it may seem, yet there is not in any of our Colleges a Professorship of Punning established. Not certainly for want of educated Punsters, or of general interest in the art, but from pure blindness to its importance. Yet civilization is evidently incomplete without the Pun; upon the apex of enlightenment stands the Punster, the great statue for whom that pedestal was built.

An institution such as I suppose will be the wonder of the world. Imagine a colossal Palace, an immense Temple of the most imposing architecture, filled with all the conveniences for punning, ably conducted by the first punster of the day, and attended in vast numbers by the most intelligent of our youth. Was there ever such a scene presented in all the records of antiquity? Not one. The mind is dazzled in its contemplation; credulity itself becomes sceptical. Oh! you can hardly believe it, I know, for this Punnery seems like marriage to an old girl, too good to be true.

Yet the reality will transcend the imagination; and here again the simile holds true. Behold, where a flight of ivory steps, ascends like a frozen cataract, to a wide pavilion, from which a thousand marble columns mount like petrified fountains, through which glitter the luminous perspectives of uncounted stately halls, wherein stand the marble statues of all the mighty masters of our glorious pasttime, who made the past time famous—Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Rabelais, Hood, and Lamb—behind which tower the forms of living greatness, Lowell, Saxe, Brougham, and the Vanity Fairies who now wield the wands the children of Oberon bequeathed. Colonnades, terraces, and fountains of diamond light, that diademed with the sunbow by day, with the moonbow and star-wreath by night, illuminate the poetic twilights of the far recesses. Glowing with starry lustre, a crystal dome arches over a wondrous palace, centred by a throne of pearl, in which I am sitting crowned. Around me, as far as the eye can reach, flash the inspired eyes of twelve thousand pupils, eagerly listening to my words. I am asking them a conundrum. The silence of a calm at sea, pervades the vast assemblage; 'tis followed by the roar of a storm, as it is answered Doors open with a flash of glory, twenty-four thousand female punsters, in ball dress, enter, and each making a different pun, invite us to a sumptuous repast. We consent. A scene of enchantment bursts upon my view—however, cut all that, —but it's going to be a bully kind of a Punnery.

And here will reside in luxury the jovial punsters of the first degree. In mirthfulness and immense jollity, some will spend their happy days; others in some solemn hermitage, fitted up with all the modern conveniences, will devote their lives to the study of some profound conundrum. Yet another class will seclude themselves in caves, for the purpose of making fresh puns. I will, of course, not confine myself to any branch, but moving from room to room, will answer difficult questions, explain jokes, now making a pun, now gracefully joining in a laugh, now smiling kindly at a new beginner, and bestowing my blessing when desired. Ah! it is a situation that will just suit me. Having then been elected Punster Laureate, I will faithfully fulfil the duties of that great office, and make first class puns, upon all public events. Places with Tennyson, I would not change, for a shame it is that Poetry should be preferred to Punning; I have tried both, and know which is best.

The course of instruction to be adopted, I have already indicated. Several excellent Liars, Thieves and Murderers, will be induced to resign their civic situations, and under proper restraints, will be employed as teachers, in the department of sinful Punning. Any person we will admit to our Punnery who is not too stupid—no, no, Mr. Tupper, you can't come in. A slight tinge of dishonesty will be required, that the student may take a joke without asking permission. Deaf pupils will be taken here, from deference to their misfortune; but no dumb persons admitted because they mutilate their jokes.

If it is asked, where is the money to come from to build this mighty temple?—I reply that there will be a Financial Committee. Price above pecuniary considerations. What do I care for the expense? Have I a narrow mind, to be always thinking of the *money?* What *I* want is Punnery.

There is another point, which in our Punnery will not be neglected. Besides the crime which a Punster must commit, in order to strengthen his moral constitution, certain physical evils are required. To attain that stage of disease necessary, he must put himself under rigid training. The strictest observance of rules is essential, for condition is as important to a Punster, as to a Pugilist.

In training for the Prize Ring, the great rule is to stop eating every thing you like, and eat those things you detest. In this way one hardens his stomach, and makes it insensible to blows. But with the Punster, dyspepsia is essential to success. For this reason he must diet accordingly, avoiding all nourishing food. Early rising is indispensable; in order never to fail, the Punster must sit up all night, smoking a pipe to clear his throat. On no account must he go to bed before sunrise, but after that beautiful affair is settled, the longer he keeps awake the worse he will feel. Staying up after sunrise certainly produces headache, weakness of the eyes, and general dreaminess and disgust. In order to be funny during business hours (a very important thing) you may sleep till after dinner. Four o'clock I have found a very convenient hour to take your breakfast in the afternoon. This meal should chiefly consist of coffee and cigars. You will doubtless feel quite unwell at first, but after five or six cigars you begin to come up again. A fine nervous excitement pervades your frame; you are feverish, and brilliant. Conversation you criticise with singular acuteness; with the nice ear of a musician you detect all harmonies of sound. Now is the time to begin to Pun, and keep it up all night.

In a month or two you will be gratified, after a heavy meal, with leaden pains in the abdominal pit. This is the Dyspepsia. Make a pun on Dyspepsia. Now you feel very badly after dinner, and nothing relieves you but punning and tobacco. Your bodily constitution is becoming materially injured, and the great object, the supremacy of mind over matter, is firmly established. You have pains in the joints, rheumatism in the bones, jerkings in the muscles, palsies in the nerves, throbbings in the brain, tremblings in the toes, wrenches in the knees, swellings in the throat, rusti-

ness in the cartilages, shooting fires in the back, and a general spasmodic action when attempting to walk. This is all as it should be. You are rapidly approaching that sublime condition when you will be fit for nothing but making puns. As an indication of what you are coming to, you will observe that you are losing your interest in all other intellectual occupations. Being now confined most of your time to your bed, you have ample time for your favorite pursuit, and are not led away from it, by the temptations of amusement.

Let it be written in golden letters, that He who seeks for Happiness, can never find bliss in the Pun. Is it not well then that the pupil should put himself beyond temptation, and by maceration of the flesh, and humbling of the body, make pleasures and enjoyments impossible? By all means avoid marriage as an insurmountable impediment to Punning. A wife distracts the mind, and leads to contentment, and conjugal felicity.

(To be Continued.)

THOSE LITTLE BILLS.

OT weather, isn't it' VANITY? Infamously, outrageously, improperly, discreditably hot. Too hot to reason or argue or be sensible or hear the thing that's right. By Jove, Sir! I twitch in my chair, and grow furious at the idea of being called on to perform any duty save that of dozing in my bath. Under the punkah—the wind fan—of DELMONICO and behind a cobbler, I indeed feel like a Christian. Otherwheres I do not.

And yet society, sir—society—hath so ordained it that just at this boiling baking and stewing time of year; during the month of July, those irritating plagues our little bills must be paid. Now I've no special objection sir, to do this. I have, thank God sir, like all the good readers of VANITY FAIR, a small sum in bank which I devote to debts. But I don't want to be *bothered*, sir, with them at all. I don't want to see, hear, or think of the first item relative to bills, and I wont. (N. B. Since writing the last line, I kicked sir—yes, actually kicked a bill-bearer from my door—a thing seldom done now-a-days, save in lady-novels.)

There's the other season—New Year's—just as malapropos a time to pay up—season when people want money most for presents, charity and sufforth. Perfectly preposterous.

There was a good old Bishop D'AVRANCHES, dear VANITY, who, having observed that certain storms occurred during the vintage, generally on certain saints' days, proposed that in order to save the vine, these saints' days should be transferred to mid-winter, where they might rain and hail away to their hearts' content. My suggestion is that the bill-paying seasons be moved to April and October. Then on fine cool days people might dun away, as much as they pleased. Debtors are more inclined to pay in fine weather—all the world, in fact, feels richer then—and running around is salubrious. I venture to say that were my plan adopted, a fresh stimulus would be given to business; the credit system would be placed upon a firmer basis, and the whole world enter upon a fresh career of industrial what-d'ye-call-it.

P. S. If you don't insert this I shall send it to the *Tribune*.

Do tell!

We want some one to tell us how it is that a rich man is always called DIVES, when every one knows that he invariably Keeps his Head above Water.

We think we hear some one say, "Because he gets on Swimmingly." But that has been done.

By our excited Contributor.

Why is an insane Master of Arts like a lady?
Because he's a MAD-A.M.

A SERMON TO ORGAN GRINDERS.

Come, ye grinders grim and weary.
  Cease awhile your windy groans!
Cease your wailings sharp and dreary,
  Listen to my dulcet tones!
Duo from La Favorita,
  Waltz profane call'd Prima Donna,
Pray suspend, while I repeat a
  Few remarks in Virtue's honor.

Wearers of the velvet breeches!
  St. Cecilia's humblest flunkeys!
Don't you know the Scripture teaches
  That you should not wallop monkeys?
Those who bring the pennies votive—
  Those who jump and frisk so sadly—
Friends! pray what can be your motive
  When you treat the wretches badly?

Exiled monkey! ah! once floated
  All his days serene and silky;
Once to forest love devoted,
  He asked why cocoa-nuts are milky?
Then his heavier labors ending,
  Hopeless that great truth to know,
By his tail his form suspending,
  Swung he swiftly to and fro.

Ended soon that season shiny—
  That investigation juicy;
He must cross the billowy briny;
  He must dance the LONG MISS LUCY;
In his eyes the tears must glisten—
  Milk of life grown sour and curdy;
And O, harder fate! must listen
  To the strains composed by VERDI.

Now my TOPIC Two producing;
  Very much I think you'd show
Christian virtue by vamosing,
  When you're asked, my friends, to go.
Though with rapture Biddy swelling
  Drinks in Operatic joys,
Those who own the cook and dwelling,
  May grow frantic at your noise.

Move like gentle grinders *presto!*
  Cut your stick *rapidamente!*
Number Sixteen leave to rest! O
  Leave to rest, too, Number Twenty!
Hearts will bless the good musician—
  Gratitude your art inspire,
When they mark your transposition
  Up the street, two octaves higher.

Tuscans! if so dear your art is,
  You must either grind or die,
Seek some lonesome vale, my hearties!
  There your cranks incessant ply!
Shun the city's strong temptations!
  To some desert make your way!
'Midst congenial desolations,
  Grind the death of Old Dog Tray.

One more word and I have done now;
  You may then resume your tunes:
Really, breth'ren, there's no fun now
  In the way you freeze to spoons.
O take heed if you love ranging;
  Lest you meet a lowlier lot,
Sing-song into Sing-Sing changing,
  And your organ gone to pot!

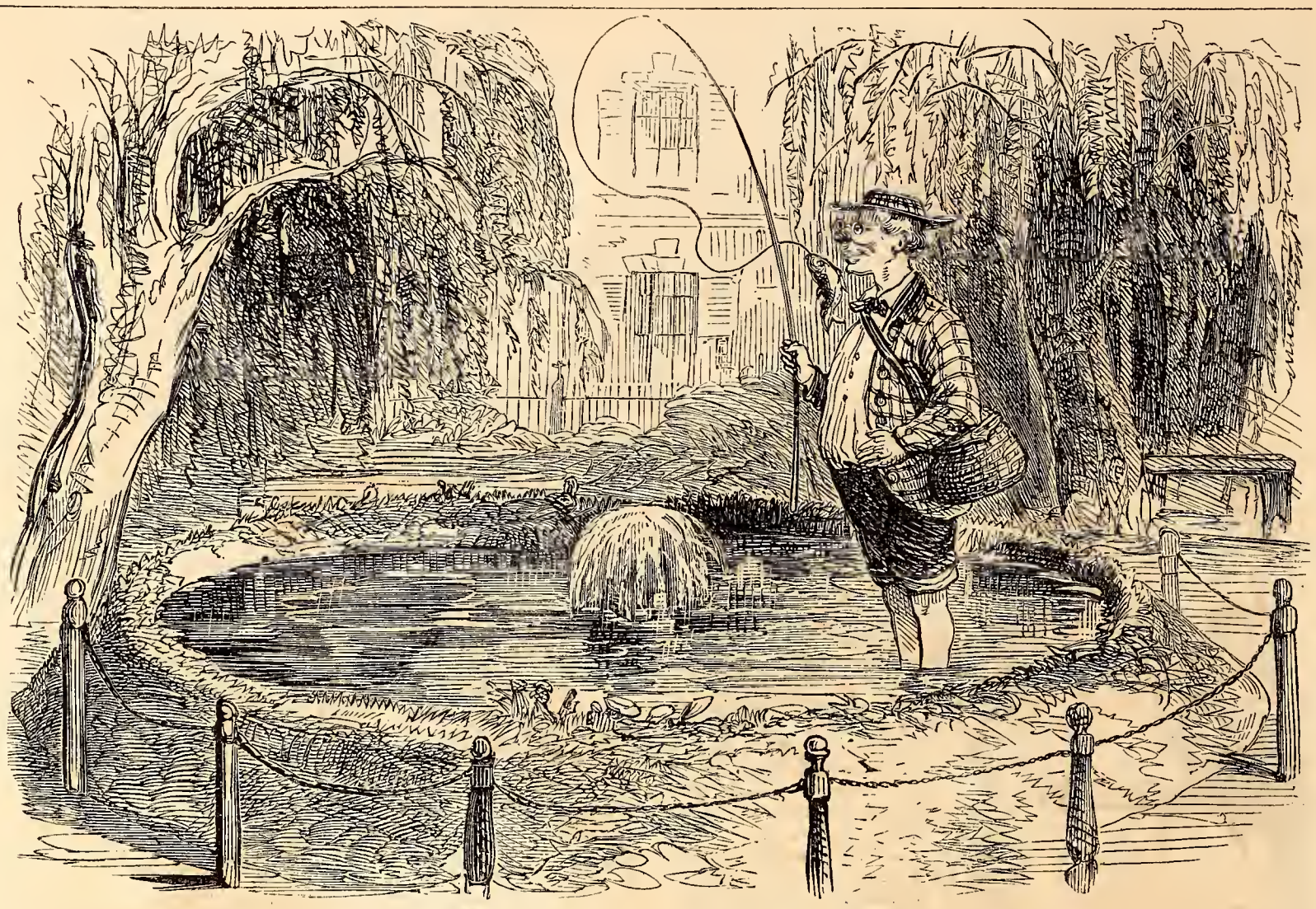
Formidable Con.

(Founded upon the present Punch System of Jokes.)

Why is spelling like a certain kind of Turtle?
Because it is Taught us.

Of Course.

Ghosts proverbially disappear before daylight, it being impossible for Lights and Shades to exist in the same place.



SUMMER SOLITUDE IN NEW YORK,

THE SENIOR PARTNER OF GOSSAMER & CO., DEBARRED FROM TAKING HIS USUAL SALMON TOUR TO THE SAGUENAY, HAS QUITE A TIME OF IT AMONG GOLD-FISH IN THE STUYVESANT PARK BASIN. THERE'S NOBODY TO INTERRUPT HIM—NOT EVEN A POLICEMAN.

A CROW FOR THE COUNTRY.

Daisies, dandelions, butter-cups, cows, horses, grass, trees, sheep, oxen, honey-suckles, gooseberries, currants, woods, hills, meadows, musquitoes, flies, strawberries and cream, blackberries, raspberries, brooks, turnpikes, chickens, roosters, toll-gates, geese, ducks, clams, crabs, rivers, lakes, pretty girls, salt-water, wagons, dinner at twelve o'clock, home-made bread, butter, cake, pudding, pie, low ceilings, vines, front porch, wooden side-walks, hoes, rakes, roses, wells, tulips, peonies, fences, sun-flowers, pitchforks, hay, wheat, oats, scythes, birds, crickets, ants, caterpillars, bees, wasps, dogs, kittens, fresh air, warm weather, corn, tomatoes, onions, cider, peas, artichokes, potatoes, mush, sweet-meats, high old times in the barn, ploughing, fishing, riding, sailing, swimming, chasing the girls, fun generally, old clothes, bad hat, poor shoes, no newspapers, old almanacs, cheese, good health, no doctors, one undertaker starving for want of a job, clock with a frequent period, cherries, plums, meeting house; frog pond, store, blacksmith's shop, no railroad, moonlight nights, no pianos, about six cents, a pound of tobacco and one or two things more and my style of country is complete. I can appreciate the above and know how to enjoy them.

On the other hand I'm down on Saratoga and hotels, cars, paving stones, niggers, concerts, Congress water, mean rooms, bad dinners, hops every night, roasting weather, no shade, city people, shop-lifters, gamblers, fast men, horses, women, disconsolate small dogs, carriages, rides to the Lake, Junction, Empire water, grocery stores, bar rooms, livery stables, kid gloves, canes, Jeddo hats, silks, umbrellas, promenades, Brass Bands, soups, circular railways, don't-come-near-me-looking parks, billiards, bowling alleys, faro banks, newspapers, patent leather, fictitious Indians, double supplies of sunlight, water cures, bathing houses, gymnasia, opera troupes, theatrical performances, tableaux, and fooling with fun generally, pert girls, boarding school jilts, bad oranges, bad peaches, horrid ice, lemon soda, root beer, drug stores, dry good stores, politicians, ministers, flats and the rest.

I've tried both and can safely sing a crow for my first love, the genuine, original, sweet, smiling, natural, free and easy, do-as-you-please Country. She's mine and I'm HER'S FOR EVER.

YE MOCKE AUCTIONERE.

A songe of ye bold Mocke Auctionere,
Who hath ruled in ye citie long!
Who meets wyth a Sneer and greets wyth a jeere,
Ye Policie and their Armès strong.

Ye Countrieman greene he ryngeth in,
Wyth a redd Flagg at ye Dore;
And wyth Watches brighte in ye broade Daylighte,
He selleth hym sad and sore.

"Goinge! going!" quod ye Auctionere,
"How much for thys watche byd ye?"
"Tenn Dollars!" began ye Countrieman—
Eftsoones hys hammer dropt hee.

Ye Buyer hath shelled out ye Sponduliekes,
And gone wyth ye Watch hee prized;
But greeved ye next daye when far awaie,
Hee found itt was galvanized.

And ladyes gay, walke down Broadway
With Chyldren by their Syde;
And looke in ye Denn where ye Swyndlere men
Are shouting aloude in Pryde.

And ye Chyldren aske: "What place is that,
Where ye Man on hys Counter beates?"
And ye Parent saies "A mock Auction Shopp;
And ye Men are are all thieves and cheats."

Ye *Worlde* makes a Dinn o'er the heinous sinn
Of taking a Sundaye ride;
But hath nothing to saye howe in full Broadway,
Ye Swyndleres in peace abyde.

Then ho! for ye bold Mock-Auctionere,
Who hath ruled in ye Citie faire,
And is likely to swaye for many a daye
For all that ye World-lings care.

THE MODERN BRUTUS.

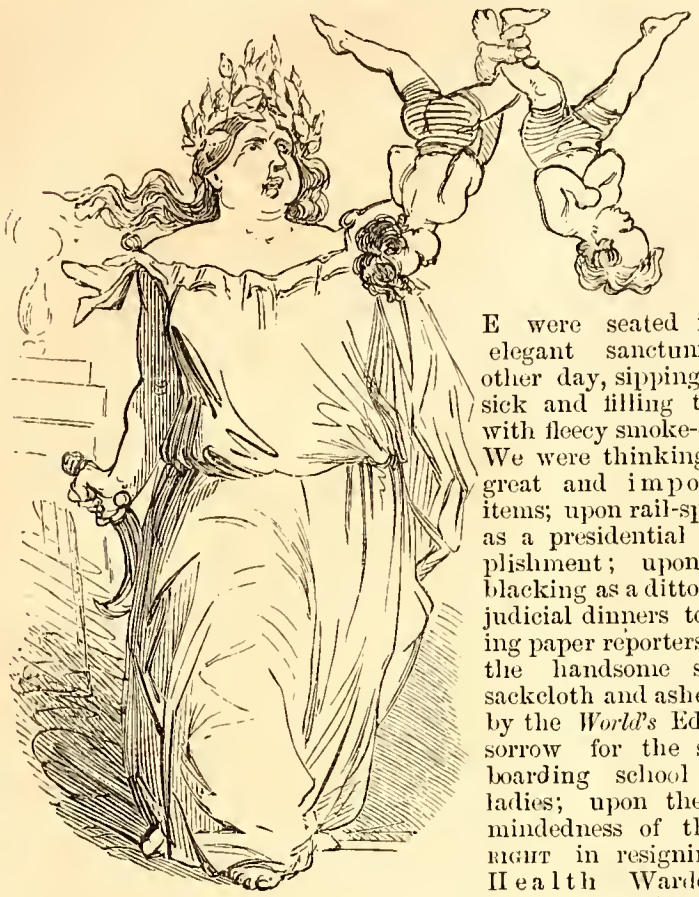
BRUTUS.—Speak to me, what art thou.

BRUTUS.—Why com'st thou?

GHOST.—Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

GHOST.—To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.



E were seated in our elegant sanctum, the other day, sipping Heidsick and filling the air with fleecy smoke-clouds. We were thinking upon great and important items; upon rail-splitting as a presidential accomplishment; upon boot-blacking as a ditto; upon judicial dinners to sporting paper reporters; upon the handsome suit of sackcloth and ashes worn by the *World's* Editor in sorrow for the sins of boarding school young ladies; upon the high-mindedness of the ENRIGHT in resigning the Health Wardenship; upon the probability of the REBECCA's out-living the notoriety of Plum Gut; upon the Poodle dog question; when our gorgeously apparelled office boy entered, bearing upon a silver tray an old style visiting card, labelled

MRS. ALMA MATER.

We at once threw aside our fragrant havana and ordered the gorgeous boy to usher the lady into an inner and more inviting apartment. We met Madame at the door with our most inspiring smile, saw her comfortably seated on a luxurious sofa, drew up a matchless chair for ourself, and poured forth our avowals of delight at her welcome, though unexpected visit. We could not forbear complimenting the old lady on her hale and cheery appearance—she positively seemed to have grown younger since we had last seen her.

Fanning herself violently with one hand and at the same time unloosening the strings of her reticule with the other, she broke out thus: "Dear! dear! Mr. VANITY! how you've grow'd. (putting on her spectacles and fixing a stare upon us) 'Tain't possible! Well, I declare, if he ha'nt altered amazin'. 'Spect I shouldn't have know'd you no how if I hadn't heard you speak. I always know'd you'd come to something great. The dear knows I wish all the boys was as promisin' as what you was. But they ain't—not one of 'em. I declare I'm most out of patience with 'em! They're growin' worser and worser every year, and I dunno what's goin' to become of 'em." (Here she snuffed—just as she used to do when FLAKEY was flashing his Trigonometry)

"Indeed!" we put in, "you surprise us very much." You don't mean to say that the boys are falling off or getting lazy or—"

"Oh! dear no! Bless your dear heart! not that, but they're no longer boys; they're not fit for class-rooms; they're nothing but yachtsmen, base ballers, ring fighters, fancy dancers, meerschaum colorers, horse racers, nigger minstrelers, and charities. The dear knows where they pick 'em all up, but they brings their physical exercises into the college along with their baggage and high-school certifikits. Dear! dear!" (sobbing)

"This is truly painful, Madame," said we, thinking it our cue, "and your feelings in the matter are not to be wondered at; they are perfectly natural and praiseworthy. But you see this is a progressive age, a precocious age in every respect, and young men now-a-days——"

"P'shaw! Go long! Stuff! Nonsense! (Here she arose indignantly and started toward the door) I didn't think to hear sich talk from you, VANITY? You ought to know better—you do know better—and its a downright shame for you to utter sich trash in my presence—afore me—your ALMA MATER." The tears trickled down the old lady's cheeks and, perhaps, started from our own eyes. We felt sorry and interposing between her and the door, said: Not at all, dearest Madame! You misunderstood us! We would not for the world purposely wound your feelings. We were only prefacing by a style of speech much used now, our assent in the main with your own views We know as well as you do, Madame, that steamboats, telegraph. and newspapers are no sort of excuse for an excess of folly or vices but——

"There! Laws o' Mercy! That's just like you, VANITY! I know'd, 'twasn't possible for you to have got your mind distended with them ridiculous *Tribune* ideas. I shouldn't have took on so; but what you said was so like all our Sophs—but dear me! I'm getting so old and anything a'most so distracts me. Dear! dear!" (She rocked to and fro for a minute, then continued)

"Well, now VANITY I've come to ask your advice about the boys, whats' best to do with 'em, eh?"

"Really, Madame," we replied "that is a weighty question and one that needs reflection before an answer can be given. How many are there to be this year?"

"Well, close on to twelve hundred," she answered. "Twelve hundred! And all have spent the last four years in yachting, playing base-ball, riding, fighting, dancing, singing and coloring their meerschaums?" "Except the Charities," she exclaimed.

"Ah, yes! exactly! except the Charities. What did you say they did?"

"Well, the Charities?"

"The Charities."

"Well, they didn't do much of anything. Some of 'em got tutorship, some of 'em got pious, and all of 'em got the consumption."

"Consumption? ah! poor fellows! Same old story. Very little can be done with the Charities, Madame. Perhaps the pious ones will make an effort in theology, as usual, but the rest, we fear, are hopeless, utterly hopeless cases."

"Should'nt wonder VANITY. Even the Charities is getting lower and lower. Never mind 'em though, they always manages to look after themselves.''

"What profession seems to be most popular among the regulars at present, Madame?''

"That's hard telling, VANITY. It ain't Literature, that's evident. It ain't Medicine, it ain't the Church, nor it ain't Law."

"How about science and art?"

"Nothing at all about 'em." PETER COOPER and the Smithsonian Institute have done away with 'em altogether."

"Then, as we take it, the choice is about as six is to six. Are we right?"

"I'm afraid you are, VANITY."

"Oh! we forgot to speak of the army and navy. Perhaps the prize-fighters might yearn towards military honors, and the yachtmen for a sailors' life?"

"How you talk, VANITY! Do you suppose I bring up and gradiate twelve-hundred young men a year just to let 'em drown or get shot? What's the use of their getting an edication at all, if that's their taste, eh?"

"But suppose it is their vocation?"

"Humph! Who cares for vocation? Not they, not their parents, not I. What they expect me to give 'em is *position*."

"Without being fit for it?"

"To be sure! what else?"

"Then, Madame, there is only one course to be pursued"

"That's just it, VANITY. I know'd you'd advise your old ALMA MATER out of her difficulties. What is it?"

"We repeat there is only one course to be pursued—make Lawyers of the whole of them."

"Lawyers?"

"Just so."

"What on airth do you mean, VANITY?"

"It was the only way to give them position independent of qualification. In the first place lawyers are scarce, especially young lawyers. It is a rare thing, now-a-days to meet with a lawyer. You never see more than one counsellor's shingle in a mile's walk. In the next, it requires a love for sports, prize-fighting, fancy-dancers, negro minstrelsy and meerschaum-coloring to disqualify men for any respectable position and——"

"Why, VANITY, how philosophical you are, to be sure!"

"Thanks to you, Madame! But *if*, observe the *if*, Madame, there is any professson in life that needs so little beyond these simple tastes of your boys, it is the Bar."

"I dunno but your right, my dear!"

"We think we are, Madame. Make twelve hundred lawyers, and the country will bless you, the Bar and Bench will bless you, politicians will bless you, rascals and evil-doers generally will bless you, and, very likely experience a change of heart instanter."

"Thank you, VANITY. We'll make them lawyers." And the good-hearted old lady bid us an affectionate farewell, kissing us fondly as in days gone by, and we were again alone.

THE *World* which is not of this world gives the following original startling and cordial endorsement of a very interesting work.

"A great literary curiosity, the "*Memoires de Casanova*," had been out of print for a long time, and could be procored only at an enormous price. A new edition of it, which was issued in May, at Brussels, in four volumes, was therefore *very seasonable*, and cannot fail to meet with success."

The Memoirs of CASANOVA DE SEINGALT may be "seasonable" to those who, having exhausted all ordinary abominations, require something with rather stronger seasoning. But we really had no idea that the gentlemen of the *World* were so far gone as this—so utterly *blasée* as to calmly notice, as a great curiosity, and as a greatly needed and desirable work, one of which the by no means fastidious CARLYLE says that if any body has accidentally dipped into it, "let him wash his hands and be unclean until even!" VANITY FAIR has no wish to weigh heavily on the conscience of his pious cotempo., but will still declare it as his candid conviction that never yet in *Times*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, or any other respectable journal of this city was such a work ever so naively and favorably mentioned.

MIND YOUR EYES!

It is a fortunate thing for this misguided world and rebellious generation that we have a HALL'S *Journal of Health* to guide and guard us! That invaluable physiologieal monitor sets our volition completely aside, and fixes things physically just as they should be, will-we nill-we.

We are told what we must eat, what we must drink—or rather, what we must *not* drink, for the advice as to bibulation is yet to be a little negative—where, how, when, and how much we must sleep, what we must wear, how we must bathe, how we must exercise, and, in fact, everything that we already know much better than HALL'S *Journal of Health* does.

The last good advice of this eheerful paper, that we have examined, is the Treatment of the Eyes—a really important subject We must confess, however, that we think we can do a little better in the same line. At all events, we will try, assuming, as the *Journal of Health* always does, that all human beings are exactly alike, and require exactly the same rules of treatment.

Thus says Dr. HALL, by way of preamble:—

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life, by the too free use of eyesight in reading fine print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it will be well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Then he starts off:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first awakening, the eye shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

"If the eyelids are glued together, on waking up, do not forcibly open them; but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water."

We accept all these rules, in general, and especially the two first. If we never come from darkness into a bright light, it would be very wrong to "begin to read, write, or sew," after so doing. Still, we have a code of regulations and eye-laws, which we have followed from early infancy, with great success, and think, therefore, that everybody else ought to follow it.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. This is only to be accomplished by remaining entirely in the dark.

Never begin to read, write, or sew. Leave off, as frequently as you please.

Never read HALL'S *Journal of Health* by twilight, moonlight, gas-light, lamplight, candlelight, or any other kind of light.

Never read or sew directly in front of the window or door, if the shutters are up or the door closed.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely;—yes *over the left* shoulder!

Never open the eyes, after awakening, before dark.

Do not use the eyesight.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, rub them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not open them for a couple of days. If they remain closed, moisten them with a little tobacco-juice—it is the speediest dilution in the world; then rinse your mouth with warm brandy-and-water.

By close attention to these rules, Mayor WOOD has preserved his Single Eye in an extraordinarily perfect condition, enabling him to see as far into the political mill-stone as the next man. On the other hand, a gentleman who attempted to follow the directions laid down in HALL'S *Journal of Health* for a week, only got so far as to say he would See the rules darned before he would follow them any longer.

The following certificates, voluntarily sent us by the gentlemen whose names are appended, speak more than volumes for our system:—

NEW YORK, June, 1860.

Dear V. F:—I took the advice you once gave me concerning the use of my eyes, and found it invaluable. Indeed, after adhering to your rules for a week, my visual powers became so great that I could even make my Chest See.

MUSIANI; Tenor, Acad. Music.

Could anything be more conclusive? But here is another:—

ROME, Italy. 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—Your corrospondent here recently furnished me with your rules concerning the Use of the Sight, since I commenced following your advice I have had quite a Holy See.

PIO NONO.

Still another:—

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.

EDS. V. F:—Why don't you publish your mode of treating the optical organs? By Jove, Gents, you might all make your fortuues out of it. Why, Sir, I tried them only one month, when my eyesight had been mighty poor, being furnished me by one of your Travelling Agents, and last night, playing draw poker with Judge D—., I Saw his pile and went him five hundred better. Gratefully yours;

Colonel SPERRY of Arkansaw.

Yet one more and we have done:

NEW YORK, June.

VANITY FAIR:—Four years ago, while occupied on a vessel as stevedore, a nautical gentleman Blasted my Eyes. I suffered much in consequence, until I made the acquaintance of one of your contributors, who informed me of your method of preserving those valuable organs. I have practised that method ever since, and now have a fine Building Site. Yours.

Alderman O' SKALLAGHAN.

There! We think that HALL'S *Journal of Health* had better

"Wipe its weeping eyes"

And dry up.

Of Corset's So!

Now that the admission fee to the Great Eastern has been reduced to fifty cents, that vessel may be at length looked upon as a paying concern. We remember the time though when she was decidedly In a Tight Place. The Intelligent Reader will at once perceive that we allude to her Stays.

THE COMIC MURDER.

They have a young person on the New York *Times*, who devotes himself to the severe mental exertion of compiling some score of jokes daily, under the head of "Minor Topics." We say compiling because the young person in question, with judicious modesty, does not treat himself to any fresh, green jokes of his own, but rather prefers the old, well seasoned one of MILLER, and the country exchanges. Jokes on the words "foul" and "fowl" he does not despise, and the collocation "bear" and "bare" he seizes upon with avidity. Facetiæ on draught he will, and can, have none of; of squibs that have lain bottled for years in the cellars of decayed jokes he catches fast hold.

Not long ago, the *Times* joke man put the following in his funny column:

"— Mrs. SENNY, of Springfield, was troubled with a drunken husband, and experimented on her liege lord with the water-cure by pitching him into the Connecticut River. He swallowed a small quantity of the water, and not being accustomed to the fluid, it acted as a mortal poison. The Coroner's Jury acquitted the lady at once. As her daughter took no hand in giving her father a plunge bath, there was no mystery about the affair."

The ordinary mind might not, perhaps, at once perceive that a murder was here alluded to. Underlying all the facetiousness of the composition is that fact, however. Husband-drowning seems quite a good joke to the *Times* man. Parricide would doubtless inspire him with hilarity, and a nice case of child-murder probably afford him amusement for a whole afternoon. But seriously, we can do without this style of "Minor Topics," Mr. RAYMOND, and as for the young man who "does" them, permit him to subside, please. He will soon find another place; SMITH Brothers are dreadfully in want of somebody to construct puff-jokes about their Fall things.

SOLDIERS.

"THE ZOUAVE DRILL," IN THE OPINION OF OUR ARTIST "HAS CERTAINLY BORED OUR GALLANT WHAT DYE'CALLEMS CONSIDERABLY—NOT BUT WHAT THE WHAT DYE'CALLEMS ARE FIRST RATE SOLDIERS YOU KNOW AND ALL THAT!

A LITTLE MORE CIDER REQUIRED.

ISTEN! The Special Committee of the Board of Education, appointed to investigate the Fourth Ward School Difficulties, have recommended the adoption of a resolution censuring the actions of the Trustees in dismissing, "without any just cause, nine competent and faithful teachers." The committee further propose an amendment to the by-laws of the Board, which shall make it lawful for any teacher hereafter dismissed by Trustees, to still claim the position and salary as if no dismissal had taken place; that is to say provided the Board itself shall decide in favor of the teacher.

Nobody can take exception to the adoption of this clause, which is particularly delightful to amiable young lady professors and especially discomfitting to bullying groggery keepers, who happen to be Trustees of Ward Schools, for a term or two.

But if the Committee will put on its thinking cap, it will perhaps discover that Messrs. SHINE and Co., the original getters-up, and proprietors of the line of proceeding so popular in the Fourth Ward, have gained and hold all the points they desire. They made a large strike, bowled out nine teachers, and have thus far won the game. It is all very well to polish off your proceedings gentlemen, with resolves for the future and preparations for defence against a second attack, but what are you going to do with those wounded in the first? What is to become of the Nine teachers, "dismissed without any just cause?" Are they to be left on the retiring list, or pensioned for life, or restored to active service? In other words, have you not courage or strength enough to reinstate them and protect them from the dazzling SHINE. Are you still afraid of his Glare? Is his light not to be hidden henceforth under a bushel? Can't you learn from the enemy and cut up a Shine or so yourselves?

We confess that our weakness for justice is ever very strong. We believe in the *fiat justitia ruat cœlum* principle—even should the heavens envelop poor SHINE in their fall, the only chance they will possibly ever have of so doing. We, VANITY FAIR, the Public generally, Common Sense and justice demand the restoration of the Nine Deposed Graces and the overthrow of the Victor SHINE. Let SHINE be knocked off his pedestal into dismal oblivion. Let the Light of his countenance be extinguished. Let him be banished to the remotest regions of chaos. Let him be exiled to Boston. Let him, in turn, be effectually Put Out. The halo of glory that will diffuse its soft beams throughout the Fourth Ward, on the restoration of the Illustrious Nine will sufficiently compensate for the perpetual veiling of SHINE.

Gentlemen, if there be a spark of honor among you left, it kindles into a flame of enthusiasm to do your duty to yourselves, your country, the Nine Teachers, the children of the Fourth Ward Schools and to MESSRS. SHINE and Co. Remember, Honor Bright, Gentlemen! Be sure and play Third Hand High!

Ominous for the Ship of State.

The abolitionist cry of "Beecher."

Latest from Hingland!

How to make a deaf man hear? Put a "hearing in each ear!"

Still above Water.

The Liquor Dealers Association.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

Census Marshal.—"I JUST WANT TO KNOW HOW MANY OF YEZ IS DEAF, DUMB, BLIND, INSANE AND IDIOTIC—LIKEWISE HOW MANY PRAYERS AND CONVICTS THERE IS IN THE FAMILY!" *(See Census Schedule for* 1860.*)*

Something new in the World.

We may well exclaim: "What is the world coming to?" or "What is coming to the *World?*" when we behold the course of that spiritual daily of that name. When we saw the scandalous paragraph about little TOMMY, we thought we should have, in that paper, a rival to the *Herald;* but when subsequently we know that the author of the scurrillity was promptly discharged, we breathed again and once more returned to the unctious details of the Fulton-street Business Man's Prayer Meeting, and took again to the perusal of that literary department, the Religious *World*, with pious satisfaction. But alas the *World* admits a pun. Are our homes and fire-sides safe? Whither are we drifting? Humor in a sanctimonious sheet; a harmless joke has polluted the sacred sheet, and who shall calulculate the injuy done to family altars, the serious blow to Evangelical truth inflicted by this play upon a world. Let us not comment, but lay before our readers the domoralizing pun in all its naked depravity. The writer is dilating on the "worms" in the park, and suggests two remedies, and winds up thus:

"Let both my suggestions be adopted, and we need not fear these nauseous insects any more than Luther did the devils, though as thick as the tiles on the house at WORMS."

Let the Editor of the *World*, who admitted this profanity into his paper be removed, or at least let him have his head shaved, and his foon should be the diet of *Worms.* If such things were allowed to pass unrebuked in the *World*, there is every reason to fear that it would soon come to be a readable paper.

Really Pleasant.

To have all your Poor Relations several degrees Removed.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A HANGER-ON.

Some people—no! all people—take a dislike to us poor worms, and it is a shame. Aren't they only grown specimens of the same family with us? If anybody is going to be afraid, it should be us, and not them. I can't knock a man down, and tread one of the heels of a seven dollar pair of boots on him, can I? I am not quite sure that I wouldn't if I could, but I can't. We don't march round with great frightful umbrellas, severing the tiny thread that connects him with the limb above, and drop him plump into a puddle where he is sure to drown in five minutes, do we? Did any one ever hear of such performances on our part? I am sure no one ever did. I'll stake my reputation as a worm on it. And yet that is just the way *we* get served for nothing at all. Folks won't look, but come driving straight ahead, right into our faces; and, if we happen to hit back again in the same spot, what a row they make about it. If a man, he talks English in the bar-room tongue, and raves at the Common Council for hanging us up in the Park—which is a downright insult to us, as though we would allow the City Fathers to control our actions in the least!—we are our own hanging committee; and if a woman, she is sure she will faint, or even perhaps go all the way off, and wonders who will replace her in her bereaved partners' affections. The idea! One of us—three barley corns high—killing a lady bigger than a bushel of us! Nonsense! It couldn't be expected. So there is all the hullabaloo for nothing.

Now just see how quietly we receive our ill-treatment. We never swear at a man for sending us to grass, or offer to faint if a a female parasols us. Sometimes we do faint, though, and die, too, but it is always done in a calm and unostentatious way, without the aid of policemen, by-standers, fresh air and salts. No! we act in a true wormy manner under all circumstances.

Another thing, we are not addicted to writing letters complaining of the nuisance that men and women are to us in the Park. Not a worm on the whole of Manhattan Island, whether married or single, old or young, would have been capable of concocting or penning such an article as this one:

To the Editor of the Wet Blanket.

SIR:—Cannot something be done to abate the worms-in-the-Park-and-passers-by's-faces outrage? It is time that an effort was made to crush it out. I prefer having the trees cut down, and the Park set with paving stones, to snuffing worms with my fresh air, and undergoing a consequent shiver all over for the next ten days. Yours, WORM HATER.

What a pack of stuff! No, sir! a worm never could utter such an abusive rigmarole against its most deadly foes, men, if it were to try. However, if people don't let us alone pretty soon, we will call in the aid of the SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS and exterminate the whole of them. So they had better be careful.

Very decidedly A HANGER-ON IN THE PARK.

N.B.—We shall begin with City Officials, and take the women and children next.

N.N.B.—We're butterflying it at present—like your young ladies at Newport—but we are coming out soon in the *second crop*—and then look out!

An Editor in whom there is no Guile.

The Editor of the *Culpepper (Va.) Observer*, a paper not at all remarkable for its veracity, makes, in a recent issue, the following "open confession:"

"We have neglected our paper very much for the last six weeks."

We should imagine, from the charming freshness of this statement, that the *Observer* man almost equalled in naïveté, the sweet primitive of our own *Tribune.*

Town and Country.

A Southern editor, in a state of wild and untamable enthusiasm about a BRECKENBRIDGE and LANE Meeting, that is to come off in his place, leads off the "leader" thus:

"We want every Democrat that loves his Country to come to Town next Monday."

We don't know how this may strike the people in that region, but it appears to us to be slightly inconsistent.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORTH RIVER.

NIAGARA accessible from New York as Philadelphia papers suggest, by way of their city. Very true and cannot be denied that in going over Cat and Whistle railroad, traveller sees quintessentially stupendid scenery and is occasionally startled by grand effects—sometimes he can shake hands with man in the next ear behind, turns in the road so short. But unless you're in particular, deathly, gasping mortal hurry to get there on the sharp-angle principle, you may as well do as your ancestors did before you and travel calmly up the North River.

You had better believe it SOPHRONIUS my boy, when I tell you that it's all gammon d'ye observe, and humbug you know, and bosh d'ye see to call the Hudson the American Rhine. I ripuderate with all the energy of a Mississippi financier the contemptible three cent drink of a tallow lighted comparison which dares to give the great river of the great HENDRIK any such rococontemptible name as the American Rhine! American Rhine, indeed?—say American Rhinosceros of the most untameable and invincible character and I'll see you—but never, while the Kattskills shoot the moon to the tune of three-thousand feet and seven inches—never while the Tappaan Zee fizzles up fiery curlicues of reflected moonlight in its dancing summer-night waters, will I patiently endure such language. The German Hudson as much as you please gentlemen! but remember the old rule—the greater cannot be contained in the smaller.

Like to have you show me the Palisades on the Rhine—well I would. Have done the old Rhine, a foot, knapsacked—all way from Low Dutch cherry beer, and giant ancled *vroutjes*, up to Bodensee and pretty Swissesses—but never saw anything like Palisades. Up they go—big columns—look like twenty miles of solid Gothic ruined castles in those nightmare things of DORÉ's where thousands of towers crowd together as if it cost nothing to build, but just to wish it—and it is done. SPARROWGRASS says Palisades rest on beds of gems—all sorts of precious stones down at their base—glad of it—glorious old-fellows deserve such bed to rest on. Sail up past 'em—people say that Sing-sing so called by old Dutch trader who had been in China from city of Tsing-Tsing—don't believe it—think it more likely got name from some grand old Dutch carousal where the Skipper and his merrie men all drank great store of Hollands like glorious old MORTON of Merrie Mount, (that gleam of light in a long dark night) and sang the old *liederen* of the Low Countree! By Jove Sir, I believe it—'twas two-hundred years ago, yet somehow the memory of that old carouse runs through my mind—I remember it all—thy trunk hose, oh DIRK BOOMPJES my lad—and thy Spanish hat, oh CLAAS PIETERZOON and the dusky Indians who stood around marvelling to hear the merry staves of the white men.

Now ride my love by heath and thorn,
By greening grass and blooming corn,
Santio.
And bring the bird which never flew,
And pluck the rose which never grew,
Sing, *veder kneder cantico*
Enkandelara isio!
Sing! Sing!

He brought a rose-tree painted fair,
Dame Nightingale was singing there,
Santio.
I've caught the bird which never flew,
And brought a rose which never grew,
Sing *veder kneder cantico,*
Enkandelara isio!
Sing! Sing!

Therefore was the place called Sing Sing—and the chorus of the song proves it—even unto this day!

Would like to stop for a few stickfulls of type in the Donderbarrak where the wind roars lustily of wild nights, and Dutch devils, and jolly witches go darting and swimming along by moonlight over the glittering Hudson, playing with the million dancing fire-drakes and wavering serpents which are ever shimmering, being born and dying in the star-rays on the water. Here on the great river at clear midnight I *believe*. *Credo*, I believe, in the olden time and the headlong goblin hunt which pours after sunset down between the rocky flanks of the Dunderberg, skimming along over Anthony's Nose, led by the ripping, tearing, blaring, trumpeting old red-beaked ANTHONY VAN CORLEAR himself—now in the spirit world the jolliest of Dutch demons and the very devil among the pretty Yankee witches. All this oh brethren do I—looking down on the lordly midnight Hudson most solemnly believe—*credo!*

There are many pleasant ghost haunted spots along the river. Tarrytown is full of enchantments as we all know, and there is a certain magic about FRED. COZZENS' cottage at Yonkers and at KNICKERBOCKER CLARK'S over the river at Piermont. If there wasn't, oh Domine Reader, why would my mind always be turning there at odd moments, yearning for a sight at the books and glad faces within and at the plus quam-magnificent river without, sweeping far, far below in morning-red or evening-gray, ever a-wending on its way.

Believe me reader—thou whose eye may rest upon these lines, far in palmettoed Florida or amid sunny isles in the Indian sea; thou who porest lazily over them on deck, rocked by Atlantic steamer, or in Mediterranean smuggler, or who seest them perhaps in cragged Switzerland—hither or thither—cross-and-queer through the many rivered sun-tipped-mountained world—that even so far as thou now art from me, so far have hearts turned towards those cottages; yearned to see the dwellers-within, longed for the soul-comforting scenery of the rich wild Hudson. Were you ever, *bon compagnon* or *belle amie* in the red sunlight-shadows, among the merry cries and laughter of a Rhenish vintage? New wine foams like beer—songs roll down the mountain-side, echoing, quavering at every terrace so that the ballad comes down bumpity-bump like an india-rubber ball down stairs. It is all gay—but the Hudson round the Tappaan Zee is to me all this, always—one perennial Rhenish vintage. The wine-time is to me there all the year round—the sunsets of every season are oceans of ærial Tokaïer and Burgundy—broad rivers of amber Chablis—lakes of every wine divine—"*che fiameggia nel Sansovino*"—which flames afar in Sansovine There in that fair land the sunset Queen of Faery has one of her few circles on earth—just as Venus is believed to have a few gates to the realm of heathen beauty left, such as the Thuringian mountain and the ruined temples of Rome. WASHINGTON IRVING was first to find this out—discovered Sleepy Hollow—or first enchanted it. God bless him! When I followed him to the grave it was among gentle sorrows, tender memories, all beautiful and touching thoughts and dreams flowed softly into the heart—the fays of the valley, the sylphs of the enchanted air of Sleepy Hollow flitted among the branches—and the whole was magic and beauty, and before our eyes lay the dead enchanter, who was then alive in every charm of the wide, glorious scene. As I went home there was such a sunset as I never saw before. I saw in liquid depths of rosy light, islands and strand and surf and views of sea and land—it was the Apocalypse of Fairy Land opening to receive the soul of its dearest master here on earth. *Credo.*

West Point—American Gibraltar—Fort Putnam—598 feet above river level—KOSCIUSKO—Old Crow's Nest—Cadets—Break-neck—ARNOLD—morning-parade—BENNY HAVENS O!—ANDRE—grand views for drop curtains—COZZEN'S—when you get there unpack trunk, come out fresh, forget world and sorrows, look out new holes and corners to pack day dreams in—place to live up to—to ramble all around in—give your heart to it reader—'twill come up again many

a time in after years, on the white towered peaks of the Volscian mountains or in shady groves of the Pyrenees.

Turned out RANDOLPH and I, ready for breeze—found a first-rate one, got up to order. Walked hall—found acquaintance—always do—PETER PENDLETOP—good natured gentlemanly fellow, with an immense sight discoverable in him in the long run; which does not appear at first shot. PENDLETOP rather blondy haired, rather plumpy, very smily, very calmy and considerably cooley. Has great idea of fun in most peculiar style. Loves to get among very well bred, amiable people who don't know him very well. Promises 'em a good story—a *very* good story mind you—something PETER almost laughed himself to death on the other day. All this premised PETER tells them some venerable old affair which he's morally certain every man present has heard in the circus and read in the almanacs — and then bursts into a peal of gay cordial laughter. Of course company out of common politeness have to get up a forced laugh—and PETER enjoys himself in observing which of 'em do it the most naturally. PETER also great in setting pun-traps. Will make up a very obvious pun—say 'tater and commentator—and selecting a victim talk all round him. First comes a

HOW THEY NAMED SING SING.

remark on potatoes—then something about commenting—this and that—until Victim catches at it and is astonished at PETER's roar of laughter. Sometimes Mr. PENDLETOP makes bets as to how near a certain written-out form of the pun he will *draw* his prey. Then again he will make a very startling joke—an astonishing play on words in his own conversation and then roar and declare he didn't know it—'twas all Victim's own discovery. But this last is dangerous for sometimes the *point* isn't seen—in which case PETER saves it up for future use.

"Why—how do you do," said PETER with his jolly twinkling smile—as if he hadn't quite got over a late laugh, and needed a little more spreading on it before he could be quite salubrificated. "Fine place West Point—fine sun-set—"

I looked him calmly in the eyes—"PENDLETOP!" said I—"say it yourself—I shant do it."

"I'll do it," said RANDOLPH—"I want to see PETER laugh at hearing people make his own jokes for him. I don't car', We're Pointers and the Sun's a *setter*. That's it. Rip SAM—set her up again, PETER!"

But PENDLETOP had a reward in a glass-bell-ringing laugh which pealed up mysteriously close by. Turned and saw Miss VIOLET SUPERBIA SWANSDOWN—as welcome a sight was she As ever a friend from the Homeland was To a man in a far countrie.

You'll want the general ideas of tallness, litheness, not a little graceful *style*, whiteness, delicacy, well toned dress and the usual flowing outlines of the truly lady-ly young lady, to form an æsthetic conception of VIOLET's appearance. Thereunto my dear fellow, (thou who lovest being treated to Parian tinted dreams of muslin filled with blanche temptation) add dainty reserve when it is needed, and genial good-nature and jovial fun when it isn't—the kindest of young hearts, the affectionatest of souls—drollery entwined with delicacy—*vla!*—that's her mentallectual organization. Face—aquiline, delicate, pleasant, wondering, roguish, innocent or funny—eyes often arching downward, and closing with laughter while the mouth consimultaneously arches upward and opens. That is our VIOLET—one who loveth all merry and seemly jests—one who punneth like a Philadelphian and listens joyously thereunto when jests be dropping around.

"And where have you been Fair INEZ since you journeyed to the West?"

"Where?—Oh I've been paying my *cadebts*—giving a smile for a compliment—in this style!"

And with arch and infinite drollery *la belle* SUPERBIA gave us a *trifolium* of graces—an irresistible courtesy of immense extent, a fine fierce Spanish *roulade* on the fan and a darting, killing thrilling smile-glance—ah! by the ghosts of all the Marchionesses of the last century I vow the combination was as funny as it was fascinating! And there was a delicious pride—a dainty *hauteur* sweeping like an ostrich plume over it all—ah she is a very watch-spring this VIOLET of ours—bending at the lightest touch yet able to cut through steel—hearts! And the burlesque courtesy and all the flowing outlines and lance smile said:

"'Twas thus I did them. For you veteran cosmopolites I have other arrows in my quiver."

You needn't tell me it isn't so—I know that some ladies were birds once. I never knew anybody that looked exactly like PAULINE till I saw the fierce eyes of the great eagle in the *Jardin des Plantes*—I swear it was the highest blooded glance I ever saw in my life. And there's "JEANNE" as she writes herself under the new gospel of French names—I always call her JENNY—well madame if JENNY wasn't a neat little bantam hen in her last life, then I'm no judge of transmigration—that's all! The BUNGOS were mean little turkey buzzards (I suppose there's a small variety of that winged insect) and CATALPA a royal Argus pheasant. I myself Madame am an owl among owls—not exactly a barn mouser you know—but rather one of the cosmopolite bully old travelling owls such as I have seen flying calmly by sunlight, off the Azores five hundred miles from land—jolly old owls who used to come and sit awhile in the rigging close to the sailors and watch 'm at work, as sociable as you like—there was a Finn on board, Madame, and the elder mate always eyed him askant head-shakingly, and told me once that the owls never "lit" except when BJORNSON was aloft and that he had been heard to *talk* to the creatures in his damned lingo and that after this the owls always flew away due North, after which there came a devil of a wind. That's my style of owl. But I have raked the ornithology in vain to find what sort of a bird SUPERBIA had been—the young lady of great pride overlaid with much courtesy and merriment—a something between a swan, a dove, and a delicate aristocratic falcon—such as CHRIMHILDA dreamed of in the Nibelung. And she was a bird—her shawl spread like fine fluttering wings and her head and neck were bird like, and the whole creature was plumy and feathery.

Bless my soul!—this is making *very* slow time up the North River! Only a few lines left me and I havn't got past West Point when I ought to have been half frozen after dark, and a long ride up to the Mountain House "half an hour ago." My dear fellows and dear girls of readers and all you other dear jolly dwellers in VANITY FAIR, have patience with the vagary-ated meanderings of your guide in this Pilgrim's Progress through the Arbors and Enchanted Grounds, Fiddler's Greens and Sinful Paradises of our great American Brandy and Watering Places. "All that cometh is Vanity."

Paying them in their own Coin.

VANITY FAIR doesn't see why Mr. LEWIS CHATFIELD should make such a fuss about the paying of the LELAND's bill for boarding the Japanese, though it does happen to be $91,000. Nothing can be easier or more economical than the settlement of their demands. There is a broker in Wall street, for instance, named THOMPSON, who has in his possession a large amount of money of just the right sort to pay off the LELANDS with. The reader will adopt our view of the case when we tell him that the money is mostly in bills on the *Valley Bank* of Maryland.

Coming to Grief.

Lord RENFREW has laid aside his title, but we are much mistaken if in the hands of the Aldermen he do not again become Prince of Wails.

A Sign of the Times.

When a quarto sheet is sold for a penny, the end of the World cannot be far off.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HAT.

Julia.—"WHERE, FRED, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RIDICULOUS HAT?"

Fred.—"MY DEAR, THIS IS THE PRINCE OF WALES' HAT. WILL BE ALL THE GO IN A DAY OR TWO. ONLY ANTICIPATING THE FASHION, D'YE OBSERVE!"

Julia (submissively)—"AH—NOW I LOOK AT IT, IT'S VERY BECOMING.

"FANCY DYING,"

A door-plate, bearing upon its silvered front the name THOMPSON, was the bane of VAN DYSEN's existence. Terribly disturbed was the placid nature of VAN DYSEN at sight of that plate and that name. To its deepest depths his soul was stirred. A mysterious power swayed him—a power unseen, silent, awful.

"Fancy Dying!" Two dissyllabic words; potent, presaging, portentious, walking or riding through any street of the city, or groping amid out-of-the-way lanes and alleys, these words loom up before me with a strange and ghastly stare. In letters square and longitudinal, in letters narrow and broad, in letters plain and fantastic—the crochetty attitudes of Americanized Japanese letters just now so frequently assumed—in letters pigmy and collossal, in letters of all the prismatic and anti-prismatic colors they show themselves. Over doors and on door-lintels, on dust-covered curtains, and mildewed awnings, on fronts and sides and rears of buildings, high up and low down, on signs straight and circular and angular they are to be seen. They are everywhere.

"Fancy Dying—it is only a business sign."

We know it.

"Places where soiled silks, faded velvets and jaded satins are newly colored, and marks of grease and time and wear removed."

We know it.

"A resurrection-school for entombed female fabrics, where the mortality of female robes puts on immortality, and enters on a glorious existence of renewed whirlings through the mazes of the waltz, or rustlings in the bright moonlight of a summer's night."

We know it all. The Juggernaut car, we know is only a car, but under its ponderous wheels are thrown and crushed infants. As earnestly as we should protest against the introduction here of the infanticidal vehicle of ancient India, do we protest against these signs—"Fancy Dying." In the name of Philanthrophy, Morality, Religion, Politics, Domesticity, Progress, Science, Invention, Art—everything dear and sacred to humanity, we protest against them.

Follow, as in his carriage down Broadway or the Bowery, there rides a man of apopletic tendencies, whose nerves have been shattered by overwork, in the eager strife for wealth and power. Putting his head to the windows to see if he has arrived at his stopping place, quickly his eye catches, across the way, the sign "Fancy Dying." It is the sounding of his death-knell, the reading of his death-warrant, the cutting of the rope by the executioner. A fearful dread suddenly possesses him; the blood darts to his temples; huge drops of perspiration cover his brow: his dissolution is at hand; he feels it, knows it, and sinks back helpless into his cushioned seat, where he is found—dead. That sign set busy fancy in motion—the same fancy, working on the fears, that induced a premature yielding of breath by criminals at the hospital at Montpellier in France, who were made to believe, by the pouring of warm water upon the bottoms of their feet, that their life-blood was oozing from their opened veins. Who will not protest against running such a sad risk, as the knocking of every sign of life out of the bodies of our large dealers in stock and church-pews, faro banks and city railroads, by the wooden signs of vulgar workers in cochineal, indigo, ochre, and all the varieties of petty pigments?

"Fancy Dying." An Inventor sees the sign and ceases belaboring his brain to find ideas for lessening work by human hands. The Painter abandons easel and dancing fairies, satyrs, groves and goddesses. The Philosopher is no longer philosophical. The Author leaves mice and moths to feast on his manuscript, a feast of bodies instead of the feast of souls intended. Poet gives up the Little style of poetry, and consumes the "come thou disconsolate" style. An intensely melancholy, mummy-like look is put on by everybody, and coffins, and bones and the fact that art is long and life-fleeting, are the only things thought of. Mammoth enterprises are abandoned, and the world generally set down as no great shakes.

Fancy Dying. While these signs frighten the nervous out of existence, and the timid into supineness, they make more corrupt, eager and grasping, the politician, the irreligious man more irreligious, and him of immoral proclivities, a sharper pursuer of other men's wives, and corporate property generally. To make the most they can, and in the quickest time they can, becomes their motto. As life goes, they wish to go it.

As Fancy means game-y, the signs Fancy Dying are pleasantly suggestive to some, of plucky contests with that grim, bony looking personage, always bearing a huge scythe in his dexter hand. Enjoyment is a good thing, and so is pluck. In this case, the fancy, being few in number, should yield their enjoyment to the interests of the majority.

Finally, though not having pursued the subject through half its sequences—we again protest against the signs "Fancy Dying" which painfully suggest to everybody, whose unhappy optics happen to catch in a glimpse any of these thoughts of speedy dissolution. It is a subject for the city authorities and the health bureaus to promptly exploit.

What may be Done.

Our Desperate Contributor never despairs. He will always "make something out of it or die." Lately, after reading from the *Herald* of the death of one CADY, he was challenged to find a point in the fact, and within three seconds found the following:

EPITAPH ON ONE CADY.

The subtile chemist, Death
A change has wrought to-day;
For what was late K. D.
Is now, alas, D. K.

The Three Ages of a Senator.

Mile-age, Post-age, and Patron-age.

The best Fare for Dyspeptics.

VANITY FAIR.

SUMMER SOLITUDE.

YOUNG HYDESCAMP—WHO IS OBLIGED TO REMAIN IN TOWN—PERFORMS HIS GREAT FEAT OF PERAMBULATING FIFTH AVENUE IN HIS SHIRTSLEEVES AND SISTER'S BONNET. THERE IS NOBODY TO CARE WHETHER HE DOES OR NOT—NOT EVEN A POLICEMAN.

HOW THE BELLES RING IT IN.

FATHERLY V. F.—After carefully perusing every number of your paper as it has come from the press, I have pictured you in my mind as as an elderly gentleman with a kind heart, and an elaborately developed abdominal convexity, one who, with the wisdom and experience of age, unites the elasticity and vivacity of youth. —in point of fact one whose joints are rendered pliable by the lubricating exudation of a jolly fatness, and the cockles of whose heart are kept in a constant state of gentle semi-incandesence, partly owing to the thermometer standing 86 in the shade, (more fool he for standing it) partly through the beneficial effects of Mrs. CLIQUOT's soothing syrup; and the rest, as the old Spanish coin used to say, "per Dei gratia."

Having thus pictured you to my imagination, is it a fact to be wondered at, that I, who am in difficulties, should throw myself upon your kindness, claim your genial sympathy; and expect to receive from you that advice which your mature judgement and enlarged experience, render you capable of giving, and which I so much need?

To give you an idea of my present position, let me in my statement, go back two years. In the spring of 1858 I was known, and could well have been described as a single gentleman of about 30 years, with a permanent situation, which gave me the moderate salary of $1,500 per annum; in person small, 5 feet 3 inches, and 19 twnetieths of an inch. Complexion, saturnine, forehead high, round, and somewhat bulging, eyes small, dark, and bright; nose long, broad and brown, cheeks hollow, no whiskers, ears small, mouth ditto; chin round, full, and with a dimple, (I am rather proud of my chin, *so was my mother.*) Neckcloth white, clothing black, boots patent leather, noseherchief white, and perfumed; plan of residence, boarding-house, No. — West 22d street, religious standing, member of "Young Men's Christian Association." That's me, Mr. V. F. photographed to a wrinkle—what the young ladies might call a good, respectable person, and quite an eligible *parti.*

At any rate so thought my landlady Mrs. J., and the sentiment was re-echoed by her eldest daughter, Miss JULIA J., a young lady tall, spare, 33 years of age, with crisp hair, and the most obliging soothing, and consoling manners in the world.

Why my dear sir, she would pour out a second cup of Mocha, (*berry Mocha;* horrid pun, couldn't help it) as though she were saying, "you know I have just lost my nearest and dearest friend; and I dislocated my shoulder last evening—but don't, dear friend of my affinity, don't let that interfere with your second cup"—and I am free to confess that it never did. But I must and will try not to get excited.

Suffice it to say, I was *obliged* in this way, in that way, in the other way, in every way, and all the way round. I was *obliged* morning, noon and night. In fact my obligations stuck to me so pertinaciously, that Mr. DANIEL RICE, his donkey, could not have thrown them off. I tried to do it with opera tickets, no go; expensive fans, 'twouldn't do; bracelets, worse than before; hunters watch, silk stockings, workbox, and prayer-book; worse and worse and more of it. That night I had a private dish of muffins, and my bed warmed; flesh and blood could go no further.

I assert it calmly and deliberately, no man, (no little pious man I mean) could any longer stand it, I proposed! and d— no, hang me if she didn't accept me in the most *obliging* manner possible, not that she cared anything about being married. Oh no, not at all—by no manner of means—but doubtless it would be conducive to my happiness. She married me!!

That did the business. It six weeks time we were at house-keeping—two weeks after that, the house being completely furnished, I ceased to be obliged—and oh *misericorda!* oh *horrible!* I *sibi—I, myself, had to become obliging!!* Pardon me, my feelings are one too many for me. I have tried to be composed, it is impossible. The past overpowers me. I must recuperate, more next week, till then adieu.

Yours,
PRIMITIVE SMITHERS.

THE BEST WAY TO SERVE HIM.

We read in the *Herald*, that recently a visitor on board the Great Eastern "unceremoniously entered the room of one of the officers. Supposing it to be a mistake, the latter courteously remarked that it was a private apartment and not intended for exhibition. The fellow, who was meanwhile fumbling at some account book on the table, savagely replied, he 'didn't care a G—d d—d what it was for; he had paid his money, and was bound to see all there was to be seen.' Being then ordered to leave the cabin, he seized a large glass frame, containing one of the printed regulations of the ship, and with all his force threw it at the officer, and backed out. Fortunately it did not strike its mark, and more fortunately for the ruffian, the gentleman had the forbearance not to shoot him on the spot, as he had the means of doing."

As this brute is still at large—since the English officer did not, for some unaccountable reason, desire his arrest—we wish he would either call at our office or send us word where he may be found; Our Fighting Editor is dying for a chance to "polish him off," and goes about the office "putting up his hands" in a vague manner, and talking to himself of "sloggers," "potato-traps," "conks," and things of that description. It is but fair to state in this connection, that Our Fighting Editor has become quite disconsolate of late in consequence of HEENAN's absence from the city, since it deprives him of the satisfaction he was wont to have of knocking the Champion down, two or three times in the course of the daily sparring lesson he took with him.

THE HAUL OF THE NET.

My wife and lubberly son, I see,
Will get no dinner to-day from me,
Unless the Virgin should fill my net;
I have n't the ghost of a haul as yet.

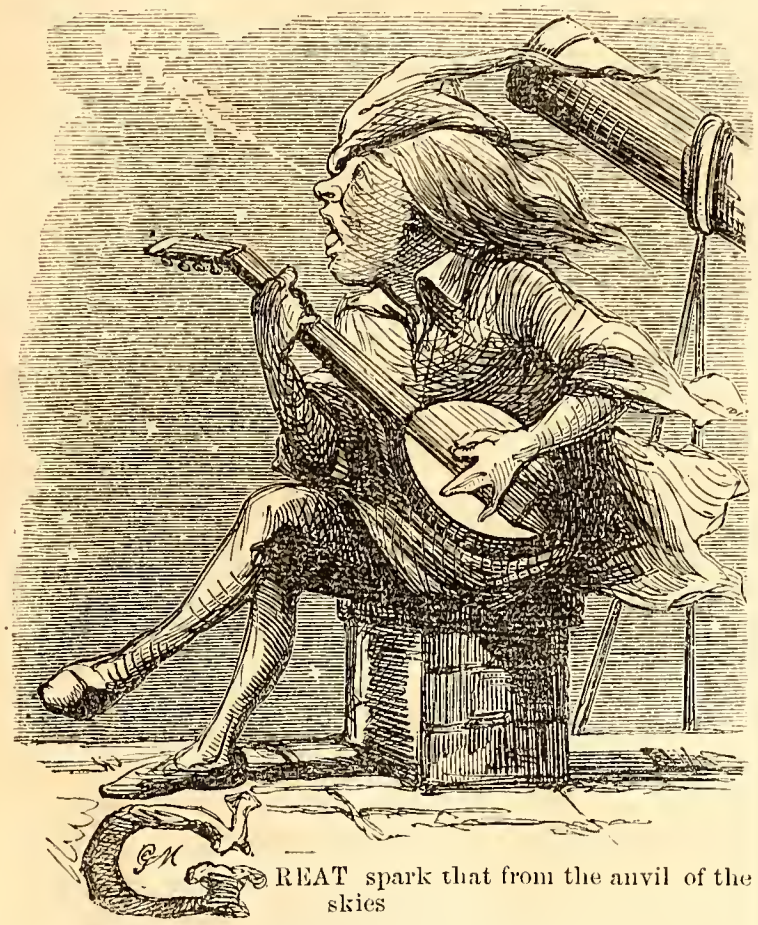
I've swept the sand as clean as my hand,
But never a fish has come to land;
I've waded in till my waist is wet,
And my brown arms ache with pulling the net!

Fish, are *you* fishing for wives and sons?
Or have you gone to the Devil at once?
Come back, just one, if ever so small;
Devil, good Devil, send me a haul!

I've got it at last; 'tis heavy as lead;
It nears the surface—'tis something dead!
What is it? my lubberly son, that's all:
I'm thinking his mother wont like the haul!

A grave reader, who writes from Greenwood, wishes to know if the Elizabethian head on the cover of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is that of WINTHROP or BACON. In our opinion it is neither, but that of a would be contributor, whose articles have been rejected. We cannot otherwise see why he should be so ruffled!

MERIAM'S ADDRESS TO THE GREAT METEOR.



GREAT spark that from the anvil of the skies
Flew in the dazzled face of Friday night,
Until the very planets winked their eyes,
And even the ruby Mars grew pale with fright—
I, a philosopher, serene and cold,
Holding sweet converse with each silent star,
From my tall tower on Brooklyn Heights, make bold
To ask you mildly what the deuce you are?

Though you're a roarer, I am sure you're not
The least auroral, for a year ago
A silken shred of Northern Light I got,
And somewhat wisely bottled it for show;
To that old theory of red hot stone
Flung off from planets, I cant say *confiteor*,
But I've a slight opinion, which I own
Is that you're nothing but a great gas meteor.

What brought you? Are you on a summer tour
In search of some celestial Saratoga,
To cool that visage red as a Pandour,
And terrible to look on as an Ogre?
Or do you, as in days of old, portend
A foreign war, or home-brewed insurrection?
Say, is our planet coming to an end?
Or are you interested in the election?

Whate'er your mission, you have to the Press
A blessing been, in paragraph and column;
Reporters served you in all sorts of dress
And grew quite astronomical and solemn.
Nay! the calm Everett, even now I know
Is neatly trimming you for illustration,
So that he—when you're quite prepared for show—
May ventilate you in his next oration.

O WICKED, WICKED WORLD!

Lord, how this World is given to lying!
(*Henry IV, Act V, Scene IV.*)

In a late number of the *World* its readers were called on "to acknowledge the corn" in a very long-eared manner. The subject of the discourse was "The Sound of Growing Corn" to be heard in Sciota Valley, first bottom land, second month of summer. After premising that many of its readers had heard the remark, "our corn grows so fast that you can hear it," it went on to assert that this was true; that any moonlight night in July or August, after a good shower, if one would go out in a Sciota Valley cornfield you could hear it waking up, "and as the main stalk stretches and swells in its new strength up through the contracted lips of the upper blades, they crack and burst around you *like the stifled reports of ten thousand rifles!*" If that is not sharp shooting, what is? It then added: "That cornfield will be some inches higher at sunrise the next morning than at the last sundown." We should think, if it went off like ten thousand rifles, it would shoot up, naturally; still we cannot conscientiously give ear to these "stifled reports" of an Inkermann in every cornfield, and feel it a duty due to society to put it on its guard against such fables of agricultural-artillery. We are perfectly aware that many a man has been "shot in the neck" with corn, but still hardly think it was from the ten thousand rifles whose stifled reports were reported for the *World*.

Seriously, as everything from that journal should be treated, how would it do to organize a few regiments of "Cornfield Rifles?"

Then ears to the front all
And with arms horizontal,
Stood the corn;
While the leaves whistled deadly
And the kernels wait d readily
In a horn!
Showers light,
Moon shone bright
Bud and blossom were a bursting
With big drinks, after thirsting
Many a day:
When rattle, bang, whang!
Ten thousand rifles rang—
Corn-field rifles—
Hooray!

ALARMING REDUCTION.

The terrible state of decay and decadence into which society is falling, in this country, may well cause a panic in our higher circles. Let the young men of BROWN'S tutelage, and the FLORA MCFLIMSEYS, of Madison Square tremble alike in their patent leather and prunella. There is a strong possibility that both may be reduced at any moment, to the athletic though undignified exercise of wielding the mattock and the spade, the wash-board and the broom.

The picture thus presented to the imagination is a sorry one. Fancy ASTOR CORTLANDT, one of the F. F. N. Y., engaged as a coachman. Fancy the ignoble curry-comb and sponge in those delicate hands that have led LAURA MATILDA through the mazy figures of the German and the Lanciers—that have handed her the perfumed handkerchief of filmy Honiton, and the dainty ice-cream, sweet as her smile and cold as her disdain!

Or, fancy LAURA MATILDA herself, standing in humbled beauty before the wash-tub, with vulgar calico sleeves rolled high above the delicate dimpled elbows of her snowy arms. Or lifting huge greasy cauldrons from the reeking range, amid the onion-scented steam-clouds of a parvenu kitchen! Fancy her disporting her fairy figure in disordered bedrooms, waving the cleanly broom, and stooping to the humble dust-pan! Facilis descensus Averni!

Yet such things must be. Only the other day, on glancing over the advertisements of the *Herald*, we found this dreadful evidence of the revolution which has begun. Where will it stop?

"TWO YOUNG LADIES WISH SITUATIONS—ONE AS PLAIN COOK, WASHER and ironer, the other as chambermaid and waitress. City reference if required. Both wish to be in one family if possible, as they have always lived together. Apply at —— St., in the rear, third floor. Can be seen for two days."

How hard is the fate that compels Two Young Ladies to take up their abode in the obscurity of a third floor back, in an unknown and inelegant street, even "for two days!" What good Samaritan will come to the aid of these humiliated belles, and give them some more refined occupation than plain cooking, washing, ironing, chamberwork, sewing, and waiting? Separate them not, O, stern employers, for they have been reared in the lap of luxury together—have drank of the champagne of life from the same flagon, and laid their slender forms side by side upon the Sybaritic rose-leaves! VANITY FAIR, albeit a laugher by custom, hath tears and sympathies which can be made to gush at short notice. To you, fair dames of fallen estate, we tender those tears and sympathies. Two Young Ladies, we commiserate your sudden deflection from Arabia Felix, to Arabian Petrea. May the generally relentless washboard spare your graceful knuckles, and may the breakfast-plates refrain from scorching your rose-tipped fingers!

In the meantime, it behooves all other Young Ladies to prepare themselves for a similar fate, and to become inured to the unclean trencher, the hissing suds, the slow, rude flat-iron, and the ubiquitous dust-rag.

The Favorite Beverage of Laplanders.
Cold Snapps.

LITERATURE AND CROWBARS.

BURGLAR.—"*Well, here's a sweet state of littery things in New-York. This is the fourth libery I've busted into to-night and aint found nary Jack Sheppard yet!*

[PERSONAL.]

VANITY FAIR Office,
July 31st, 1860.

Vanity Fair presents his compliments to the Man Who Sat Next Him In The Omnibus yesterday afternoon, and begs to inform him that neither his, VANITY FAIR'S, knees, nor those of his fellow-passengers were intended by Nature, or any other person, for hand-rails. Perhaps it did not occur to the Man Who Sat Next VANITY FAIR In the Omnibus, that the wooden bars affixed to the roof of the vehicle, are intended to assist pas-engers in their getting in and out; if so, VANITY FAIR now begs to call his especial attention to the fact in the hope that he will never again make a clown of himself, by pawing ladies and gentlemen on his way to and from the door. If the M. W. S. N. V. F. I. T. O. had not persisted in sitting sidewise the whole time, thus crowding VANITY FAIR'S graceful rotundity into half the space it was entitled to, Mrs. VANITY FAIR would have had to listen to no complaints about the dinner that day. If the M. W. S. N. V. F. I. T. O. will bear these hints in mind and act upon them occasionally, VANITY FAIR, *i. e.* all the world, will be very much obliged to him.

To The Man Who Sat Next VANITY FAIR *In The Omnibus.*

The Test of "Time."

Protest.

Imperial Game.

We clip the following significant paragraph from late European items:

"It is said that the Emperor of the French authorised the formation of a National Rifle Association, like that in England. The person under whose direction it will be placed is Mr. JULES GERARD, the famous lion-killer."

And what can LOUIS NAPOLEON want with a corps of lion-kill rs? There are no lions in France, except, indeed, those on view in the *salons* and the Jardin des Plantes; and it is hardly probably that L. N. meditates a descent upon Africa, with the view of putting JULES' vaunted performance to the test. Can it be that in thus securing the services of the renowned Leocide, L. N. is about lett ng the cat out of the bag, at last, and that Puss will turn out to be the British Lion?

Was that All?

One of the *Herald* reporters who went to see Ex-Governor WISE at his Virginian Home, a week or two ago, gives the following inventory of that gentleman's vesture:

"His *whole* dress consisted of a Panama hat, and that by no means new; a plain white linen coat, white "Russian duck" pantaloons, folded up at the bottom, and a pair of shoes in perfect keeping with the other portions of the dress."

Can it be that Ex-Governors don't wear shirts down in Virginia? Furthermore, are they devoid of stockings? Tell us, somebody!

Motto for the Heenan Dinner.

None but the brave deserve the *fare.*

The Quaker Doctrine.

Thee-ory.

FOOT-BALL IN EUROPE.

JOHN BULL.—"Now, Garibaldi, my boy, you've got your foot-ball, suppose you draw this boot on, and let us see how you can keep the ball going.

PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK.

By our Bibliographical Editor.

AN imposing volume with the above heading has just been laid before us. It's author's name is WYNNE, JAMES WYNNE, M.D. Dr. WYNNE, we learn from his preface, is a native of Maryland, which was anything but a merry land to him, while he resided there, as its inhabitants were very healthy, so he removed to New York, and located himself on Murray Hill, a beautiful suburban residence in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue, a part of the estate of the late LINDLEY MURRAY, one of our earliest historians. Having more time than patients on his hands, Dr. WYNNE hit upon the original idea of visiting our private libraries, intending of course to get into our good books! The result of his various visits, which we trust were not charged, were published by our grave cotemporary, *The Evening Post*, and attracted the attention of Biblio, and other maniacs, throughout the country.

We shall not follow Dr. WYNNE in his wanderings through the private libraries of New York, but content ourselves with pointing out some of the omissions of which he has been guilty—an unthankful task, certainly, but one which we feel it our duty to perform. To begin at the beginning. Among the great authors not mentioned by Dr. W., in the library of Dr. WILLIAMS, the divine, is an ancestor of the reverend gentleman's—"The Divine WILLIAMS." The works of this celebrated man, (a theologian, we believe, of the School of Calvin,) which were profanely done into English, a little more than two centuries ago, have recently been translated, or as the French say *traduced* into French again. The latest and best of these versions is in the library of Dr. WILLIAMS. It is *not* by a young HUGO, as some have ignorantly reported, but by a young HUGONOT, a son of the celebrated JURICONSULT, HUGO GROTIUS, whose intense admiration of NAPOLEON the Third, is the cause of his present banishment to New Jersey!

Among the rarities not mentioned by Dr. WYNNE in BURTON'S library, are the 1st edition of BURTON'S Anatomy of Melancholy, (London, 1621) with the scarce portrait of the author as Toodles: CUTTLE on Mollusks: and the last edition (BELL'S annotated) of CUTTLE'S favorite poet, WALLER. (See DOMBEY and Son.)

Speaking of WALLER reminds us that R. L. STUART, whose refined taste is well known, has an autograph letter of SACCHARISSA'S, (see STODDARD'S Loves of the Poets,) and a fine copy of GRANGER'S Sugar Cane, (1664.)

Among the illustrated works not mentioned in Mr. ALLEN'S library, is HARPER'S Family Bible, (India paper, proofs before letter) and The Court of NAPOLEON, 1st edition, with the suppressed prune-box engravings. These latter rare works of art are not mezzo-tintos, Mr. ALLEN informs us, but Dick Tintos, in a fine state of preservation! But the gem of Mr. ALLEN'S collection is an old broadside, of the time of HENRY the Ninth, (black letter, supposed to be from the press of ALDUS) setting forth in barbarous verse the history of Mr. ALLEN'S greatgrandmother, BARBARA ALLEN! This copy is original, no other being known. It was formerly in the possession of PATRICK HEARN, the Antiquary, commonly called HEARNE the Hunter. (See BECKFORD on Hunting.)

Dr. WYNNE must have been lost in the library of W. B. ASTOR, (The ASTOR Library) for he estimates it at only 5000 volumes. It contains at least twice that number, (we learn by a note from Dr. COGGSWELL) as the catalogue will show if it is ever finished! Among the curiosities of Mr. ASTOR'S library, is a well thumbed duodecimo, the delight of its fortunate possessor—"GOUGE on the Right use of Mammon." Why does Dr. WYNNE omit all mention of this facetious volume? Nay, why does he omit the jewel of RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S collection—the variorum edition of Mother Goose's Melodies? (1st Folio, 1860.) This chap-book once belonged to a chap named BARCLAY, who is supposed to have been the senior partner of the famous house of BARCLAY & PERKINS, Brewers. (Perkins, it will be remembered, was the owner and annotator of COLLIER'S SHAKESPEARE—the famous PERKINS Folio, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, the proprietor of the British Museum.) This excellent work, which, like BARCLAY'S ale, is still entire, (we mean Mother Goose, not SHAKESPEARE) has engaged the attention of Mr. WHITE for some time past. He intends, we understand, to edit it—a task for which he is eminently fitted, his SHAKESPEARE to the contrary notwithstanding. May the tall scholar find a golden egg in dear old Mother Goose!

Many well-known collectors are not even noticed by Dr. WYNNE. Among these are GARDNER FURNACE, Esq., JAMES HARPER, Esq., HENRY WYCKOFF, Esq., Professor ZACHARIE, Dr. BRANDRETH, and the Hon. HORACE GREELEY.

To begin with the collection of Mr. FURNACE. Among its curiosities are The Sinless Child, original edition, published by KEESE; The Rape of the Lock, written by POPE ALEXANDER, whose name reversed appears on the title-page: the prose works of WALTER WHITMAN, the great American Kosmos, (no connection of HUMBOLDT'S); the complete works of PAUL DE KOCK edited by TOME, and the new edition of Casanova, a decoction lately recommended by the *World*.

The collection of Mayor HARPER is rich in facetiæ. It contains the various writings of CORNELIUS MATHEWS, Doesticks, General MORRIS' Poems (presentation copy) and all the editions of JOE MILLER, with MSS addition in the hand writing of the possessor. (Many of these have from time to time appeared in the Editor's Table of HARPER'S Monthly.)

Mr. WYCKOFF'S collection is a strictly domestic one, intended for his own private reading. It contains a fine copy of OPIE on Lying, (uncut;) the works of Sir JOHN CHEKE, (the gift of GEORGE WILKES, Esq:) *Les XV Joys de Mariage, ouvrage tres curieuse*, (HENRY the Eighth's copy;) Cœlebs in search of a wife, (the last production of the celebrated HANNAH MORE, the wife of Sir THOMAS MORE, and the mother of the Poet:) and several copies of Mr. WYCKOFF'S own work My Courtship and its Consequences. Mr. WYCKOFF has a fine collection of autographs, containing notes from FANNY ELLSLER, Miss GAMBLE, Lord PALMERSTON, and JAMES GORDON BENNETT. Its value can not be estimated.

The collection of Professor ZACHARIE shows the practical bent of his sagacious intellect. It contains A Treatyse on Nayls, by AMBROSE PARE, illustrated with the cuttings of many years. BROOKS on Tight Boots; CHUBB on Feet; Bunyan's Progress; Hot Corn, and several of the serials of COBB. The Professor's last purchase is Corn Blades by the Rev. CRAMMOND KENNEDY, (half calf.)

Dr. BRANDRETH has a copy of PURCHASE'S Pilgrim, The History of PILGARLICK, and TOM D'URFEY'S Pills to Purge Melancholy.

The library of Mr. GREELEY is rather miscellaneous than select. It is curious however as showing the range of his studies and the universality of his tastes. We have made a hurried note of its contents. The Life of GREELEY (50 copies,) the Life of FRED DOUGLAS; the Life of BARNUM, (containing an admission to the private view of the What-Is-It?) The Life and Speeches of SEWARD, (imperfect) YOUATT on the Horse, Miss LESLIE'S Cook Book, BEECHER'S Star Papers, FERN Leaves, CHAPIN'S sermons; Fourier's works ("BOSH" on the fly leaf, apparently in Mr. DANA'S handwriting) Patent Office Reports (large paper) WEBSTER'S Dictionary, Black Diamonds, Uncle TOM'S CABIN, REDPATH'S Life of JOHN BROWN, HELPER'S Impending Crisis, APPLETON'S Railroad Guide for August, The Christian Almanac, 1859, an old number of the *Home Journal*, and last, but not least, DANA'S Book of Household Poetry—all of which are omitted by Dr. WYNNE, who professes to give us descriptions of the libraries of New York.

Doctor WYNNE, we leave to your conscience—and the vengeance of your subscribers!

The Clothes of an Actor's Career.

By our sharp Critic.

Captain Cuttle speaketh to Rob the grinder.

"What sort o' navigation's this?"

Poor Billy is gone, and into his dress,
Mister Florence *his* genius has crammed;
It seems rather hard though 'twas *Burton* who died,
That *Toodles* and *Cuttle* are d——d.

"Music of the Spheres."

Bawls.

STREET COURTESIES.

FIRST DISPUTANT.—*Dry up.*
No. II.—*You're another.*
No. I.—*Shaw, you aint Heenan.*
No. II.—*No more be you Sayers. Git out!—pudden-head!*

PUNNING MADE EASY.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

(*Continued.*)

"To which an answer pealed from that high strand :
But in a tongue no man can understand."

Inconvenience of the CONUNDRUM. "That's the worst of nuts," says Lazy Lawrence, "when you've got 'em, you've got to crack 'em." Of like nature is the worst of the conundrum. A friend approaching with a smile enquires, what's the difference between your new coat, and my old goat? What are nuts to such a conundrum? There is no clue by which I can be guided. Firstly, I am not aware that I have a new coat; I require *evidence* of that fact, before investigating the question. Nay, even admitting for the sake of argument that I have a new coat, who shall assure me that my friend is the possessor of a goat? Here we will see a difficulty is presented at the very *enunciation* of a conundrum. Secondly, supposing the facts are proved to my satisfaction, and the actual existence of the conundrum established, how shall I discover the difference, unless the animal and the garment be produced? So we perceive that in order to ask this conundrum, it is essential that the goat should accompany his master wherever he goes, and that the persons questioned should wear their new coats. And look at the expense of this conundrum! When its owner puts it at a poor man, he has firstly to take him to a tailor, then look at your high priced goat, probably an animal of extravagant appetite, running between your legs, butting over children, sneering, making a noise with his nose, and spitting at lap-dogs—why, what a very inconvenient conundrum it is!

And after all when you come to guess it, how is it to be done?—putting aside my analysis, as a transcendentalism. At first sight it deludes you into false assumption; for naturally you think it is some heaven-forsaken pun on G and C. So you go on with your goat, coat, coat, goat, from bad to worse; looking up the sleeves of your coat, wistfully regarding the lining, and attentively examining that suspicious and insane animal; then, though you see there is a difference, what difference? when with all your deference you cannot see the pun. You look up with a sickly smile, and the ferocious beast, coming full tilt, knocks you heels over head, into some sewer. There is an other instance of the inconvenience of wit. And so you must go on for weeks, wearing out your clothes, and submitting to the ill-treatment of that venerable goat of Satan, till at last you happen to hit upon the difference,—and what is it? Why, that one has buttons behind, and the other has butt horns before.

Now does such an answer repay the trouble you have taken, and the expense of boarding and lodging a grey-headed goat, probably the father of a family? It may be. I will not deny the great merit of the conundrum. *Intellectually*, it is unsurpassed; but *morally*, is it such a pun as you would wish to make when preaching, teaching Sunday school, or dying? No, no; you would then select a more religious subject. And yet to discover the worth of a conundrum, you must risk the labor of its solution.

Ah! it's a great mistake to suppose that because I propose to make Punning Easy, that the profession is a path of flowers. I make Punning Easy, but the Punster Hard. The Retired Punster, may look back with pleasure on past success, but the man in business for himself, finds it no joke to be funny. The inconveniences I have instanced, are not the only evils. Suppose instead of a goat, and coat, the difference had been that of a boaconstrictor and a tiger? You would have found it unimportant. Exposed to the rage of the cruel beast, or circled in the rings of the coiling reptile, what would be the Punster's fate? Yet to these conundrums is he constantly exposed.

And even in the common walks of life, you meet with continual misfortunes. How often is it the case that you make a great conundrum—a capital thing—and running to see your favorite friend, the man who really appreciates your wit, and acknowledges your superiority, find him—out of town—unlucky wretch! You hide the joke till he returns, then asking him the question, discover too late that you have forgotten the answer. This is absolute misery. One of those conundrums perhaps, in which the answer is like one of CHAMBER'S sermons, having nothing to do with the text, and not to be logically recalled. In vain you turn, and twist, and squeeze the words—not a drop of wit is to be extracted. In your desperation it seems impossible that it ever *had* an answer. And yet you remember, too well, how you were tickled when you made it, and how infernally fine it was. Now it is a blind alley—an unsatisfaction that haunts the mind and will not be evaded. The mind plunges into a bottomless abyss, seeking its solution. Why is BOOLE like CHESTERFIELD? In vain you puzzle; stubborn reason wil reply, "he is not like him at all—not a particle of resemblance. There is no answer, and there never was."

In such a case you must save your reputation, even at the risk of truth. *Invent* some reason, no matter how absurd it seems; or say, for instance, "because extremes meet." Then, though it may not be a good conundrum, it will be a pretty good lie.

Yet answers are not always essential to the conundrum. Those of my friend DANIEL are a great deal better without them. The questions are sufficiently funny in themselves. Should he explain them, the listener would exclaim, "a capitable conundrum! ha! ha! —good. But really, my dear sir, the answer ruins it forever.

Punsters of different nations annoy each other very much. The Englishman thinks the American extravagant. Only in the conundrum, however, have we displayed a national character. Our poetry is a TENNYSONIAN translation, (so they told READ) our books are modelled on foreign authors, our jokes alone, possess the true fire of the Revolution. I regard the introduction of the Universal Reply, or the Interrogated's response to the Interrogator, as a most important event in our history. There is no question to which it does not respond, with singular force and beauty. "Because he can't climb a tree"—its popularity proves its worth. Originally applied to the resemblance of the elephant and whale, it was soon found susceptible of a wider application, and elevated into the importance of a national joke. It shows how the corpse and the cow, the cabbage and the paralytic old woman, the camel and the VANTILE MACK, are blended, as it were, in a beautiful identity. It proves the Brotherhood of Man, and may be used as a philanthropic argument. Still when you ask a punster, educated abroad, a string of conundrums all having this answer, he is very apt to get angry.

But to enumerate all the trials of the Punster, is impossible. They are nameless and incessant. Among the worst of them is the aggravating stupidity of the world. I have already spoken of the general blindness and ignorance of the Art. You go into a church, and hear the dullest of sermons; looking around, you see no pretty girls: you become very tired, but are up near the pulpit, and do not like to go out. The minister never will be done,—he is speaking of eternity, and wishes to illustrate the subject. Your position is most unenviable. Suddenly the minister becomes solemn, and emphasizes some familiar word. A thought inspires you—you fall back tittering, then almost convulsed with humor, rise in your pew, and ask him if he really noticed that devilish fine pun of his, or if it wasn't ment. Straightway there is a disturbance! People wake up—stare at you as if you were insane—children cry—the choir girls laugh, and two or three angry deacons take you by the arms and put you out of church,—expostulating, arguing, and struggling all in vain. And what have you done? Nothing but made a simple pun, kindly, politely, and only wishing to do the man a service. And yet in this way, you are deprived of religious instruction, and perhaps made an infidel for life.

FINE ARTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Smilever devises an Æsthetic Mallet for pavers, and seeks a professional opinion previous to taking out his patent.

(*Professional opinion,*) "WELL I'M BLOWED!!"

Marriage and Architecture.

DEAR VANITY:—Your distinguished attention is respectfully solicited to the following case of matrimania from the *Herald:*

MATRIMONIAL.—A young lady worth at least ten thousand dollars in her own right who prefers a Presbyterian or reformed Dutch Church of good habits, and good looking, can see me, who is her equal, by addressing a letter to A. B., city of Albany, stating where an interview can be had. This is no deception: all letters may be treated as confidential. None need apply who are not possessed of the above qualifications.

Now I certainly have heard oh, fair VANITY, of a church which needed an allegorical spouse and a pastor—perhaps there may have been churches whose congregations believed in Ernestine Roses of Sharon and which required pastoresses. But the idea of a Presbyterian or even a Reformed Dutch Church wanting a literal wife—a trim little body in muslin—is to me incomprehensible.

The churches in question are, be it noted, not only of good habits, but good looking Gothic fellows I suppose, with fine traceried windows, flying buttresses and all that sort of thing—churches which are all oak within and all freestone without. Still I must say that could I influence the tastes of any nice young lady in this matter it would not be for either stone or oak, but for

PERFECT BRICK.

A Joke for our German Readers.

Why would a glass of Weiss bier be sure to succeed on the tight rope? Because it is a cool BLONDIN!

That's what the Dutch call 'em—Fact!

Summer reading for Rosenberg.

"A Fig for Momus."

A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION TO THE GREAT EASTERN.

The source from which this screed emanates will be readily recognized by the initials affixed. It was written on the Fourth of July, which fact will prove an ample apology for any little irregularities of rhyme and rhythm. It would have been published in the *Tribune* of the fifth; but Mr. DANA does not approve of the practice which his sub-editors have lately adopted—viz: writing letters in the editorial columns and affixing their signatures. VANITY FAIR, however, allows its contributors all reasonable privileges; and for the sake of enjoying this delightful freedom from thraldom and supervision, H. G. has dissolved all connection with the *Tribune*, and will henceforth regularly contribute to our columns, *Voila!*

TO THE GREAT EASTERN.

Thou sum of ships,
Thou aggregate of fleets,
Thou concrete navy, many decks in one,
Draw near that we may count thy paddle-beats,
And prove thee real, for faith is well nigh done—
Are you indeed the monster that you seem,
Or but the baseless fabric of a dream?

When news first came about an iron barque,
Upon the stocks, her keel already laid,
Whose size would bear the palm from NOAH'S Ark,
And throw that old time flat-boat in the shade,
All said the man that planned out such a rover
To cross the seas himself was half seas over.

When time came round but no Behemoth came,
Then many men, with oaths upon their lip,
Called the Great Eastern by a humbler name,
And roundly swore that there was no such ship:
We classed her with the virtuous wives of Paris,
And "SAIREY'S" friend, the mythic Mrs. HARRIS.

Yet there *were* some, who, firm as in their prayers,
Believed and trusted in the plot's consistence;
For we are told the men that owned the shares
Never once doubted a great ship's existence,
Although they spoke their thought with one acclaim
That the Great Maelstrom were her fitter name.

Pounds, shillings, pence, all vanished in her hold
Like water down a thirsty throat in Lent;
Through doors and windows, hatchways all untold,
Smokestacks and funnels, down the money went,
Till each director cried with groaning soul:
"All are but parts of one stupendous hole."

But this is idle, speculation dull,
You're with us now, and that you float, we know;
But what a pity that your mighty hull
Had not been framed four thousand years ago:
If when that Rain of Terror first did pour
You'd hove in sight, how you'd have "tickled" NOAH!

Call on us often, often as you please,
From Albion's cliffs the distance is not far,
And when you've crossed the intervening seas
A host will always meet you at the bar;
And Captain HALL will tell us o'er our Hock
How our famed "Port" compares with "London Dock."

H. G.

Too Good to be True.

BONNER of the *Ledger*, JENKINS advises us, has sent one of his horses to grass for the summer. Can it be his COBB?

Why will Breckenridge after election be like a Bohemian without his Night-key.

Because he wont be able to get into the House!

INCONVENIENCE OF A NEW CHAMBERMAID.

You are one of the gentlemen who like to have the bedclothes carefully tucked under the feet. Get under cover—give one pull at the blankets—how do you like to feel the foot board with your bare soles?

Fancy Stocks.

In expectation of the arrival of the PRINCE OF WALES, Hotel keepers are making a vigorous move in Aldermanic and Common Council scrip, which is going up tremendously notwithstanding a slight panic, that was occasioned by a malicious report that the LELANDS might find their bill run a lee shore—a report we have no leisure to investigate, but which—as the Aldermen and Common Councilmen would be minus thirty-three and half per cent. did they vote against themselves, (and it must come to that) we hold to be utterly unfounded.

LAST QUOTATION.

Aldermen at a premium of 50 per cent.

Common Councilmen do 25 per cent., (open to bids from all Hotel keepers.)

Security required, and in case of a Ball, a few tickets expected by the City Fathers, for their own private use and entertainment.

Atrocious.

Why is talking DOUGLAS in the Custom House like one of HERRING's trucks blocked up in Broadway?

Because it is'nt a safe proceeding!

A distressed man of Letters.

Our postman in this weather.

METE'ORRIBLE.

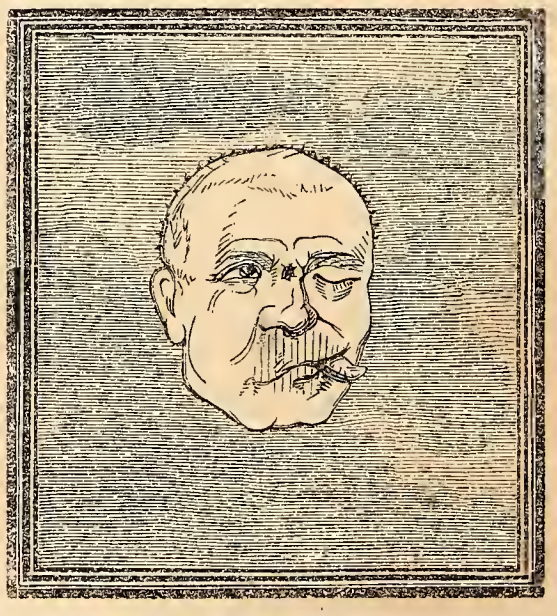
The meteor on Friday night was seen by several people, if not more. STEPHEN BRANCH saw it; the telescope man in the Park saw it: and the "special artists" of all the illustrated papers saw it. That omnipotent and omniscient representative of the *Herald*, "our reporter," did not see it, but he excused himself from negligence on the ground that Mr. HUDSON failed to put it down in the book. But though he did not see it, he saw a friend who saw a man who knew another man that did see it, and gathering an accurate description from his lips "our reporter" took his jack-knife and whittled out a wood cut of the phenomenon, which appeared in the *Herald* of Sunday morning. Uninformed people thought that the engraving represented the fossil remains of an ichthyoramus, or the skeleton of some former Simme-Boojen-no-kami, but a scientific paragraph in the editorial columns told the puzzled readers of the *Herald* what it was. Henceforth, however, a meet'er by moonlight will have rather a diabolical signification.

OUR WIMBLEDON CORRESPONDENCE.

WIMBLEDON, ENGLAND, 3 JULY, 1860.

Knowing the interest taken by America—young and old—in everything relating to bullet-holes, I hasten to inform you respecting a very important one which took place here yesterday, and is now a leading topic of the day. Precisely between two and five o'clock in the afternoon, Her Gracious Majesty, Queen VICTORIA, came down from Buckingham Palace, on horseback, at a great pace, attended by the Prince Consort, on foot, according to usage on these state occasions. The ceremony at which the intervention of royalty was thus deemed necessary, was the opening of a quantity of rifle practice arranged to be performed here, and Her Majesty was to do it with one of the new WHITWORTH rifles, and did it. By a novel application of the old principle "keep your gun up" and "point it straight," Mr. WHITWORTH succeeded, after many days practice in permanently fixing the piece constructed by him for the special use of Her Majesty, in such a horizontal position that a line continued from the muzzle of it would pierce the centre of a target, the bull's eye of which was a man's face, the bridge of the nose being assumed as the true centre. At precisely twenty minutes in the afternoon, all preliminaries being carefully arranged, Mr. WHITWORTH attached a silken cord to the trigger of the infallible tube, and then, deferentially approaching Her Majesty, who was accompanied by two favorite Skye terriers, Fiddle and Faddle, said—"Which of the two shall it be an't please your Majesty—Fiddle?" "FADDLE," replied the Queen, with that firmness of manner so well known as a characteristic of Her illustrious family. Chirping up to him the little animal indicated, Mr. WHITWORTH now dexterously attached the other end of the string to its tail, and then, giving the preconcerted signal by sharply uttering the word "Fiddle!" Her Majesty's clear silvery voice rang out the responsive "Faddle!" on hearing which name the faithful little proprietor of it bounded toward his royal mistress, mingling its yells with the report of the fatal tube as a bullet sped from the latter into the bull's eye on the man's nose which marked the centre of the face pointed upon the target. Of the latter I send you a faithful sketch. For the rest it will be sufficient for you to know that I am the artist who drew the hole made by the royal bullet—drew it upon the spot, sir, and presented the picture of it to Her Gracious Majesty; a service for which I received the honor of knighthood, also upon the spot, so that I have now the satisfaction of signing myself—

JENKINS JENKINS, KNT.



APPEARANCE OF THE TARGET IMMEDIATELY AFTER BEING HIT BY HER MAJESTY.

Our Mild Contributor's Opinion.

Our leading daily journals chronicle the movements of distinguished persons in a department entitled personal. The leading editorials should be published under the same caption for they are bitterly *personal*.

A con by a "Gentleman from Africa."

When are a fella a-trainin' a hoss, like a gen'lman a-drawin' his wine for dinna'? When he are a puttin' it in de canter. Dare now!

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

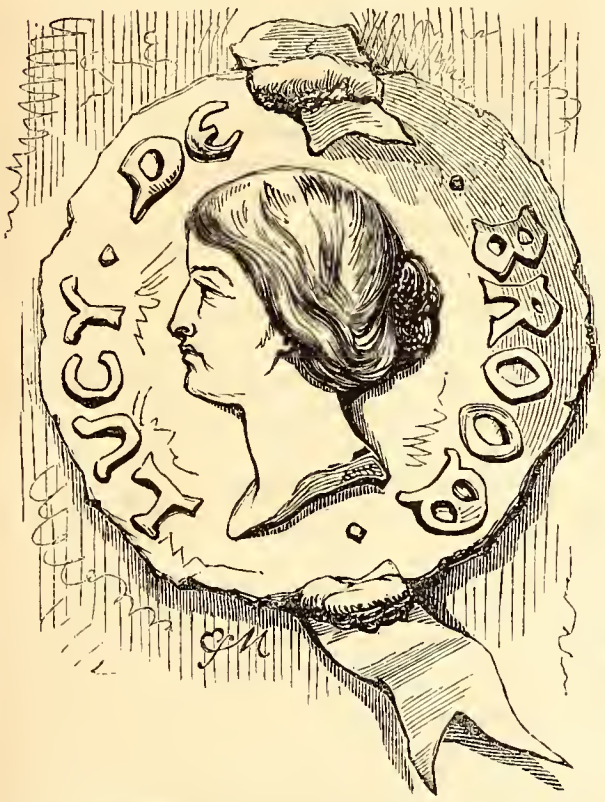
AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.



QUEEN LUCY DE BROOM—whom I used to call FAIR LUCY sometimes and LUCIFÉRA very often—liked to propound theory that in all our travels certain individuals are inevitably destined to continually turn up again. "You can't avoid them if you would," said LUCIFÉRA—"they'll come again and again, go where you will—shut them out of your sight and they'll return to you on the evening breeze—you'll trace their faces in the dewy grass—you'll see their glances in other eyes—you'll hear them in the murmur of the sea—*verrano â te sull'aure.*" All people—even belles by brevet—rise to eloquence when they mount pet superstition or idea they've nursed up into poetry—it was not otherwise with this LUCIFÉRA who bore as much light in her eyes when aroused as would serve for two first magnitude Stars of the Morning, any day.

And as I went rattle-clatter, rattle-clatter, rub-a-dub rub-dub up the North river-side in the cars one warm afternoon, the Luciferian theory kept buzzing in my mind, between sleeping and waking in that dim sort of half-idea way according to which a man sees or feels that the subject in question may be either the parallax of a pink hydromedary or the emporium of an isothermal florometer without caring particularly which, and not interesting himself a red cent for either, I found my thoughts gradually settling on and flying away from and coming back to a little gray hat and barége travelling dress, half a dozen seats ahead of me. Look out of window—gray hat—read newspapers—gray hat—think and doze—gray hat—gray hat—hat—hat—suddenly started up as i from dream—woke RANDOLPH—asked him if he saw bonnet and what sort of egg he s'posed there was in that gray nest?

OLD VIRGINNY put up his glass—focussed his eyes—hauled down first one moustache, then 'tother with his whole hand—combed his beard upwards with four fingers—let out suppressed *ha-ha-ha!*—and 'jaculated like a verbal javelin:

"—' Do believe its the WIDOW!"

"Where the devil don't that blessed little relic turn up? It's she—by all that's scarlet! I believe there's a regiment of her always travelling alone on leave, scattered over the earth. Would like to see her altogether for once—single specimens are very fine—what must sum total be! Go ahead! As Scripture says: "BEN—jam in!"

Hear scream of delight—expected scene of passional affection—missed it, but did think RANDOLPH and YE WIDOW would have snapped each others' hands short off at wrists, shaking 'em. "My dear fellow!" cried RANDOLPH. "My dear POLLY!" quoth the WIDOW. "I never saw a brighter looking boy in all my life" replied RANDOLPH admiringly. "And you've got your old beau SPUYTENTYFEL still, I see. Bring him up POLLY or I'll be jealous."

Something uncommonly boy-like about WIDOW—that's fact. Not the agonizing he-snake look of a lorette *lionne* sin-cat—but a Miss JOLLYBOY expression with some Diedevil Vernon—helped out with crisp dark hair brushed back—look-you-in-the-face. great blue eyes—all full-blooded pure, AMERICAN beauty—little standing collar—saucy little tubular neck-tie—foppish sleeves, fast-pattern buttons and side-pockets. Greatly given to smash-hats with cock-tails in 'em, and if presented with rose-bud will be seen in five minutes holding it between lips. WIDOW has been for seven years like my prose and WALT WHITMAN's poetry, BEECHER's theology and ANDY DAVIS's Harmonicon, outside of all criticism—"might as well criticise porcupine"—so people let her slide in peace and exclaim in cheerful awe "did you ever!!"

"Now girls!" exclaimed the WIDOW to RANDOLPH and I as we all got into stage: "Now girls—no grumbling! 'DOLPH my dear you'll find this almost equal to the time we went up Mount Righi—I was sitting on horseback you know and you holding to the horse's tail—how drunk you were my darling—to be sure."

This of course was called out in hearing of a large party including several prim-rosy ladies.

"*You* had half the kirschwasser anyhow" replied RANDOLPH lazily. "And who stole the bottle from the Old Englishman and hid it in her shawl? And who shot a calf with my revolver and said she thought it was a dear little chamois? And who put red pepper into the schnapps and dosed all those travelling German students with it and then wiped her eyes and bade them not cry because you would all meet again in heaven?"

"Well RANDOLPHUS," replied the WIDOW—"how do you know but we shall, after all? Queerer things *have* happened Why you might be saved yourself, sometime. But now for the coachey-poachy up the roadey-podey, little ones! Only look! what a great big mountain, ADOLPHINA my duck. This range, little BROADWAY, is a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian chain which extends from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and what you now behold rises to the height of about 3800 feet."

Folks call it a long ride—WIDOW shortened it down to nothing. WIDOW held spelling class and examined us on geography—giving out all the words in the lexicons of love and wine and making us describe the topography of all the lively localities of New York, New Orleans, Paris and all sorts of places. Caught RANDOLPH on spelling "*Maraschino*," made him hold out his hand and gave him a devil of a spatting but put chocolate jelly drops into my mouth for giving the boundaries of Delmonico's, and describing the Century Club with accuracy. Went over into grammar: "Now my dear Miss ROANOKE please parse this sentence: "There is a tiger to be seen at JIM HALL'S." Pulled RANDOLPH's hat over his eyes for missing fire and sent me up head for giving size of the animal's tracks correctly. Brought out a diminutive bottle of champagne containing about one small drink, produced miniature corkscrew from her port-monnaye and gave us a horn apiece out of her thimble, taking the majority herself. Professed exhilaration and requested song—"moral song if agreeable." Took down her comb, enveloped it in paper and played brilliant accompaniment while RANDOLPH whistled and clapped hands *en* Old Virginny *a la mode de* corn-shuck.

I'se gwine up de Katterskill:
(Here the comb and raps come in)
I'se gwine up dar aginst my will,
(Here the WIDOW blew like sin.)
De stage's jolten on the stones,
I'se reely 'fraid dey broke my bones.
Ree, row, my true love,
Oh fare you well my darlin;
We'll meet at Newport by and by,
And I'm gwine ober de mountain.

Educational course and singing-school completed, WIDOW went in for something in theological line. Parted RANDOLPH's hair, did him up with white shawl and lace handkerchief into a bride, and lectured him on future duties of married life. Told him not to spank infants more than twice a day, nor spend more than twenty-eight-fifteenths of poor BROADWAY's income on crinolisms. Talked the bride into tears and then slapped her till she dried up. Performed ceremony *verb et lit*, repeating the directions to the clergyman and carefully mentioning commas, semicolons and sufforth whenever they occurred. Went to sleep at last, declaring she was going to leave this world and asked to be buried decently. Folded up travelling shawl for her—laid her pretty curly head on it till she went to sleep on my shoulder—held her comfortably—took turns with RANDOLPH in nursing the baby—did it tenderly and respectfully too—for she was ONE OF 'EM—and you don't belong to THEM oh reader if you havn't discovered by this time that the WIDOW was as dear a good little brick as ever was, and no more to be pained or sorrowed than any other jolly genial heart. So she passed away

into the music of her dreams to flutter with wild birds like herself through Shadow. And her slumber wasn't light—for the child was tired with travel and play. By and by RANDOLPH, too, became somniferic. Am big enough for a four poster and obligingly gave the bride one shoulder for a pillow, just as one was already occupied by clergyman. Deeper grew their slumbers—deeper sank the sleepy heads until their locks, both of a curl and color, were mingled. And then the bed himself went to sleep. *Tra la la hi o la—tra lula leral le ra !* Dear reader—if you're musical. please end this sentence for me by humming the softest dream-waltz off into nothing, that ever swept through the brain of a WEBER or a MENDELSOHN ! The whole may be beautifully arranged by WILL FRY or DICK WILLIS to the piano and horn-comb. Would play it myself but the only instrument which I play with real æsthetic tenderness and touching grace is the hand-organ.

Mountain House, Pine Orchard is decidedly high old hotel if ever was one. What's use of expanding on such a view.as that house gives ! "Heaven my brethren said the Illinois preacher: "Heaven is just a little the most elegant place you ever *did* hearn tell of. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not listened, it hath not entered into the imigination of any Cracker or Sucker around these hy'ar diggins to conceive what car'ryins on the just made perfect have up thar." Just so, oh beloved, is it with the views from that white painted Catskill palace whose façade of columns reacheth unto the eaves, lifting its handsome head to summer heavens. There *is* a place as *is* a place for brave folks who can stand rambles and scrambles—who are healthy and jolly and well set up in the items of winter under clothes and good English grays, to say nothing of Balmoral boots and tobacco—to pass long pleasant weeks. If you can *sing*, the Kaatskills are the spots to let your woice out in *yodles* on the *tilly hi—e—o—o—o—o !* principle, until you try on a holler to somebody a mile off, as the crow flies, on the opposite mountain. Oh Marm—if you could only have heard me last summer after practising a month round among crags and sea side cliffs near the breakers ! —particularly when we used to sing Slambanguli in a high wind—

THE WIDOW.

talk about DEMOSTHENES going easy over the stones and getting up his *ut de poitrine* on pebbles !—but Marm, I digress. Let me again ascend like RINORDINE, "all on the mountains high." We had grand views up there—views to live and die by. Cool shades—blue sky to quench infinite yearning—Tarpeian rocks for Titans—rocks and ravine, woodland, green fields, spired villages—leagues of downy green forest bed—far to the East the blue New England hills—and, far far below, the shining band of the silver Hudson adown which white sails swam ever on—on to the endless sea. Or climb the grand North Summit—or gaze afar from the South—seek the Two Lakes "sleeping like twins in the lovely plateau of the mountains. They'll do. Not less will Stony Clove and Planterhill Clove emphatically pay. But I lose myself among these scenes. Oh if you be an artist, though never so poor a one, go to the Mountain House and see for yourself what that public taste is which asks from artists views in the Campagna when it might have them from the Catskills. Thus endeth ye Seconde Lesson.

"It vas mitnight. On de dop of de soommit of de Harty Moundains sto ot dow men—one vas de Coundess WILHELMINA—de oder vas der Tyfel."

German Romance by JOHANNES VON KROUPLIS.

Was forcibly reminded of above splendid scene in one of most thrilling romances in our Americano-German literature, (a department entirely untouched by GRISWOLD and TRUEBNER but which will be written up by Mr. DANA in Cyclopaedia when he comes to sacred name of KROUPLES)—recalled it, I say, one midnight when moon was round as a dime—emerging from deep shadow of rocks I beheld two fellows—one of 'em WIDOW and 'tother RANDOLPH. holding solemn tryst, and gazing down the tremendous leap of Kattskill Falls, holding hand in hand so's not to roll over ! Ah Madame—*there* is a liquid downfall for you which might typify the primeval Satan of the Waters—the real first destructive snake ocean Inundation-devil hurled headlong into the Abyss—or, if you want it intensified, say, with JACOB BEHMEN, into the Byss of the Abyss—for I do vow and declare that there is always ONE point in every cataract where you see the Infinite and nothing but the Infinite—where there's no bottom to bring up on—endless rushing foam—roar—gush—headlong seething—deaf—dumb—confusing—ever on—and on! There ; when you get THERE, you drop the Plutonic theory of Fire and know that the primitive fiend was truly outlined in the waving serpent-curves of the billowy deep ! Even to this day the devil lurks in such scolloped lines—as you may see for yourself in the edge of any worked petticoat !

And there stood the WIDOW WILLEMINA—smoking a cigarette and there too was RANDOLPH puffing his travelling meerschaum of Slavonian cut—black browned half a century ago by some *Stockbœhme* or "out and out Bohemian"—both of 'em as *there* as possible. They couldn't have been *there-er* "had they tried"—(excuse the expression)—they were exactly magnetised in the exact spot of the cataract where the water-falling fascination is most irresistible and terrible. I knew the critical force of the magnetism—my blood curdled in my veins—I experienced that sentiment of getting slightly mad and taking a small swear which is peculiar to minds of a very superior quality and stupendous self-possession when in such awful circumstances. As the pair stood fascinated and smoking on the edge of the yawning gulf I resolved to approach cautiously and by one vigorous *draw* subtract them from their stupendous peril. 'Twas an awful moment—and yet Destiny had fated that it should become much more awfuller. Reader—say, if quivered ever has thy heart over the thrilling pages of that supernal fiction The Gun Maker of Moscow or has thine eye dimmed with tears when tracing the fearful and harrowing adventures of the knightly LEON DE BOURNAY, the Conspirator of Cordova, through doors of brass—but enough—I see thou has. You art one of them readers. Then willst thou sympathise with what my emotions was on this important occasion. Suddenly as I grasped the outer garment of RANDOLPH, the WIDOW startled from her fascination, gave a scream and fell—upheld only by the strong arm of RANDOLPH, who was in turn depending on my grasp for his own lease in life. As they thus hung suspended over the tremendous gulf there came a———

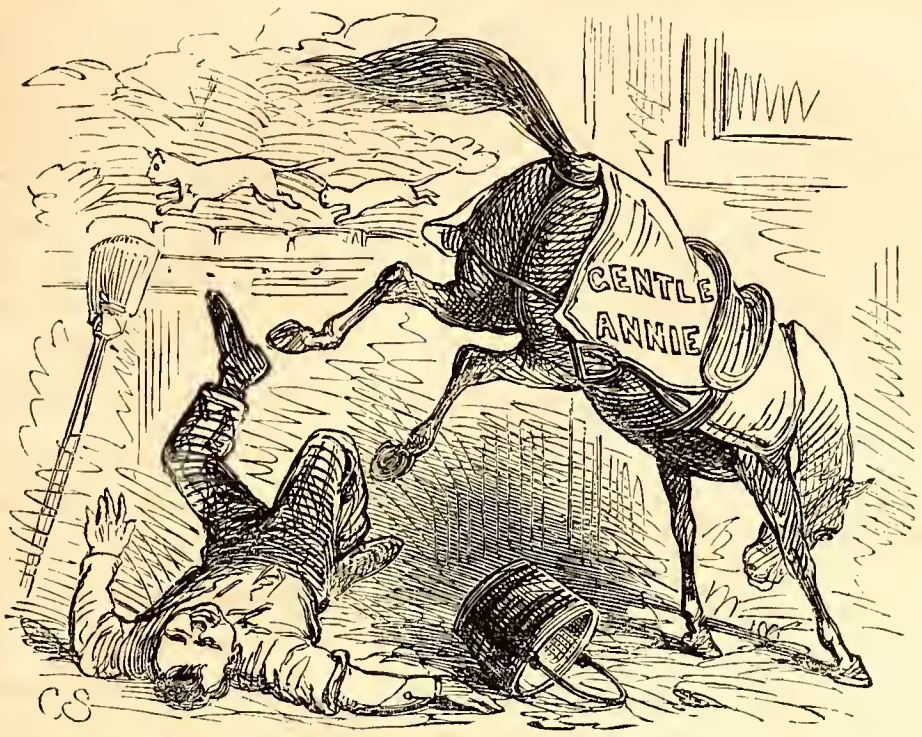
(The rest of this stupendous story will be found in the next number of VANITY FAIR. For sale by all dealers, price six cents. Copy-right secured by four revolvers and a cow-hide, a slung-shot and a pint of vitriol against all intruders.)

Modern Skinners.

In one of COOPER's novels, we forget which, there is a very vivid description of the atrocities and depredations committed by a set of lawless vagabonds, desperadoes, and cattle stealers, called "Cow Boys, or Skinners." We are rather inclined to think, that though remarkable in their own day, their ghosts must take a back seat now and give precedence to our city fathers, the Aldermen and Common Councilmen, whose late kid *glove* skinning operations beat their proudest achievements, by a double multiplication table of the longest description of chalks.

Stray Sheep.

Where EVERETT goes there is a BELL in front of it.



GENTLE ANNIE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Don't you think So, H. G?

In our morning paper, a day or two ago, we came across this heading to a paragraph:

"ATTEMPT TO THROW THE NEW-YORK EXPRESS OFF THE TRACK."

We did not take the trouble to read any further, for from what we know of the conductors of the New-York *Express*, we should judge that no very extraordinary "attempt" would be needed to throw them off the track at any time.

A Knotty Subject.

A correspondent wishes to know whether a ship can go as fast in Tide water as any other. We reply that it can only be ascertained by experiment. It is certain, however, that the more Knots a vessel makes, the Faster she is.

'F Coarse.

Boots made of alligator-skin are all the go in New Orleans. JINKS, however, who has seen 'em, says they're not exactly long boots you know, but alli-gaiters!

What they needed on the Great Eastern.

Stop-Cox.

A SPLENDID CHANCE FOR H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TO MR. PUNCH.

DEAR PUNCH:—In your issue of July 14th, you very needlessly expend a good deal of what is intended for particularly pointed, and scorchingly sharp satire against the "Snobs of America," to whom the said Snobs of America or rather, to the wicked and absurd prejudices—of the said Snobs of America, you accuse one Sir SAMUEL CUNARD, of meanly truckling." All this is very pretty and very witty in you, Mister *Punch*, and doubtless very welcome to the Snobs of England,as decayed whale's blubber is to the Greenlanders. But doctors differ, and we, the "Snobs of America," somehow or other thank God, that here among us "Snobs of America," one *white* man, be he Dutch, German, French, American, or what not, is as good as another; and we are also proud to say that the child of honest parents, who splits rails to-day, *may*, forty years hence, be president of the United States. We, the "Snobs of America," also know that in your (Mr. *Punch's*) country, and among the Snobs thereof, the line of demarcation is not drawn between men of opposite, but the *same races*.

We, the "Snobs of America," candidly confess that we do not (as a general rule) consider the colored population as our equals and fitting associates, and to enlighten Mr. *Punch* and the Snobs of England, we, the "Snobs of America" will state the reason, viz: in this country *color* is as much the badge of servitude as a *Livery* is in England. Therefore, Mr. *Punch*, when your Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Barons, Viscounts, Baronets, Knights, Esquires and the rest of the "Snobs of England" sit down at the same table with the paternity of Jeems Yellow Plushes, of their own or friend's establishments, when they, the Jeemes (not the other "Snobs of England") are arrayed in all the glory of their variously and strikingly colored breeches—from a delicate flame, a subdued scarlet, or a retiring pea green—their long cut waistcoats, curiously "picked out" with gorgeous worsted braid, and their stupendous coats, redolent with armorially emblazoned buttons:—we say when such a reunion takes place between these "Snobs of England" and their gorgeous Flunkies, it will be time enough, oh most consistent Mr. *Punch*, to find fault with the little peculiarity of our American Snob'ism. By the way a magnficent idea has just struck us; Snobs are creatures of imitation—and American snobs especially so; now if H. R. H. The PRINCE OF WALES, would be good, gracious, and magnanimous enough, to act *first* upon the advice you, Mr. *Punch* have given to us "American Snobs," and set us (the American Snobs aforesaid,) the bright example of breaking down a long established and senseless prejudice, by inviting his R. Highness's cooks, valets, grooms, and general assortment of liveried Flunkies (of course exclusive of the privileged "Snobs of England," whose naval, military, or clerical livery is not tabooed) to partake the cheer of his R. Highness's banquets, assist at H. R. H. *soirées*—and as a general thing make themselves pleasantly at home with him, the heir apparent ruler of the Snobs of England—the chances are, that we, the Snobs of America, *may about the same time*, establish the same friendly relations with those who, we regret to say at the present moment are almost as much excluded from many of the privileges of the refined society of the "Snobs of America," as the Yellow Plushes aforesaid, are from the same ennobling-and-equally-open-to all (in my eye) mankind—illustrious-privileges among the "Snobs of England."

Pleasant and Profitable.

A correspondent of one of the Philadelphia papers, evidently classical and not hebraical since she signs her name JUNO, writes a letter from the vicinity of Womelsdorf Station—wherever and whatever that may be—and eloquently discourses of a hotel thereabout whose proprietor "makes the stay of his guests pleasant and profitable." Was there ever a hotel proprietor especially in the summer season, who did not make the stay of his guests pleasant and profitable —— TO HIMSELF? As for the profits being on the guest's side, ahem!

We believe the woman who bears the *nomme de plume* of the "who walks the queen of gods," to be above any poor jokes about a dinner table, or profit table, else she would have learned the publican's Multiplication Table.

1 times 1 poor devil, makes per day	$2.50
1 times 1 bottle 25 cent claret, makes	1.50
1 times 1 bundle 25 cent cigars, makes	1.50
1 times 1 horse and wagon $2.00 makes	5.00
1 times 1 dozen clothes washed 50 cents	1.50
	$12.00

Twelve dollars a day and such roast beef!

No more chaff! old birds can't be caught with "pleasant and profitable"—they know other-wise.

Unparalleled Atrocity.

Among the numerous heartrending, and grievous complaints made by the ten dollarous excursionists, against the misdirectors of the Great Eastern, we consider the following the most touching and soul harrowing: "A reporter of one of the daily papers was compelled to sleep in a sheep pen with *one of the detective police*."

Good gracious! Was it one of the HERALD men? Phancy what his phecliux must have been, when he awoke in the morning and discovered what his companion's avocation was!

The Secret of Meriam's Success.

There is a silver lining to every cloud.

A Capital Rail Road Guide.

Murray's Rules of Accidence.

A WORD FOR THE GREAT EASTERN.

To Vanity Fair---

GREETING! Whereas, oh Touchstone, most excellent Lord of Larking and Master of Misrule in this gay VANITY FAIR of ours, I, one of your lieges and subjects, a dweller in VANITY FAIR aforesaid, pray a hearing regarding a matter touching the rights and privileges of all our Vanity Fairies, Fairlings, fair ones, or by whatever name we children of Mirth and Folly may be called.

And whereas, oh TOUCHSTONE, it is one of our inalienable Fairy rights to get up and work off all manner, sort, species and varieties of hoaxes, sells, draws, quizzes, flames, gammons, bounces, bites, tricks, shines, didoes, mystifications, befoolments, traps, lines, inveiglements, decoys, snares, victimizings, outwittings, cozenings, palmings upon, trumperies, duperies, clap-traps, coggeries, shecooneries, hocus pocusses, hums, bubbles, fetches, reaches, gouges, hooks, hocussings, diddles, chouses, wool pullings, and every other kind of merry mischief.

I do therefore protest against anything being said or done in VANITY FAIR among the fairies dwelling therein, against the Directors or Officers of a certain ship known as the GREAT EASTERN, and insist that said Directors and Officers have the soundest claims in the world to be regarded as our friends—yea as being of us—in consideration of their having got up and worked off on the wise and other men of Gotham one of the most stupendous, magnificent, toploftical and otherwise sublime SELLS ever perpretrated on a Christian community. For which, as I submit they deserve instead of blame, a monument *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, the renown whereof shall go forth *in partibus infidelium*, even unto the lands of the heathen and unbelievers.

For it cannot be denied that the Great Easterners aforesaid—who were indeed very Eastern, and very far downy-Eastern at that—advertised to take passengers to a certain point for ten dollars and FOUND.

Whence it resulted that being inveigled and pleasantly enticed by said advertisement, it came to pass that I, and sundry other wise or unwise men of Gotham, did, in good faith, purchase tickets, expecting to be agreeably conveyed by sea, unto the promontory or cape entitled May, situated without the limits of the United States, in the land of New-Jersey, otherwise known as Nova Cesarea, alias Sandbank. Expecting to receive on the voyage, in addition to beds, towels, service and soap, all manner of fit and proper nutriment, embracing not only spring chicken, young peas and green corn, but also codfish-skins, potato parings, and all the other delicacies of the season.

How we did *not* get this, that and those, oh VANITY of Vanities, is now well known unto you. How no order was preserved. How certain 'roughs' were permitted, on payment of money to the sailors, to take three or four mattresses, while those who did not, got none. How there was no washing up of filth. How there were but three tons of ice for all the company. How, finally, the food was wanting, and the water unfit to drink, the same having come from Merrie England. How, in fact, we were generally neglected.

Yet the great point remained unsettled until our final departure from the Floating Horror. So just before I left, oh VANITY, not wishing to go without a final solution of the Great Sell, I quietly asked one of the officers of said Horror, what was really meant by "Ten Dollars—and *found?*"

To which he replied by asking me if I had been lost—or if any one had really wandered away beyond recovery, amid the labrynthine mazes of the great ship? To which, having replied: "Not 's I know of;" he laconically answered that he knew it—the directors having in the strictest and most honorable manner employed experienced men to *find* or retrieve all passengers who might stray, wander, or otherwise run the risk of losing themselves on said vessel.

I have done. If any of your Fairies can, after this, grumble, all that *I* can say is, that said Fairy is utterly wanting in that genial appreciation of a glorious sell, which inspires your faithful friend,

FANTASIO.

THE VANITY FAIR CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE LADY TO WHOM VANITY FAIR GAVE UP HIS SEAT IN A CITY CAR:

DEAR MADAME:

When you learn that the subscriber is a tall, handsome man, somewhat inclined to portliness, and, that on the afternoon in question, he was attired in a full suit of light cassimere, and wore an eye-glass which he used to aid him in detecting the jokes in the copy of Punch that he was reading at the time, you will at once recognise him as the gentleman who gave up his seat to you in a Third Avenue car, last Thursday. You will also call to mind that you availed yourself of his courtesy without thanking him in return, any more than the pig thanks the oak tree for the acorns that it drops down to him. When that "tall, handsome man, somewhat inclined to portliness" is weak enough to incommode himself for you, again, dear Madame, will you be so kind as to acquaint him with the fact by a line through the post, and oblige

Yours Respectfully,

Vanity Fair.

OUR ARTIST.

AS HE APPEARED AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE TRIP ON THE GREAT EASTERN.

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR,

Our European Letter.

No. I.

Paris, August 15th.

As I told you in my last, the obsequies of Prince Jerome were scarcely over, when the court-circle became again agitated upon the *Buonaparte-Patterson* question. The excitement, upon a similar topic, has never been equalled, except by that of the famous trial, of the case, in which another member of the same family, *not* of Baltimore, figured; when circumstantial evidence was exercised upon the question, "who struck William Patterson?" You are no doubt familiar with the case.

Apropos of striking, the French are not to be out-done in the *volunteer rifle* movement. A National Rifle Association has been formed. The opening competition took place on Sunday last at the Bois de Boulogne; the Bishop of Paris having first consecrated all the bullets. The Empress fired the first shot, with a Minié rifle, and struck the centre at the distance of a mile. The young Imperial Prince afterwards did the same thing, with his eyes shut.

The invitation of the Chicago Zouaves to visit Paris, sent in an autograph letter from M. Thouvenel to Capt. Ellsworth, has been accepted. They are expected in the Great Eastern about the first of September. The Turcos, desiring to entertain them handsomely, are so anxious to learn the English language, that a great demand has arisen for teachers. Napoleon, to gratify these favorite soldiers, telegraphed to Lord Palmerston upon the subject; but, in the meantime, he was informed by Mr. Cobden, that the schoolmaster was abroad. Since then, we are told, Mr. Boole has tendered the services of the female teachers of the 4th (?) ward, New York. A sham fight is to come off, between the Chicago Zouaves and the heroes of Solferino, on the Champ de Mars; a *fete champètre* will be made of it, the New York Municipality having already offered to pay for the champagne and gloves.

In politics, everything favors Metternich's *statu quo*. Except Italy, the nation now most prominent in Europe is stag-nation. The *real* object of the Emperor's visit to Baden, as we have been told by one who is a frequent visitor at the Tuileries, (being no less a personage than the chief purveyor of milk to the Imperial Prince)

La Mante Egyptienne.

was, to negotiate with the Prince Regent upon the removal of the impost upon *Prussian blue*. This having been hinted at in a letter from Baden to the *London Times*, Lord John Russell immediately protested emphatically. Russia proposed a Congress. This was prevented by the publication of a pamphlet, by M. Edward about, "La Question Cyano-Prussique;" at which the Pope took umbrage, and refused to attend.

Something important has, however, at last transpired at Naples. A dinner has been given at the Royal Palace to the patriots who returned after the amnesty. About five hundred sat down. The King is said to have made a speech, in which he expressed his delight at the independence of Sicily, which he would long ago have granted, had he not been deterred by *the Swiss*. Moreover, his majesty has just offered the ministry of War to Garibaldi; who would have accepted it, but that he was advised to the contrary by *Cavour*.

The *fashions* this fall promise to exhibit little of novelty, except in *mantillas*. *La mante Egyptienne* will have a great run; having been introduced by a lady of afore Said Pasha's family, on a visit to Paris at the invitation of Mme. Lesseps. It is an extraordinary transition from the dress of the past season, all must admit; but, as Eugenie has already appeared in it, upon a real Egyptian donkey, it is established. Those of your readers who have been to Cairo, will no doubt recognize my attempt to sketch this *arabesque* style; with which I close; *au revoir*. Yours,

Prime.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION UP TO THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS

Progress still continues. The March of Intellect is rapid and steady. Free and enlightened principles are springing spontaneously from every breast. Science is spreading. The human mind grasps hitherto supposed-to-be-unintelligibilities. The World revolves nearer the millenium. Heaven is gradually settling down upon the earth, and upon the United States in particular. Time-honored notions of decency, modesty, affection, and such, are fast becoming obsolete, owing to the invigorating process of advancement which mankind is now undergoing. Soon we shall be able to do away with everything like romance or poetry, and live on sober realities instead. The innocent pleasures of the domestic circle must, before long, give way to the new order of business alliances. "Gentleman" and "lady" will effectually usurp the coarse expression "man" and "wife." "Children" will only be known as "progeny," "parents" as "origins." Everything will be practical.

Up to our last advices the following welcome intelligence had been circulated throughout the land, bringing joy to all whose hearts have thus far become sufficiently calloused by the Spirit of the Age, to enable them to appreciate the advantages to be derived from the Matrimonial Agency brought out by an intelligent and shrewd Yankee. We are indebted to the *Herald* for our information:

A Few Years of experience and successful practice as a Matrimonial agent in Paris and London, I have been persuaded by many friends to establish a branch office in New York, not for a month or a year, but a permanent agency, where ladies and gentleman of all ages and circumstances in life, will be waited upon in a business-like manner. I have already some three hundred daguerreotypes of ladies and gentlemen to make selections from, from the ages of fifteen and sixteen to widows of forty and fifty, so that all who desire can find suitable companions. Terms $2, $1 in advance, enclosed with note stating where to address: balance when introduced. The name must be plainly written to avoid mistakes. No communications from married persons countenanced in any way.

N. B.—Office not objectionable to the most refined ladies and gentlemen, as it is connected with one of the largest Daguerrean saloons in the city.

After this, good people, buy your wives and husbands at the livery establishments, as you would horses, dogs, etc. No more courting, flirting, bother, disappointment and wounded feelings. Step up to the office, examine the stock, take your pick, pay your money and drive to the parson. Hurrah for progress!

Lord Brougham in a new Light.

The other day, the *Herald* had the kindness to tell us that:

"In England a Palmerston and a Russell alternate in the direction of politics, *a Brougham rules in literature*, and in every field, some one or two individuals are found, beyond whom no co-laborer must advance."

We confess that until we read this statement of the *Herald's*, we were in complete ignorance of the fact that Lord Brougham was the author of "The Idyls of the King," or that he ever had a hand in "The Newcomes," or "The Old Curiosity Shop;" though, of course, if the *Herald* says so, it is all right.

But did not the *Herald* mean to say:

"In England a Brougham rules in politeness to foreign embassadors; beyond him no caladorer must advance." ?

A bit from the Æronaut's Catechism.

Q.—What should you never fail to do at an ascension?
A.—Take up a collection.

The Girls that are constant to the Typos.

Ems.

A NEW BALLAD OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Its of a big steamer I'm going to tell,
Which to all New-York-iers is known very well,
Which cost her proprietors as I am told,
A monstrious fortune in silvier and gold.

[Chorius imitating the melodific sounds of specie currency a pourin' out.]

At last to the York-iers the D'rectors did say,
"Would you like an excursion to visit Cape May?
At ten dollars a head, we the thing can afford,"
So the York-iers came scrougin' and crowdin' on board.

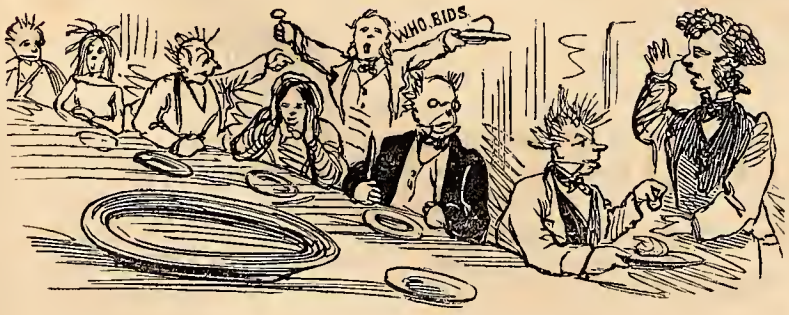
[Chorius discribin' the wild rush of the multitudinous crowd wavin' their ten dollar notes.]

But they warnt long afloat ere the sharp ones espied
That they could'nt get water howevcr they tried;
No soap and no towels or many things more,
And they all wished devoutly themselves on the shore.

[Chorius of howls for water, soap, towels, ice, and other ornaments of refined society.]

Their wittles was bad and unfit for to eat,
The vaiters brought taters ven asked to bring meat,
And ven sick folks and ladies for water did pray,
They hanswered quite sassy, "Vell—vot'll you pay?"

[Chorius of ferocious vaiters a-howlin' for lucre.]



Poor Biggs lost a shoe, and but one shoe remained,
No food could he get, and his pockets was drained,
He had read of sad wrecks, so a-feared for their life,
He diwided his shoe with his child and his wife.

[Chorius setting forth the tears of the Biggses.]

And people report that the *Herald* reporter
Vent crazy for once't all for want of some water!
And all hiderfoby'd and tremblin' with rage
He rushed in the pig-pen for a her mi-et-age.

[Chorius of hyderfoby cries and grunts with pokin' up of hanimals.]

But ven the sun set and the dark night came on,
How they groaned when they found the mattresses were gone,
Some people took four, but they had for to pay,
As the sailors had got 'em and locked 'em away.

[Chorius of galiant sailiors a sellin' beds at fifty cents a-piece.]

My eyes! how the people rejoiced ven they found
They were off of the vessel and on the firm ground;
Johnny Bull—in some matters you're certainly swell,
But you can't sail a steamer or keep a hotel.

[Chorius of loud groans from the hofficers of the G. E., and of tremendious applause from the readers of Vanity Fair.

"ALL RIGHT!"

MR. DALLAS.—I ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY, MY LORD—YOU NEED NOT HAVE BROUGHT YOUR FRIEND.

UNLIMITED SUSPENSION.

LIE DE BEAUMONT, according to a cotemporary who very often tells the truth—the great ELIE DE BEAUMONT—has informed Monsieur JOBARD (we all know JOBARD—particularly such of us as are "up" in French slang,) that a commission, composed of Messieurs CHEVREUL, FLOURENS and VELPEAU, has been appointed to examine his—JOBARD'S—memoir on catalepsy, paralysis and lethargy.

In this memoir JOBARD demonstrates—so we are told—the possibility of suspending life for an unlimited period; of restoring the drowned to life after an immersion of two days—and those frozen, after ten years! And then, soaring to a more daring height, JOBARD proposes to replace the punishment of death, by freezing people—say for five or six years at a time, or by artificial catalep-ti-za-tion—nothing less!

Good old FRANKLIN having observed that flies drowned in Madeira wine in England came to life in the air of freedom in America, suggested that old gentlemen might be wined away—*a la fly*—for a century at a time. VELPEAU, himself, thinks people may be hypnotised by putting things at the points of their noses, so as to "cataleptize" them for weeks together. Gracious goodness! What if all this united wisdom should prove that there's really something in it!

Fancy the exhumation, a century or two hence, when the world shall have grown decent, of a dozen or two BOOLES, who had been cataleptified, rolled into a loft and forgotten! Fancy a few mammoths frozen away in a Siberian snow bank coming to life and going at the natives! Fancy a few Huns of the good old fiendish pattern turning up in a tea-party. But no—we believe in gradual development and the fitness of things, and don't believe that such an abomination as a BOOLE would ever exist out of the congenial filth of his age.

THE SONG OF THE RATS.

Rats! rats! rats!
In a White Old House is a gray old rat,
Fidgetting ever and blind as a bat;
Growling and grumbling over his cheese.
Easy to huff and hard to please:
Managing, managing, day and night,
Everything wrong and nothing right!
Fussy, fretty, foolish and flat;
Know ye the name of the Gray Old Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!
In a certain House is an eloquent rat;
Great in his voice, and his sense is not that;
Long is his speech, and he has a way
As if he had really something to say;
Words in plenty come gushing out,
As rain-water runs from a lofty spout—
Stars and eagles and stripes and all that—
Know ye the name of the Eloquent Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!
Over the land the candidate-rats
In motley coats and without any hats,
Are booing, and marching, and marching and booing,
Talking, delighted, of wreck and of ruin.
O, was ever there such a meander?
Coaxes and curses, shaven and slender!
Each of them swears to bell the cats—
Know ye the names of the Candidate Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
In civic store-house the hungry rats,
All of them patriots, most of them Pats,
Few, alas! to the manor born,
Nibble away at the people's corn.
In swearing and stuffing, in barking and biting,
In ravishing, smoking, and drinking delighting;
The Rats of the People—the dear Democrats!
Know ye the names of the Civic Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
Pen-and-ink rats in their holes on high,
Writing libels for fools to buy;
Squabbling ever—the same old tune.
The hinted lie or the broad lampoon!
Rats whose virtue can never fail,
Though each one carries his price on his tail;
Some bite like scorpions—some like gnats;
Know ye the names of the Editor-Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats that the belfried churches nurse,
Drearily drawling chapter and verse;
Offering ever for human ills
Only the barren letter that kills;
Gnawing the Ark of the Covenant through;
From velvet cushion to padded pew,
Beating the dust to blind the flats!
Know ye the names of the Reverend Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats in ermine holding moot,
With law in parcels at prices to suit;
Shaping, inventing to cover the case,
Precedent musty or dictum base,
Gad! how they gibber to suitors below:
"It so be it thus, why then thus be it so!"
Leges non curant—verbum sat!
Know ye the name of the Legal Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats in the ancient Temple of Mind—
Mumbling maggots and munching rind;
Scrubbing and patching, splicing and jointing;
With particles Greek and with Hebrew pointing,
Proving virtue itself a sin,
By a comma left out or a colon left in;
Of guesses and glosses the autocrats:
Know ye the names of the Learned Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
By beds where the dying pant for life,
How snug they stand with lancet and knife;
While the vampyre tugs at the fluttering heart,
How they jabber jargon of middle-age art!
Soothing pain when 'tis savage and strong
By naming it something Latin and long!
A grain of this and a scruple of that!—
Know ye the name of the Medical Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats that run in the month of May,
Rats of reform and right are they!
Rats who believe the hottest of speeches
Soonest the shame and sorrow reaches;
Generous rats whose chiefest delight
Is to set the order of Providence right;
Lean, or hairy, or greasy, or fat,
Know ye the name of the Platform Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!

O, Truth and Justice, and Common Sense!
When will you drive this rat-tribe hence?
Bait 'em and beat 'em! hurry 'em! skurry 'em!
With satire and scorn and laughter flurry 'em!
In hole and corner and cranny to hide,
The Flunkey Rat, and the Rat of Pride,
Selfishness, Pedantry, Cant, and all that,
Till nobody hears of a single Rat!

THE ZANY OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

As long as *Punch* exercised a wholesome control over Lord Brougham, so long did the erratic Lord, refrain from violating the decencies and courtesies of civilized life; but since that profound periodical has become so fearfully sensitive upon the subject of Papal aggrandizement, the Grimaldi of the House of Lords, has again begun to run riot.

The last exploit of this Noble Lord is of a character in keeping with his earlier life. True gentility is not always the concomitant of great intellectual ability, and the recent wanton insult upon our minister, Mr. Dallas, although to the shame and disgrace of the International Statistical Congress, and its presiding officer, Prince Albert, it was received with "loud laughter and cheering," is an evidence of this in the person of a peer of the realm, who, by a fiction of law, is popularly supposed always to be a gentleman.

No sane person would deny the right of the International Statistical Congress, as a purely scientific body, to have people of any color among its members; Mr. Dallas of course could not deny it, otherwise he would not have been present.

Every sane person also would have supposed that no matter what color the delegates might be, each one of them would be presumed to be a gentleman, at least in the presence of the One remove from Royalty in the Chair, but then this supposition evidently would not embrace "my Noble Lord."

Mr. Dallas, as an individual, may have his own peculiar ideas upon the subject of color; so has Vanity Fair; he may have nostrils sensitive to the peculiar odor; so has Vanity Fair; he may prefer to choose his own associates; so does Vanity Fair; he may, and no doubt does recognize the right of the colored man to be called a man; so does Vanity Fair; and yet in common with the learned, and perhaps over fastidious Touchstone, he may have a slight objection to fraternizing either at bed or board with a gentleman of color, with the thermometer ranging up among the eighties.

Although the Representative of the United States near the English Court, it is not to be supposed that Mr. Dallas attended this meeting in his official capacity; he was there simply as a spectator, as a private individual, as a gentleman, and therefore to be unnoticed, unless he had thought proper to place himself in a prominent position, which we are aware is not a failing with him, and in which respect he differs widely from the Clown of the Peerage: but this was to be overlooked; the fact of his presence there, offered too good an opportunity for an impertinency which English gentlemen could receive "with laughter and cheers," and therefore "my Lord" used his privilege as a Merry Andrew to tickle the crowd, and the American gentleman responded to the insult, and the laughter and cheers, by behaving himself as he is ever wont to do, with the simple dignity of a man who can afford to be lenient with the follies of the old, and the impertinencies of the vulgar.

Vanity Fair, in conclusion congratulates *Punch* upon the fact that after it has worn out the Papal bugbear, it will have a new and capital subject for its satire which will give its able corps of Artists and Writers sufficient employment for the year 1861. Let it take up the idea of the Fine Old English gentleman, such as we read of and never see, and contrast this mythical personage with the actual breathing Creation of the present day, who frequents International Congresses, and the House of Peers, and if the wit of a Mayhew is not too finely drawn upon in its delineation, and John Leech will remain long enough to aid him with his pencil, it may win new laurels, in the literature of the critical world, in its new comic history of the Gentlemen of England.

THE GLORY AND THE SHAME OF SHINE.

Three moons have wasted since Shine, Guardian in our City's Halls of Learning, reached the zenith of his glory.

To be less figurative, and come to figures, it was on or about the 7th of May that Shine, Eugene Shine, School Commissioner in the Fourth Ward, aided and abetted by a few congenial associates, succeeded in turning out into the street a number of poor young women, teachers in the Fourth Ward Schools, Americans and Protestants all, and replacing them by a set of inefficient persons, mostly Irish and Catholics.

These almost worthless substitutes were, in one or two instances, relatives of the officials who appointed them—appointed them in direct violation of the laws of the Board of Education.

But the festive Shine and his fellows did not then trouble themselves about school laws or anything else except their own glorification. And they had reason to glorify. They had succeeded in their "little game," and, moreover, were making it pay. For did they not raise the salaries of the new teachers and then quietly levy a per centage thereon for themselves? And why shouldn't they? "Their right there was none to dispute."

So all went merry as a what-dye-call-'em until a sister of one of the discharged teachers ventilated the affair in a daily paper. First shell in the camp of Shine & Co! Then the other dailies took the matter up. More tribulation for Shine and his people! Next Vanity Fair rolled up its sleeves and "got in" some "crushers" on the "mug" of Injustice in its usual handsome manner. Dismay and consternation now set in violently among the Shinites. The matter came up before the Board of Education where it would have been tabled and so severely let alone but for the persistent outcries of Vanity Fair and the dailies. There was no rest for Shine. It was evident that he would be kept in that state of painful activity especially set apart for the wicked.

A Special Committee was appointed to investigate the matter. In our last issue we recorded that this committee had recommended the adoption of a resolution of censure upon Shine and his fellow trustees. This resolution was included in a report made by the Committee in which Shine was shown up to an alarming extent. Naturally Shine was not particularly anxious to have this report printed, adopted and filed away in the archives of the Board of Education. We do not learn that he lay awake nights longing for such an event to occur. Rather did he contrive to stave the report off from one weekly meeting to another.

For three weeks things went on in this way. But, to quote a hazardous remark, "Truth is mighty and will prevail," and, at a meeting of the Board of Education Wednesday week, Shine received, in some degree, his deserts. The dreadful report was adopted in spite of him. And the resolution of censure also. Useless were the arguments of Shine, in vain his sarcasm. For Eugene was sarcastic, as this extract from a report of the proceedings shows:

"Mr. Shine thought that the report had better be stereotyped. It had been widely published, and it should be put in pamphlet form and distributed among the people. In might be a good idea to put it in the form of a song, adapting it to some popular tune."

[Eugene, you genius! if you will have these resolutions set to music pray select the "Rogues' March" as the melody. Do now, so as not to shock all our notions of appropriateness!]

Then Shin , finding playful sarcasm unavailing becomes irate, and howls at the pposition.

"Mr. Shine said that the report was the result of prejudice and not of proof. The report declared that he had stated a falsehood. He threw back the assertion, and would say that Mr. Tucker had stated what was a falsehood. The gentleman was getting old and feeble and beside himself. (Mr. Shine was here called to order, and was requested by the president to avoid personalities.)

"Mr. Shine said he respected the gray hairs of the gentleman, or he would make him prove the statements prejudicial to the speaker. Mr. Shine, after proceeding further, was again called to order."

That "gray hairs" should be an obstacle to the proving of statements about Shine, or anybody else, is a somewhat remarkable, and, to us, we confess, an entirely novel fact. But we can pardon

SHINE his little vagaries at such a moment. We must remember that he was in neither a cheerful nor a proper state of mind. We have not the slightest doubt that he felt very much like a swear, though he may not have indulged, then and there, in that luxury.

But, whether he swore or not, the report was adopted, the resolution passed.

So the shame of SHINE is upon him at last. His lamp is out. His power has forsaken him. His fangs are extracted. If, now he should be expelled from the body which he has disgraced the measure of our satisfaction would be full. We are willing to give any amount of money, say four sh llings, if the Board of Education will but say to him, in the words of the late Mr. MILTON.

"We can dismiss thee ere the morning, SHINE."

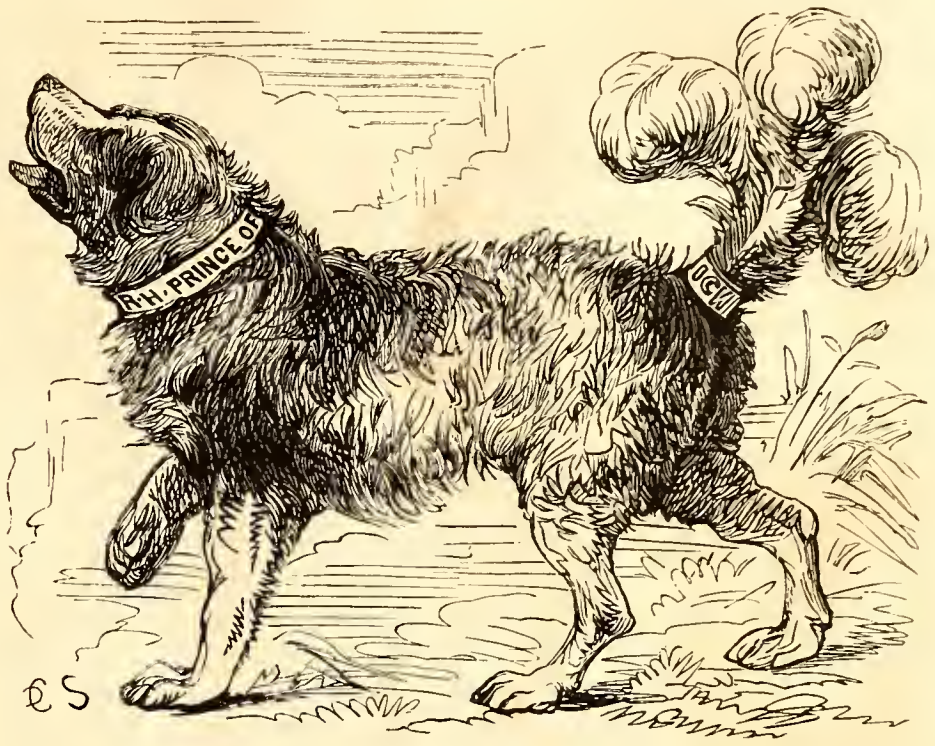
—and then do it!

If They only Would!

Our Elegant Contributor, who has got himself a gorgeous pair of white trousers, cut *à la Japanaise*, and who singularly enough, objects to having them defiled by sweaty hands, particularly requests people who ride in his omnibus, hereafter, to adopt Old ABE's tactics and depend wholly upon the Rail.

"The Light of the World."

ALEX. CUMMINGS.



DOG PRESENTED BY INHABITANTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND TO H. R. H., THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TIDDY IDDY TOL LOL.

A circumstantial, but rather unauthentic person signing himself "WILLIAM TAYLOR, Master, *British Banner*," has been promulgating through the columns of the New York *Illustrated News* the tale of a monstrous water-snake, seen wallowing in the ocean deeps alongside of the said bark *British Banner*, which it slightly damaged by biting the bowsprit off short, and playfully swallowing the starboard quarter galley and staving in the fly of the ensign. We quote partly from memory and may not be quite correct in the application of our nautical terms. From the exaggerated length attributed to this great aequatic adder by Captain WILLIAM TAYLOR, we should be inclined to class that mariner as an adder himself, and one of the largest on record—but a sailor has to study longitude as well as latitude, and we must give him a little sea-room. Having given precise locality as determined by solar observation, the Captain goes on to describe his monster as follows:

It must have been at least 300 feet long; was about the circumference of a very wide crinoline petticoat, with black back, shaggy mane, horn on the forehead, and large glaring eyes, placed rather near the nose, and jaws about eight feet long. * * * When the bowsprit, with the jib-boon, sails and rigging went by the board, the monster swallowed the fore-top-mast, staysail, jib and flying jib, with the greatest apparent care.

As we have never seen a crinoline petticoat like that described above, "with black back" &c., we cannot form any idea of the serpent's thickness from the introduction of that interesting garment, as a standard measure. Sailors are proverbially gallant, however, and the petticoat was naturally the uppermost thing in the mind of Captain WILLIAM TAYLOR, who, we have a strong suspicion, must be the identical navigator of that name sung of in a ballad of old, of which we regret—although our readers may not—that our memory declines furnishing us with any portion but the first verse, and the chorus, which run as follows:

1ST VERSE.

BILLY TAYLOR was a gay youngfellow,
Full of fun and full of glee,
And his heart he did diskiver
Unto a lady fair and free.

CHORUS.

Tiddy iddy tol lol,
Tiddy iddy tol lol,
Tiddy iddy tol lol
Fol li dee.

And we herewith call upon the New-York *Illustrated News* to lift up its voice and join us in a raving chorus of

Tiddy iddy tol lol, fiddle de dee!

Aphmoojeneegamooh.

Some one of the numerous gang of utterers of bogus words has lately coined a composite name for the oil found under ground in Pennsylvania, and out of it. He has called it Seneeoleum or Oil of Seneca. Why? An Exchange says, "it was so named because it was first found on the borders of Seneca Lake." What if it had been first discovered on the borders of fair Aphmoojeneegamook Lake? APHMOOJENEEGAMOOKOLEUM and to think it might have been thus. Well, that is an escape, but why not call it Earth-oil and be done with it? If there were no fools there would be no fun, is an adage indisputable, but when the fools take to Latin the wise men had better go back to the adoration of English.

There is another thing to be considered and it is that this world cannot last long since people will put a stop to it, by calling it Semicolon. Should it degenerate into *Seniculum*, the Latin for An Old Dotard, that would be only natural. But TOUCHSTONE, the head and front of VANITY FAIR, has no intention to take a dose of Seneeoleum—that he recommends to spectators with the proviso that the later they speculate in it the better.

Sure to get In.

It is as plain as any unsettled thing can be, that EVERETT must get into the White House, because his own party, and his opponents, are struggling to ascertain how Ever-it's to be done.

Con: By a Predestinarian.

Of what race will be the last man on earth?
The Fin(n)ish, of course!

From our Watery grave Contributor.

One of the greatest lets to prosperity.
"Let's liquor."

A Paradox.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE BOARD OF EDUCATION. Take the SHINE out of it.

Hifalutin.

Playing a fife in the City Hall Cupola.

The Place for "Irish Moss."

The Isle of Pat-mos.

HOW THE BOYS TAKE IT.

White Boy.—My eyes! Charcoal, see him! What is it! A g'rilla?
Indignant Colored Brother.—G'rilla much, ya—as! Don't you see it's de new Prince 'er Wales? Sha—a—aw!

JUDY O'BRIEN'S PROTEST.

Addressed to † John of New-York, upon his Proposition to introduce a Professorship of the Science of Cuisine at the Mt. St. Vincent Academy.

Blessings on your riverence! And sure you don't know what you are doing!
Trying to show the young ladies the secrets of roasting and stewing.
Divil a bit—that I should say it—is the use of your taching and trying:
Holy St. Lawrence! But it's pretty work they'll make of the broiling and frying,
Ladies up stairs; cooks down stairs; that's my rule—every one to their places.
Playing the piano-forty is prettier now than burning their handsome faces;
Coming into the kitchen, and purring, and smiling so swately;
With rings on their fingers, making cake, and it is spiled in the baking complately;
Wasting the eggs—and Lord knows they're high enough—and butter; also the spices;
'Tis all bother and blunder, your riverence, and they never take my advices;
And when it comes out, 'tis as black as my shoe—they may ate it, I'm sure, as wishes
To have pains in their insides, and they might just as well ate the dishes.
Poking about, and weighing and measuring, with a book before 'em to learn 'em.
Drat the books! 'Tis mighty little them made 'em knows, and I wish your riverence would burn 'em.
Look at me! sorrow a word can I read—much less spell—yet I'm sure that I
Can bate the Dutch, or any other nation entirely, at most any kind of a pie.
Let alone all the coffee to their breakfasts, and I'm sure they couldn't have it thicker;
For it stands by their stomachs better nor if it was all wish-washy liquor.
And as for my character, if it isn't a good one, it ought to be, for it cost me a dollar,
And allows I whip—and its only true—all the cooks in the country holler;
Can do anything that anybody can do in a kettle, a pot or a pan;
And have had sixteen places in one blessed year, and thim may bate that as can.
Always ready to give warning, if anything unpleasant befall;
And never lift a house in my life that there warn't rejoicing by all.
Let alone the polace that sarched my box, and they might as well sarched in the moon;
A tumbling and tossing mee things over, and they didn't find so much as a spoon;
And as for the dratted dripping, a pretty fuss they made—I'm certain 'twas right—
Or I was desaved, for the man said so, when he came every Monday to buy 't.
Pretty Christians they must be that would persecute Judy and kill her,
Just for laying by a penny or so, to get her a hat and mantiller;
And a bit of a breastpin, and a sunshade; and now and then taking an airing;
And if I went out of a Sunday, no end of their coorsing and swearing,
Not allowing, your riverence that 'twas to church I'd been, and forgetting I was a sinner,
And couldn't and wonldn't go to the divil, not for thim and their dirty old dinner.
No followers allowed! What is that but a haythen oppression I say,
When yee can't ask your cousin to see yee, and give him a mouthful of tay.
Faith! things were bad enough before, with their watchings, and pryings, and rules;
Without training 'em up to it, the little darlings! And sure don't they go to the schools
Just to learn the croshay and worsted—and Miss Mary 'twas worked St. Paul
With illigant blue eyes, and a crook in his hand—a handsome man and a tall!
What should they do, slaving down stairs, and spiling their beautiful figures,
And no better off, if you come to that, than a parcel of ugly niggers.
Cooks is cooks ain't they? And quality's quality surely,
And small harm to any one taking a sip, when they happen to feel a bit poorly;
They might be doing better than coming down smellin' a poor craythur's breath;
For never a drop pass'd my mouth that day—if it did may it be my death.
Though some folks spoke that way, and was talking of calling
For one of the men with stars on their coats, if I didn't at once stop bawling;
And must have slept in the street—leastways to the station have gone;
But Bridget my cousin, took me in—good luck to the day she was born!
Missuses for cooks! But really that can't be at-all-at-all what you meant;
For think, may it please your riverence, what a muss they'll make of the fishes in Lent.
'Tis a rage St. Peter 'll be in, when he sees all his little pets spiled,
All to rags, and tatters, and flinders, most ondacently biled.
Be aisy, your riverence! Mind your book, and we will mind the fryin';
So very humbly your servant, to command, yours,

Judy O'Brien.

Con. by a Black Republican.

Why are Lincoln and Hamlin like a darkey's shins?
Because they are above de-feet (defeat).

The state of our City Postal System since the new Regulations.
"Without form and Boyd."

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

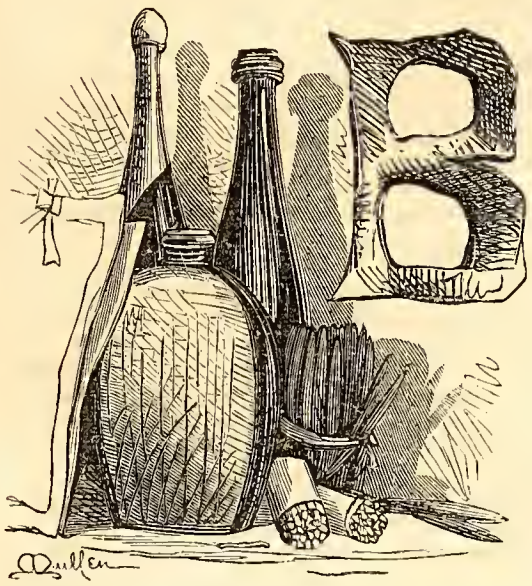
AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALBANY AND WESTWARD HO!



BOYS! BOYS screamed WIDOW at our door in Albany hotel, "do tumble out if you're dressed—don't stop if you are a little dis habillowy—but for goodness sake do put yourselves outside of your door—you lazy, naughty ungallivantivorological callilithumpians——"

Two small fists pounding accompaniment all the time on door. Two small feet, dancing alternatively on floor. Made my appearance *in shirtsleevibus*, one boot on.

"Well WIDOW—what's the news? Can't you give a fellow time to put his rouge on or do up his curls or——"

"Gracious!—there's RANDOLPHICUS asleep—quick—do find me a boot!—ah!"—And catching up the missile, she fired it with great dexterity, taking RANDOLPH a severe clip on side of head, and knocking him like a bullet from a sling, out of Land of Nod, back into Albany and into the "Delavan House." Transition from aqua-fortis rage down to broad Virginny, amazed stare, in RANDOLPH's face, very fine, as he found out what hit him.

"Just look at him!" cried WIDOW—"isn't it perfectly enamelled? Why *don't* you shoot, Oh DOLPHIN—*please* fire!—is the lock of your bowie knife out of order, or havn't you had your revolver sharpened?—Now *don't* you wish you had a big gutta percha——*are you ready?—fire—one—two!*"

And with the last word, a hotel Bible went bang at RANDOLPH, and the WIDOW fled from the room, shrieking with delight. Dressed by that time—followed her—inquired why we couldn't have time to Brummelize up a little before supper——"

"Oh you dear geese—I came to tell you I'm on good behavior now——"

"Whe—e—e—ew! I see you."

"Well—the enemy are down stairs—horse, foot and dragons."

"Goons, you mean?"

"No—*gons*—paragons of propriety they are, let me tell you, BROADWAY—Oh what a good name that is of yours—"broad is the way," isn't it, "which leadeth to distraction." Well—as I was saying, there's a Transcendental cousin and a Come-Outer aunt and a Cross-Cut Cameronian uncle, (I'm a *De*cameronian myself you know, of the *Beau-catcher* sect;) and there's a Holy Roller niece and a Speeritual Seventh-Sister—goodness alive!"

"And ne'er a Civilized Brick in the party."

"Nary brick."

"No escape?"

"Nary 'scape."

"Fraternize with 'em?"

"Tol lol de rido."

And WIDOW put hand on either hip, and Mephistophelied up her left eyebrow—I needn't say that her hat came down in sharp tune—and eyeing me very sinceriously, she sang solemnly, for several minutes:

"Oh Law. gals—gim'me chaw tobacco!
Oh Law, gals—gim'me chaw tobacco!"

"Well—WIDOW!"

"I'm a listenin' brother."

"Sail in! They're human beings, anyhow. Sail's the word. Let's reform! 'Twont hurt. We'll all be left behind in the morning."

"We cant."

"Bet you a bonnet on it."

"Amen."

So down we sailed. WIDOW left fast hat outside, tied handkerchief over head, so's to look nun-like, picked up volume from hall table—walked into parlor very oblivious—gave scream of surprise at finding self among relatives—came up rather soon to time—introduced me very cast-irongularly as one of two gentlemen who were so very kind as to take her under escort to the Falls where she expected to meet the GREENLEAFS——

——"'LEAVES' WILLEMINA" interrupted the grammatical aunt.

"The idea of my *ever* making so gross a sillycism!—after the blessed corrections I have so often received from you, dear aunt! And before the celebrated Doctor SPUYTENTUYFEL."

Looked virtuously down on ground—knew what a whapper was coming—felt bad—braced nerves to bear it.

"Doctor SPUYTENTUYFEL—Omnibus Prosessor of Ethics in Spylorum University. He fills the Hebrew chair, whenever the regular teacher Miss SALOME SALAMON is absent. He is also the Milamour instructor of *Savoir Faire et Vivre*, has classes in the æsthetics of comic sections—wrote "The Converted Coon"—and holds all the appointments in Mathematics, philosophy and languages."

[Don't think my dear Uninitiated Reader that WIDOW pumped it extra strong in all this. Could point out a good many universities, where immense array of professorships are filled, as a dozen parts in one play, used to be filled by CHARLES MATHEWS—all by one 'dividual.]

Cousin spoke first after introduction. She was one whom Nature had tried hard to make good looking, but only succeeded in forming a common church-belle, of twenty-eight—one of the kind who look well, while silent, in a congregation or an audience.

"This is a Privilege. I admire to meet Congeners. I am myself Intellectual."

Bowed sweetly, and said sweetlier, that I felt and knew it. Sweetness made about as much impression as rain-drop on flint.

"Of course. Truth will self-manifest. I admire to see Truth. Between the Gifted, it establishes an Af——"

(She was about to say "affinity," but remembered that word had been rather run to ground of late, and so substituted "af—fection."

"You are Gifted. I admire to see gifts. But they are only Sporadic. Genius is Unitary. Tell me briefly. What is your EARNEST IDEA?"

WIDOW darted delighted glance at me, over her cousin's head, and put up the eye brows *a la* Satanella, as much as to say, "you're pinned *now*—anyhow." Tipped her the wink back, as I blandly replied:

"SYNTHESIS. I am Developing."

WIDOW imperceptibly simulated faintness, while she delicately warbled *sottisimo voce!*

"*Dieu! quelle tete il a!*"

"I admire to hear the confessional of Development. Development when Homo-genous is Unitary. But you Tend, I guess. Whence? Have you got a Norm?"

And the WIDOW lifted up her eyes, and peered anxious-beseechingly at me, as if to say, "*Have* you such an article about you?—or did you leave it up stairs, in your trunk?" I went ahead.

"It avails not to bisect the Inchoate. Even in Inception, the Monad is Dual and Trial. I tend, thou Tendest she attends, Creation globed and orbed radiates the Multiple. I collogate—and pass!"

Party broke up—COUSIN euchred—WIDOW walked solemnly out—as she reached door, began to hum psalmishly—as we got out, hum louded up into the old song:

"My grandfather was such a wonderful man,
Flang, dang, diddle de dang."

Oh you old darling! Where did *you*, of all men, ever learn to hold up your head among the illuminati? SAUL among the prophets!"

"Easy enouge, chicken. Went to school in my boyhood, to PLATO ALLTALK SKIMPOLE—read the *Dial* from the word go—and NENA SAHIB all along. Never see a roulette ball spin, that I don't recal some of his verses—you never happened to know, did you, that the Egyptian priests, played roulette—Horus Apollo—and Pascasius Justus—odd and even, Typhon and Isis—ball-world spinning eternally in orbit—final judgment——"

"Poor creature! He's gone crazy. Oh this comes of introducing you to those dreadful people! Oh BROADWAY—do you feel better, dear!—look at me—do you know who's speaking to you? Here—smell this cologne—Oh RANDOLPH—I'm so glad you've come!"

So they helped me into private parlor—WIDOW fanning me, and

RANDOLPH punching me. I leaned back on sofa, and ejaculated feebly :

"Medicine!"

"Forty drops, POLLY!"

And POLLY RANDOLPH brought out from the side-pocket of his *pareil partout*, or all-over-alike gray travelling-suit a great, jolly, smooth-worn, fat, roundy, merry, bewitching shiny, old leather bottel—well did we know it, from ancient days, That solemn singer of many lays, saying : '*gobble—obble*' in every land, In a tongue which all men understand. Hey ho—landelow! By moonlight when the north winds blow, High on the shore or far in the ship—*Gobble obble*—it goes to the lip—Where they love by the grape. or live by the malt—On the turn of the tide, between fresh and salt Far in the forest, or over the bay—'*Gobble, gobble*' it singeth alway.

Now, good fellows, may the Old Scratch pocket you all—or drive you all before him, from Murray Hill down to the Battery, and kick you off into the East River—or off the Hoboken ferry, towards Jersey if ye prefer it—if ye don't give the WIDOW credit for saying one good thing just here. For the jolly old leather bottel, which we knew of old, was of a lighty-whity stone color, below a certain line, or brandy and water mark while above, it was of a rich chocolate meerschaum brown. And the WIDOW seeing this, exclaimed :

"DOLPHIN!"

"Well, sister!"

"You must have drunk hard at that bottle, *to color it so well.* Keep on! It's *bèn culotèe* now, and ahead of your pipe. Go it meerschaum!—brandy flask's a-gaining on you!"

And with this she held the medicine to my lips, feeling my pulse and fanning me. I swallowed. New life seemed to inspire my veins—I sot right up on eend—salutiferous. There are times and place when brandy *used simply as a medicine*, is beneficial. But remember—*only as a medicine.*

"How do you feel BROADY!"

"All right, festive!"

"Good—we'll keep you so. Keep you away from those dreadful Intellectuals. Uh 'h 'h 'h!! I shiver to think of them. Heighho!

THE GRAND WALTZ OF TRIUMPH.

Let's be jolly! Hang care, it killed a what dy'e callem! *Tol lol de rido! Vive la compagnie!* Let's go to supper, and then take a walk by the light of the moon.

"The token that ye Knight hadd brought,
Ye Ladye sett it all at naught,
Down att her Feete she lett it fall.
And wrathfullie turned her withal."
SIR EGER. SIR GRAEME, and SIR GRAY-STEEL.

Were left behind next morning of course. RANDOLPH taken sick—groans—lay dramatically on sofa—face chalked. WIDOW in sal-ammoniac tears—vowed she'd nurse him spite of scandal—come FLORENCE NIGHTENGALE over 'em—Sister Charity—all sorts things. Relatives in a severe quarrel—COUSIN regarding WIDOW's determination as an "Apodictic Mission"—Cameronian Uncle down on it like a cart-load of Algerine Zouaves, on a stray hen. All agreed in clearing out though—'fraid the disease contagious. Grand scene—watched 'em from window—"There, there!" screamed WIDOW—"the carriage is at the door." (General listening.)

The trunks are going down stairs. Please Ma'am, may I get up!"

"Wait a minute, DOLPHY!"

"They're getting into the carriage."

"Lie still sister ANNIE."

"They're crying good by!"

"Well—I'm not BLUE BEARD, RANDOLPHO mio!"

"THEY'RE OFF!!"

"Go it brother—time's up!"

And leaping from sick sofa, RANDOLPH passed arm around Ye Sister of Charitie, and waltzed her seventeen times around the parlor, as a signal of exultation, and as a volley of joy, fired over the departure of the Enemy. It was a real triumphal Waltz, Miss, and the way they went it, expressed as much as ten thousand hurrahs and a tiger—though it had no better music to accompany it, than my whistling, *Go it while you're young* in double quick time, and hammering the table with my cigar-case :

Going it like good fellows—bringing it out perfectly ripe, and brown and orange, crimson, and plum-red purple. Don't you understand my coloring? "No," quoth she. Then try one such waltz with one such WIDOW and lo! it will appear plain as wall paper. At any rate you will understand that it was a great relief for we three to be out of the hands of the Philistines and "slung out on the loose" again, free to travel and cut up just as we blessed pleased?

Long day's travel this side o' Buffalo. But we kept alive in cars. Riding along, going it strong, with great-hearted WIDOW a-singing a song. 'Tother side Utica, lady and gentleman got into car—WIDOW dried up. RANDOLPH noticed strange lady drop ring—went picked it up—offered it back—like anybody. Singular *tableau*—lady jumped up on end, as if shot—grand passion—tremendous fireworks.

"How dare *you* sir, of all men living"—fierce stare—"how DARE you"—aquafortis accent on the *a*—"offer ME again a courtesy after *our* past," or—(voice beginning to quaver)—"or—oh!—oh!—really—I—you're not the gentleman—I beg pardon—mistaken in the person sir."

It was a beautiful specimen of simmering down, and drying up with all the time finely marked, every note distinct, from the top of the crescendo-inuendo, down to the bottom of the diminuendo. The effect was greatly increased—protem—by a shot from the WIDOW.

"Why BLANCHE!—who under the sun *did* you take him for, anyhow,? He isn't as tall as the Episcopal clergyman—nor as stout as your old beau BENDERLY BOBLY—nor as——"

"Why to tell the truth WILLIE," replied BLANCHE with an arch, queer, very quiet smile which betokened from afar off the bursting of a bomb-*sell* of the most awful and tremendous description—"to tell the truth, I didn't take him for anybody in particular but for some friend of yours—and any one is pretty safe you know in joking with such jolly ducks as you travel with!"

WIDOW just drew back—gazed straight at BLANCHE from under her eye-brows—rolled her under-lip clear away beneath her lower, in open undisguised admiration. RANDOLPH and I however respectfully uncovered, bowed our heads low for a minute in attitude of adoration, and approaching the lady humbly proffered our hats. She acknowledge the homage with the air of a queen familiar with such worship.

"Well BLANCHE," finally exclaimed WIDOW—"I'm very glad to see you. These are my friends, Messieurs SPUYTENTUYFEL and RAND——"

"Ah! exclaimed BLANCHE," visibly affected—"The VANITY FAIRIES. Gentlemen—I have heard of you. I have followed your footsteps since you quitted Gramercy Park, with a well nigh passional attraction, for I recognize in you two of the Mystic Brotherhood of the RIGHT SORT. But WILLIE when did you come in."

"Oh why only on the last chapter. See what a capital likeness. *Isn't* it like me?"

"Perfect my love. But really—I forgot to present—ah—here he comes, My brother in law Captain DICK DAMBANGER of Molochville in Apollyon Co. Maryland." So the party was made up—and a high old party it was.

If WIDOW was Robin Good Fellow, fair witch, or wild She-Fawn of merry mischief, what shall I call BLANCHE! I think the type of

LIFE AT SARATOGA.

Jinkins in Ambush.—REA-LLY, NOW—HERE IS AN ITEM FOR MY NEXT LETTER TO THE HERALD. SCRIBBLES—" ASTOUNDING GOSSIP—RUMOR OF APPROACHING MARRIAGE—FASCINATING MISS S—M—TH."

Bound to take the " Pot."

The New Haven *Palladium* says that a " *succotash*" electoral ticket has been agreed on in the State of Connecticut as the only means of defeating the Republicans. Politics and the kitchen seem to have come together in the Nutmeg State; we shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that they had Democratic Corn-Beef-and-Cabbage Clubs up that way, too.

A Great (Eastern) Difference.

It is well known the folks on the other side of the water could not launch the " big ship" without making a mess of it. It is equally certain they could not lunch the passengers here without the same result.

About Right.

OLD VOX POPULI says that the practice of representing the figure of Justice, with a balance in her hands, is now more than ever appropriate, since all sorts of Justice, in these days, is exceedingly Scaley.

Shakespeare on Lincoln.

I'll tell thee, [DOUGLAS] half thy power, this night, Passing these *flats*, are taken by the tide. These LINCOLN washes have devoured them. [*King John, Act V, Scene VI.*]

Caution—Beware of Cheap Cigars!

We are grieved to be obliged to announce the recent death of the young man in Brooklyn, who endeavored to celebrate the Fourth of July, by smoking seventy " sixes."

Ought to be Abolished.

The Evil Courses of cheap restaurants.

her face was of some long forgotten Phenician or Etrurian deity of primæval laughter—some Medea of Mirth, or Astarte of High Old Times, or Mylitta of the days of Brick-worship, when to be a Brick was to be holy. Come down from thy throne on Mound Meru, and favor us for an instant with thy beauty for a photograph that they who see it, may know the type on which BLANCH was modelled. Thus endeth Ye Thirde Lesson.

THE SONG OF THE BEGGAR.

I.

I sit all day in the crowded street,
'Mid the sound of wheels and hurrying feet,
In the sunlight warm, and the cruel sleet;
And very hard is my marble seat:
Hard and cold as the hearts of those,
Robed in laces and satin clothes,
Who pass me by as tho' I were stone;
A wonder it is that I have not grown
To the pavement here, a statue of bone,
For the wind to wail thro' and shriek and moan.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold!
Poverty makes the young look old.

II.

From morning to noon, from noon to night;
In the broad, bright day, and the wan gas-light;
Like a specter gaunt, the children to fright,
As they wander by—'till my aching sight
Grows dim with tears at the very thought
Of my child, mine! her whom I brought
Into this world of hunger and sin,
Dying at home! O the dreadful din
Of these shameless streets!—will it never begin
To warmer grow, for my blood is thin.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold!
Poverty makes the young look old.

III.

O mother, for so I judge you to be,
Pray turn not in silent scorn from me,
For I am a woman like unto thee;
But the poor are slaves, while the rich are free.
Sad it is to be so shut out
From human creatures round about.
Sweet lady, I was once young and fair,
But it seems an age since my frosty hair
Grew gray and thin from mute despair,
The still-born offspring of Want and Care.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold!
Poverty makes the young look old.

IV.

The dark night comes, and the stars look down
From the peaceful skies on the heartless town;
On my hopeless woe they seem to frown
In their jewel-splendor, so like a crown.
Pity!—ah, none! in vain I sue
For a penny, or a crust to chew!
The streets grow thin, and colder the air;
And my heart grows faint as I mount the stair,
When I think of the chamber, blank and bare,
And the starving creature that waits me there.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold!
Poverty makes the young look old.

O. K. with a Bouquet thrown in.

The other day we learned from a mammoth 'poster' that the Brothers LUBIN appear every evening somewhere or other, we have forgotten where, and go through with large quantities of legerdemain. If we went to see them, simply from their coincidence of name with that of the great perfumer, we should expect something *Extrait* at every performance.

A NEW "SONG OF A BELLE."

ELL us not in prosy numbers,
Woman rightly shy have been;
For Distrust too much encumbers,
T' other sex who marriage mean.

Maidenhood, if thou retainest—
Sore it irks thy virgin soul.
Maid thou art—a maid remainest!"
Better death than such a role.

WHAT THE BELLE THOUGHT TO HERSELF.

Long the chase—and time is fleeting!
Our mammas, so strong and brave,
Often follow a retreating
Man, with one leg in the grave.

How those rich young men are cherished
Who are looking for a wife;
And the "dows" who've dropt and perished
Mark the hotness of the strife.

WHAT THE BELLE SAID TO THE WOMEN.

Talk to no men, howe'er pleasant,
Who are not prepared to wed!
Choose one who can make a present
And who's willing to be led.

Lives of all fast men remind us
We can have a jolly time,
And departing leave behind us
Bills for "hats" that were "divine"—

Bills for "dry goods," that some other,
Knowing that we can't refrain—
(Some good-natured friend or brother)
Paying, we'll contract again.

If to your dismay and sorrow,
You are forced these bills to pay.
Learn to put off till to-morrow,
What you promised for to-day.

If the world should of you tattle
Stories of your married life—
Do not risk a doubtful battle,
Try and do the martyred wife.

If perchance you be pursuing
In the "German's" headlong gait,
What may be your heart's undoing,
Swear that 'tis but *Kismet*—fate!

Query for New Yorkers.

Which is preferable, the Post Office Boyd, as of old, or Manned, as at present?

MORE BRITISH FAIR PLAY.

Again the American Eagle flaps his wings, and crows a mighty crow. The British Lion however, on this occasion, does not roar with his usual vigor. Neither is his leonine tail exalted with that exaltation of rejoicing and defiance so noticeable on the coming of the *Great Eastern* to these shores.

Well may that effete old beast slink away in silence, for the glorious Bird of Freedom has just descended from his cloud-capped eyrie, and for the thousand-and-oneth time, "got him where his hair is short."

The Lion has been caught again at that old trick of his of finding things when they weren't lost, which, when indulged in by humbler creatures, is very apt to lead to striped suits and stone bedrooms, seven by three.

The Lion's crack production, the *Great Eastern*, which for the past month we have fêted and welcomed as a triumph of English skill and perseverance, *owes its success in a great measure, as it turns out, to a purely American invention.*

It appears that in 1848 a patent was granted to Mr. James Elnathan Smith, of Greenport, New York, which secured to him "the sole right of the combined use of side wheels and steam screws in the propulsion of steam vessels." Long before Messrs. BRUNEL & STEPHENSON had decided upon the system for the *Great Eastern's* motive power, this invention of Mr. SMITH's was tendered them. Those distinguished engineers turned up their noses and dismissed the proposition with the usual English criticism—"impracticable."

Afterwards Messrs BRUNEL & STEPHENSON changed their minds. The American combination was not so "impracticable" after all, and they were only too glad to avail themselves of it. But they were not so ready to recognize the source from which they derived it. They did not recognize that source at all. Mr. SMITH had consequently, no share in the praises that were lavished upon Messrs. BRUNEL & STEPHENSON in this particular. And his discovery, he had also the satisfaction of knowing, was set down as an emanation of the great British mind!

As the patent laws of the United States are not extended over any foreign vessel so as to effect any construction or equipment she may bring hither, Mr. SMITH had no redress for the injustice that had been done him, even when the "big ship" was propelled into the port by that very same principle of which he had been robbed. But when the *Great Eastern* went into the excursion business and starved people down to Cape May and back, at $10 a head, she lost her foreign character, and came within the jurisdiction of our laws.

Here was Mr. SMITH's chance to nip the British Lion.

He nipped him.

Last week Mr. JAMES ELNATHAN SMITH, brought suit against the proprietors of the *Great Eastern* for an infringement of his patent, laying his damages at $50,000.

And VANITY FAIR sincerely trusts that he will get the money.

As for you Mr. BRITISH LION, to parody the perpetual speech of the Englishman in the play, you haven't any inventions in your country. It can't be expected, you know. You haven't got the inventors! So when you make up your mind to build another monster vessel, just have the honesty to send over to this country for such ideas of ours as you want, and to pay for them when you get them. Don't wait until you send your ship here and we are compelled to mar our enthusiastic welcome of her by the unpleasant pendant of a law suit, before you deal fairly with the men on this side of the water whose quick brains have contributed to your success.

If we were you, Mr. BRITISH LION, and had been discovered in such a mean piece of business as this, we should roar as gently as any sucking dove for some time to come.

You may go now.

Exactly So.

Little POTTERKINS writes us that it's very extraordinary to see all the smallest shops in town calling themselves "Emporiums," and "Bazaars," and such like. POTTERKINS says they do this over on the Eighth avenue to an extent that is wonderful. Every little tumbledown, ramshackle shanty on that thoroughfare arrogates a sumptuous title, and POTTERKINS marvels at it. He needn't, for doesn't GEORGE LAW's railroad run through that thoroughfare; and doesn't GEORGE blight and wither everything that he has anything to do with? Bless you! POTTERKINS my boy, the little avenue shops struggle up into sight only through their calling themselves big names. That's the LAW of their existence. There never will be a chance for a *real* bazaar so long as GEORGE lives.

The Protectionist's Motto.

"N'importe?"

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

Our European Letter.

No. 2.

Hotel D'Angleterre, Baden-Baden, July 30th, 1860.

Here we are again, at this charming place, drinking hot water before breakfast, reading Galignani, or Zschokke, or Heine, in the Büchersaal, climbing to the Old Castle, to delight in the *marvellous* panorama of Black forest and winding Rhine, strolling through wood paths with *gnædige frau* Hildegarde (a widow now, alas—she was a maiden in the "Initials")—driving for hours in the wierd valley of the Murgthal, or looking over the shoulders of everybody, at that tragedy in still life, the demoniacally fascinating *roulette* or *rouge et noir*. I don't mention the waltzing—that would 'nt be proper; nor the *little* Vanity Fair along the avenues over the river by the Conversations-haus, as you, the *great* Vanity Fair, might think me personal.

Pleasant it is for us Republicans to be where there are so many titles as here—nobody is without one. Nothing less than a baron about—all English are milords, all Americans are Majors, or Colonels, or Professors, at least. I have written to a friend of the Governor's to have me made an aid-de-camp, and, on the strength of the request (which of course will be granted) have *allowed* Fred to call me General. Even a New-York Alderman might pass here as respectable (so long as he was 'nt known) on his title. I trod, yesterday, after dinner, on the toe of the Prince Leiningen; and as I started back to apologize, knocked the meerschaum out of the mouth of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg; it caught in the forty-first rib of the skirt of Mrs. Abrahams, the lady of a second-hand clothes-dealer, of St. Louis, Mo.

One ought to know a little of the language, to make acquaintances, here. Fred had to fight a duel with a student, fresh from Heidelberg, with whom he was beginning to be intimate—because his friend being a Count, he addressed him in a note as Mein Herr, (Sir) instead of Hochgeborener Herr (Highborn Sir)! The duel came off with swords, student fashion, minus the gloves and leather jacket. Fred, in his unsophistication, would certainly have pinked him, but that the seconds knocked up the swords after the little finger of the Count shewed blood. In the logic of the duello, this was rather an a-Pryor-i than a-Potter-iori method, was it not?

Speaking of the want of German, a different kind of affliction resulted from it in the mind of a protégé of Spurgeon's, just come hither for his health. I overheard his soliloquy, thus: "Bad place this—worthy of its name; Baden-Baden—double bad—nothing but bad—from the Baden-scher Hof, down to the bad-wasser, and the bad wine, too—very bad indeed—thin vinegar—*vin to pay*—plenty to pay for it, but it don't pay to drink it. When I came here the Bad-meister wanted to put me to sleep in a Bad-haus!! I go to see the hot springs, and they take me through a *Snake-in Garden*, and when I get there, they call it *hell!* Awful country!"

But I must give you some news. Whom do you think I met, gazing at the "*baiser de la vierge*," and standing thoughtfully on the *oubliette*, at the Castle, yesterday? You can't guess. It was Fowler, ex-postmaster of New-York! How did I know him? to be sure I never saw him before, but then the descriptions given of him by so many persons who saw him in various places, immediately after his *wonderful* escape from Marshall Rynders, were all *so* accurate and so alike, one could'nt help knowing him.

From London, we hear much of the International Statistical Congress. Two questions seem especially to have occupied the members; 1st: Have we a negro among us? 2d: Is the negro a man? Committees having been appointed, the first was reported upon by Lord Brougham; the second, by Mr. Delancy, a colored delegate, black as the *couleur* of the croupier—Professor of Belles Lettres, in the University of Dahomey. Lord Brougham, having been somewhat addled by the extreme abstruseness of the first question, addressed, by mistake, his report to Mr. Dallas, instead of the Chairman of the meeting; shewing, as young Lord Chesterfield is said to have observed, that, if, a New Broom always sweeps clean, an Old Brougham sometimes, *don't*. (N. B.—*quite* new.)

A rather singular development of the "Idées Napoliennes," is now on the tapis. The expedition to Syria has just been announced; but it has long been contemplated. It may not be generally known that the popular air, "Partant pour la Syrie," was composed by Louis Napoleon, while he was in America, expressly in view of *this* campaign. Abd-el-Kader was sent to Damascus to foment, secretly, a civil war. The programme includes Egypt; and the whole domain of the Sultan will then be divided between France, Russia, and M. de Lamartine. This carving of Turkey will begin about Christmas-time. The great difficulty will be about Jerusalem; as Russia and France both want it badly. Sir Moses Montefiore will probably be allowed to purchase it, on behalf of the Kansas Emigration Society; the funds being supplied by the congregation of H. Ward Beecher's church. The editor of the *World* is already canvassing for the office of Mayor of the New Jerusalem.

By the way, Spurgeon has been here this season. I heard of a characteristic illustration of the great power of his eloquence. It having been announced that he would preach one Sunday in German, at

Baron Stumksieck.

the Conversationshaus (part of the Grand Saloon being partitioned off for him) so immense was the concourse, that the bank at the gaming-tables took in twice as many thalers and florins, not to speak of Napoleons and francs, as they had done any other Sunday in the season! M. Benezet is said to have offered to pay Spurgeon's expenses, if he would preach another week; but he declined; being content with the addition to the Tabernacle fund, of the franc a-piece paid for seats to hear his sermon.

I have just made the acquaintance of the young Baron Schönmunznachberghaus, a relative of the Duke of Nassau, who owns the Steinberg vineyards (equal, you know to the Johannisberg.) He introduced me to his cousin, nephew to the late Prince Metternich, now resident at the Chateau of Johannisberg. Over our third bottle, the latter, named Count Charles von Stumksieck, informed me, in confidence, that he and the young Baron were about to cross the Atlantic in a yacht, to catch *Cod fish* on the banks of Newfoundland; having concluded, from the use of the term "Cod-fish aristocracy," that that amusement was the exclusive privilege of upper ten thousand in New-York. It is possible that they may stop for a short time at New-York and Philadelphia to arrange for the disposal of a few baskets of their family wines. It is understood, however, that Mr. Wolfe will not be their agent; a recent German reprint of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" having slightly pejudiced them against the renowned Schnapper.

Much more I have to tell you, about literature, art, science, &c., in my next. For to-day, *le jeu est fait*. Everything I write you, my dear V. F., is, you may rely upon it beyond doubt, authentic,

From yours, truly,

Prime.

What Next?

The *Tribune* in reply to some statements made by the *Journal of Commerce*, says:—"The *Journal* economizes the truth."

Who ever expected to see such a polite synonym for lying as this, in the outspoken *Tribune*.

Conundrum, by the Most Fiendish Person Connected With Our Establishment.

What variety of bat is most nearly allied to the birds?

A-cro-bat, of course.

A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

Policeman.—" OFF THE GRASS, SIR—KEEP OFF THE GRASS!"

Professor. (triumphantly) "GRASS, YOU QUEER MAN?—THERE ISN'T A BLADE OF GRASS HERE? THE HERBAGE IN THESE NEW-YORK PARKS, CONSISTS EXCLUSIVELY OF ARMONICA TRIVIALIS AND CUSACOLA COMMUNIS, WITH AN OCCASIONAL PATCH OF GARAFRAXA LATIFOLIA!"

THE P. O. POTHER.

Once upon a time, strange as it may appear, the city of New York had among its other more or less valuable properties, a complete set of Post Office Regulations. If, however, things go on as they have gone on for the past month, the wretched metropolis will, very shortly, be left without a Regulation to its back. An old regulation that is, for of new ones there is no end. Postmaster-General Holt and New York Postmaster Dix turn out, we believe, any quantity of these latter every day.

But the people of New York, stupid and obstinate people that they are, do not see the use of these new Regulations that have been so kindly made for them by Postmaster-General Holt and New York Postmaster Dix. They say, these stupid and obstinate people do, that the new Regulations are annoying! that they are complicated!! That, in point of fact, they are raving and incomprehensible Regulations!!!

"Because why?"

"Why, because," say the people, "we have now to pay one cent on every letter that is carried to the General Post Office, where, under the old Regulations, we paid nothing; because we are subjected to the trouble, trifling in some instances, burdensome in most, of putting two different kinds of stamp on every letter that we send by the city boxes through the mail; because we are compelled, will we, nill we, to rely upon the promptness and dispatch, of the U. S. carriers, who are neither reliable nor fleet, and are denied the BOYD who was both; because, last and most important reason of all, we have no confidence in the government slow-coaches, and when we relinquish a city letter to a lamp-post box, have no more idea that it will reach its destination until two or three days afterward than that COXE "can keep a hotel" or that the One-hundred-and-five-thousand-dollar Committee is honest."

Such is the Vox Populi. And daily is the V. P. heard through the press. Every daily paper contains its quota of letters from the citizen—the citizen indignant, or the citizen plaintive—imploring or praying that his BOYD be returned to him. For with BOYD bliss comes also.

And why not BOYD? asks VANITY FAIR. BOYD "boon to the community," as the *Herald* calls him? BOYD, in whom we all put our trust? BOYD with his fifty faithful carriers, and his business of $70,000 per annum?

Is General JOHN A. DIX, Postmaster of the City of New York, so great and omniscient a person that he can be nothing benefitted by the counsel of Mr. BOYD, of BOYD's City Post? The citizens of the daily protest and the diurnal wail seem to think not. The *Herald* seems to think not. The *Herald* even goes so far as to call DIX a "blundering bungler." We refrain from siding with the *Herald* for we have hopes of DIX yet. We hope that he will extend the right hand of fellowship to BOYD. That he will make him Superintendant of the City Delivery that he (BOYD) understands so well. That DIX and BOYD, finally, may become as one man.

And why may they not? With the exception of the private expresses, likely as it now appears, letter-writing will not altogether die out. Still from Wall street will old GUBBINS find occasion to indite to his estimable spouse in far Twenty-third, those words "Chops and tomato sauce at six," which coming to BARDELL, relict from PICKWICK, bachelor, represented such an amount of mysterious fondness; while young JOHN, of West Washington Place, will write as before to ARAMINTA, of Murray Hill.

These missives instead of being carried by private expresses, BOYD's and others, will be thrown into the hands of the government carriers, a body of men who have always seemed to have had more carrying than they could possibly attend to. Reinforcements will be needed, and here, it is plain, is Mr. DIX's chance to effect a *coup de maitre*. By engaging the fifty or more men whom his late edict has thrown into the street, he will combine a prudent official measure with a positive act of justice.

Let him do this and we shall at last have an end in our Post Office of what Mr. POPE calls "old mismanagements, taxations new." Let him do this and VANITY FAIR will be enabled to soothe the indignant citizen and the citizen plaintive, soothe him with these words more mollifying even than the "SOOTHING SYRUP of WINSLOW:

"There, take BOYD. Bless you. May you be happy."

JOHN BULL'S OLD NIGHTMARE.

"Even this night your breathing shall expire. * * If LOUIS do win the day." *King John, Act V., Scene IV.*

PORTLANDE'S FOLLIE:
OR,
Ye Doleful Lamente of ye Distressed Portlanderes.

Whyche presenteth ye *dramatis personæ*, and ye Motus of ye Songe.

'Tis of ye troubled Portlanders,
A goodlie companie,
Ande of ye shippe Greate Easterne,
Whyche sayled across ye see;
A song I will in sadnesse write,
In sorrowe wille sette downe,
Of howe she didde deceive usse alle
Of famous Portlande towne.

CHORUSSE—

Whyche beinge ye chorusse muste bee repeatede aftere everie verse.

Oh! Wickede shippe Greate Easterne,
Whyche sayled acrosse ye see—
Whyche sayled acrosse ye oceane deepe,
But sayl-ed not for we.

Whyche presentethe somme of ye peculiarities of ye monsterre shippe.

She was a goodlie shippe I weene
As evere plowed ye mayne,
So bigge a crafte had ne'er beene seene,
And ne'er will be agayne,
Ye grasse it grewe uponne one ende
Whyle 'tother ende they mowede,
And whenne itte rayned uponne ye bowes
Uponne ye sterne itte snowed.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche continuthe ye descriptionne of ye monsterre shippe.

Uponne herre decks with gamesomme wyles
Ye littel lambkinnes played,
Nor dreamed howe soone their tenderre skinnes
Would bee by butchere flayed;
And where greene pasturre thickeste grewe
Were cattel seene to graze;
It was a straynge ande wondrouse sceene,
And didde ye world amaze.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche is *dittoe, dittoe*, as ye laste verse.

And wee were tolde by seemenne bolde,
And landesmenne timide too,
That "deepe withinne herre bowelles darke
Straynge monstrouse creatures grewe;
Confined in everlastinge gloome—
Ye firemanne so sterne
Watched daye and nighte ye fires brighte
That they should evere burne."

CHORUSSE.

Whyche continuethe to *dittoe, dittoe*.

"And there ye stokerre stoketh yette
The firemanne stille dothe fire;
To makc ye bigge shippe fastere goe
Is all ye twayne desire.
A score of steersmenne steere ye whcele,
Five hundredde watche eache maste,
And fiftie more they heave ye leade
Whenne shee is sayling faste."

CHORUSSE.

Whyche concludethe ye descriptione of ye monsterre shippe.

"Oh! Shee is long and shee is highe,
And shee is deepe, I trowe,
And once a week a ponie-mayle
Brings tydinges from beloe;
Ande when they hoyste ye bannerre uppe
Uponne a pleasant daye,
They putte it in a great balloone
Ande sende it on its waye."

CHORUSSE.

Whyche relatethe howe ye Portlanderes hearde of ye greate shippe ande herre wautes.

And so strange tales were told to us
Of aunciente Portlande towne,
Aboute this monsterre of ye sees,
This jewelle in ye crowne;
Ande howe shee soughte a harboure fitte,
To laye her lengthe alonge—
A harboure deepe—a harboure wide—
Shutte in bye barrieres stronge.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche tellethe of ye harboure of aunciente Portlande.

a! Ha! We knewe oure harboure deepe,
HWe knew oure harboure wyde,
e knewe uponne its surface broade
Tenne thousande shippes might ride;
Tenne thousande fathommes farre belowe
We knewe was waterre yette,
In manie a longe yeare 's soundynges
No bottomme hadde we mette.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche relatethe of ye message sente to ye mammothe shippe by ye aunciente towne of Portlande.

We sente acrosse ye oceanne wyde
A shippe bothe stronge ande fleete,
To saye to this majesticke crafte,
Whenevere theye shoulde meete:
"Come, followe us, bolde Brytisshe shippe,
Come, followe us amayne,
And we wille showe you suche a lande
You ne'er shalle see agayne."

CHORUSSE.

Howe ye shippe accepted ye invitatione, ande howe ye citie prepared to receive herre.

Theye sente us worde that theye woulde come
Ande teste oure harboure large,
Ande we to studie bente ourselves
To proffitt bye ye charge.
We built a monsterre piere from oute
Oure towne into ye see,
That shee mighte laye her lengthe alonge,
Ande comfor-ta-ble bee.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche relatethe ye variouse precautiones taken bye ye wyse citizens of Portlande.

Ande rounde aboute it placed we walles—
Greate walles, bothe stronge ande highe—
That she mighte be invisible
To everie humanne eye;
Eache littel hole we puttied uppe,
Eache crevice stopped we tighte,
And whosoe wished ye shippe to see,
By payinge downe—he mighte.

CHORUSSE.

Of ye monies expended bye ye distressed Portlanderes.

Greate summes we scattered boldlie roundc,
Oure golde flewe faste ande farre;
Ande to oure ayde we wiselic tyed
Ye mightie rail-road-carre,
To bringe ye curiouse peopel inne,
Fromme landes bothe neare ande farre
To see ye greate ande mightie shippe,
Whyche soone shoulde anchorre here.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche showethe ye truthe of ye olde proverbe.

Alas! Alas! Oure toyles were vayne,
We learned howe manie a slippe
Lies 'twixt ye monie ande ye purse,
As welle as cuppe ande lippe.
For yeares we wayted patientlie,
Ye tydes theye rose ande felle,
Ande rotted oure greate piere awaye,
And oure greate walles as welle.

CHORUSSE.

Howe shee didde notte sayle.

She didde not sayle—she could not sayle,
We feared she neverc woulde.
Ah! Hadde we knowne herre treacherie
We'd hope she neverc shoulde.
But welle she didde rewarded gette
For alle herre sore deceite,
For suche an unsuccessfulle crafte
We nevere chanced to meete.

CHORUSSE.

Howe shee sayled atte laste, ande ye ende of ye songe.

At lengthe shee sayled acrosse ye see,
But not for Portlande Bay,
She founde another Lande to Port,
A Port to Lande theye saye.
In Newe Yorke Harboure close and smalle
She throwes awaye herre tyme,
Whyle not a manne in Yankeedomme
Has mayde from herre a dyme.

CHORUSSE:

Oh! Wickede shippe Greate Easterne, &c.

THE CASE OF FRANCISCO CASANOVA, AMERICAN CITIZEN.

ARDINAL ANTONELLI, every one must agree, is a nice man.

We cannot say that the Cardinal is a "nice *young* man," because history tells us that he was born in 1806, and we have noticed that people who came into the world about that time, have not such a juvenile appearance as formerly.

Still, the Cardinal is a nice man. A nice man to introduce into the bosom of your family. A nice man, too, for a small tea-party. To be sure, as regards this, EDMOND ABOUT, in the "Roman Question," begins his chapter on the Cardinal with this sentence:

"He was born in a den of thieves."

—a statement which might, perhaps, induce the giver of a tea-party, at which the Cardinal was present, to keep an eye on the spoons, were it not that the assertion must be set down as a pleasantry of M. ABOUT'S. For is it not of GIACOMO ANTONELLI, Sub-Vicar of Christ, Cardinal of the Holy Catholic Church, Secretary General of the Interior, and Minister of Finance to the Papal States, that he would have us believe this thing?

When, in another part of the same chapter, M. ABOUT, describing this holy man's personal appearance, says that:

"His heavy jaw, his long, fang-like teeth, and his thick lips express the grossest appetites, and give you the idea of a minister grafted on a savage."

We must attribute the portraiture to that malicious playfulness which is so characteristic of the modern French author.

That our readers may judge for themselves what manner of man is ANTONELLI, that they may recognise his goodness and worth to the fullest extent, we shall take the trouble of laying before them the case of one FRANCISCO CASANOVA, a naturalized American citizen, and of dilating upon the charming hospitalities he received at the hands of His Holiness, on his return to Rome from these United States.

By last week's European mails, we have intelligence of the flattering reception that was extended to our adopted fellow-citizen. It is given in the Italian correspondence of the London *Times*.

CASANOVA, it seems, set out from Boston, Mass., for Genoa, some time in the year 1853. Arriving in the last-named city, and wishing to proceed to Rome, probaby for the purpose of revisiting his home, and clasping, once more, the hands of those near and dear ones from whom an emigrant's hard lot had separated him; he travelled on until he came near Viterbo when he was kindly advised by M. le Cardinal's agents, not to go any further. The outrageous and revolutionary idea of being again with friends and family, urged him on. As it was now evident that CASANOVA had set his mind upon visiting the Eternal City, M. le Cardinal's agents determined to humor him, and, accordingly, took him under their protection, and carried him on to Rome. Arriving there, they kindly placed at his disposal an apartment in the Carcere Nuovo, which, as ous readers who have "made the tour" know, is a charming residence. And in that year of 1853 it was especially charming, for M. le Cardinal's agents had fitted it up, expressly for the occasion, with all the modern improvements known, in the way of stone cells, steel boots, thumb-screws, racks, and those other little conveniences which, as the advertisements say, "no family should be without."

Here our American citizen remained for two years, during which time the hospitalities of his host, the Cardinal, were literally pressed upon him. For the first three months he passed the best part of his time, say twenty-three hours out of twenty-four, in an apartment which must be rendered dear to him by many pleasing recollections.* For it was here that M. le Cardinal's agents, with that delightful urbanity which forms so charming a characteristic of M. le Cardinal's agents everywhere, sought to vary the monotony of CASANOVA'S stay among them, by such diversions as "binding his hands and arms together, and then by ropes tied round the upper part of the arms, drawing them back until his breast protruded, and his boned sounded 'crick—crick.'"

Who shall say, after this, that a Roman Committee of Reception is not capable of entertaining its guests in style? BOOLE and BAGLEY do very well, perhaps, for these latitudes, but they cannot hold a candle to M. le Cardinal's agents.

The ecstatic nature of the visions which hovered over the couch of the visitor from Boston, Mass., may be inferred, when the reader learns "that at night, while sleeping, his door was secretly opened, and buckets of water were thrown over his body." In this action may be traced at once a benevolent and a hygienic motive; for, knowing that the exercise of their guest was necessarily limited, M. le Cardinal's agents thus sought to ensure him a brisk circulation of the blood, and consequent wholesome regulation of the bodily functions.

When those months of daily gymnastics and nightly douches had gone by, when for the 90th time his bones had given forth the healthful "crick—crick," and when the sanitary water-pail begun to be borne with the unflinching fortitude of PREISNITZ, CASANOVA was removed to another apartment in the princely mansion of the Carcere Nuovo. This second lodgement was called the Salon del Preti. It was a large, airy room, and in it, for some reason known only to his hosts, the beneficient stench was omitted. Evidently M. le Cardinal's agents had begun to lack in attention to their guest.

In the Salon del Preti, our American citizen was invited to remain for a year or two. As, owing to an idiosyncracy on the part of one of M. le Cardinal's agents, the door to the Salon del Preti was always locked on the outside, and its windows guarded by iron bars, our American citizen accepted the invitation, and remained there twenty-one months.

In the summer of 1855, CASANOVA'S Amphytrions, doubtless impressed with the responsibility that rested upon them, in the matter of their guest's health, took him with them on a pleasure jaunt to sunny Naples, for a change of air.

In Naples the party took up its abode in the Vicaria, and afterwards in the San Francisco. The vulgar outside crowd only know of the Vicariaand the San Francisco as prisons, but in the case of CASANOVA, no good old English manor-house could have vied with them in hospitable train. In Naples, our American traveller remained somewhat longer than he had anticipated. The term of his residence in that festive city, was four and a half years. During the greater part of these four and a half years, CASANOVA lived in a room in which the cheering stench of his old apartment in the Carcere Nuovo was returned to him—returned to him with interest, even.

As his party had gone back to Rome, and entirely forgotten to provide him with funds, it is not strange that FRANCISCO soon fell into the condition of many another stranger in a foreign land. An impecunious condition. But his kind-hearted hosts would not hear of his depriving himself of any little luxury on this account, and most graciously allowed him the privilege of selling such of his clothes as he could best dispense with. CASANOVA'S object in this, was, it seems, to procure more costly diet than that which the table of the San Francisco afforded him. The stomach that had been pampered by the "high living" of the Salon del Preti must be humored! To gratify these gluttonous proclivities, we are told that when CASANOVA'S resources as to vestments had given out, he even went so far as "to sell his black bread to have a little salt to sprinkle over his beans!" And yet we do not learn that his courteous hosts took offense at this Lucullus-like trait!

Neither did they deny him the luxury of the Oriental bath, for the printed account says that the M. le Cardinal's guest, "for pur-

*A description of this fascinating locality is thus given by the *Times* Correspondent:

"The worst torture, however, was the prison itself, a room into which a few rays of light struggled from above, and the stench of which, for it had been used by the goalers as a privy—was as bad as death."

poses of cleanliness, used to dip one of his own rags in a jug of drinking water and wash some portions of his body."

In the San Francisco, moreover, CASANOVA was not denied all company, as he had been during his stay in Rome. We read that at night, his sleep was enlivened by "black beetles, fleas, lice," and other lively visitors. The costume, too, of our fellow-citizen, during the four winters and five summers that he remained in Naples, was of that light, and, airy description which is so especially adapted to the climate.

"He might have stood as a model for LAZARUS risen from the tomb. The lower part of his body was covered with a thin pair of linen drawers, nothing more. On his feet was a pair of shoes, with soles and upper leather all in holes. He had no shirt, but over the upper part of his body, was thrown a rag, something like a common kitchen towel, one corner of which he had placed on his head, as the long elfin locks which had not been cut for many years, hung down over his neck and shoulders."

Only one fault have we to find with the genial San Franciscans. They did not provide sufficient exercise for their distinguished visitor. In the kindly fear, perhaps, of over exerting him, they suffered him to fall into a deplorable inactivity. No longer did his frame glow from the nocturnal bucket, and the "crick—crick" of joyous health had departed from him forever. What wonder then that when, last month, he left the good San Franciscans, or rather when the good San Franciscans left him to avoid the consequences of any unpleasant feelings that might exist between themselves and GARIBALDI, in the event of that rebel's taking the city and gutting the San Francisco and the Vicaria with it, what wonder then, we say, that this lack of wholesome exercise should make FRANCISCO CASANOVA look "more like a brute beast than a Christian man?"

But here, in despair, we renounce all further attempt at irony; the bitterest would fail to convey a tithe of the loathing that fills one as he reads this record of inhumanity and injustice. The heart sickens at the thought that in this 19th century of boasted civilization, and in a Christian land, a helpless fellow-creature can be subjected to such tortures. Tortures, the details of which we shrink from giving in their entirety, and whose full horrors, no printed report can portray. For what pen can describe the utter misery and desolation of FRANCISCO CASANOVA, during those seven long years in which he

"wore a tyrant's chain,
Tamed and made companions of the mouse
And spider, lavishing on noisome things,
Affections meant for men."

Who can tell what desperation was his at the thought that never again in life, perhaps, should he see the mother whose days were embittered by his absence? The mother who during the years that his bones were wearing themselves a couch in the flint of his dungeon in the Carcere Nuovo, may have been weakening the feeble tenure she held upon life in the vain longing for her son—and all within a stone's throw of his prison!

But "Our Dear Correspondent" does not deal in such matters, and we can know nothing of that Roman fire-side, darkened by seven years of disappointment and dread surmise, nor of the mental agony of him whose coming would have brought joy and gladness in its train. We can but picture to ourselves vaguely, we who have fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers ever with us, what those seven years must have been.

And it is while limning these two scenes of human misery that, as the eye rests upon this passage in the prisoner's statement:

"I was the prisonor of the Cardinal Secretary ANTONELLI;"

we wonder whether that arch-fiend and tormentor, will ever be brought to account here below for the wrong he has wrought FRANCISCO CASANOVA. When in a year not long gone by, the Austrian tyrant sought to take MICHAEL KOSZTA, a naturalized American citizen, back to his deathly embrace, an INGRAHAM was found to snatch him from that odious fate, and an American public to applaud the bravery of the act. In 1853 there was no INGRAHAM to protect FRANCISCO CASANOVA, the KOSZTA seized by the Italian tyrant ANTONELLI. And in 1860, we fear, there is no one among his adopted fellow-countrymen who, having the power, will avenge him. No one who in the name of humanity even, putting aside the claim of fellow-citizenship, will demand or obtain redress for this crying wrong. We cannot hope that the Chief Magistrate of these United States will interfere in the matter; that Presidential relic is already too much taken with devising new schemes of vengeance, to be executed upon the author of the SAUNDER'S letter, and other dignitaries to him inimical. How can he be expected to give a moment's thought to the grievances of an obscure citizen like FRANCISCO CASANOVA?

But in the conquering Hero of Italy we may, perhaps, put our trust. That GARIBALDI will not suffer the BOMBA of Papacy to go unwhipped of justice, is a hope we still cherish. And when the Liberator, at the head of his victorious army, points with his good sword towards Rome, and utters the war cry: "Down with ANTONELLI!" that the god of battles may, in that hour, be with him and aid him, is the prayer nearest the heart of VANITY FAIR.

THE DECADENCE OF "BLOOD."

PHILADELPHIA, August 6th, 1860.

Ed. Vanity Fair.

Y DEAR SIR:—I am a carrier of 'Blood.' "Blood" is an institution in Philadelphia. *Blood* is also an institution in all aristocratic communities. But I do not refer to that species of Blood, which is uniformly red, since the "Blood" of which I speak is, at this crisis, somewhat *blue*. I allude to the "City Dispatch" of that name.

You are, possibly, although a resident of New-York, aware of the recent declaration by the P. O. Department at Washington, that the streets of Philadelphia were, and should henceforth be "Post-Routes," and forbidding the carrying of letters and other missiles by other than the "constituted authorities." This despotic and unconstitutional act has emphatically stirred up our "Blood." It has, in fact, vampire-like, sucked our "Blood." It draws its very life, in short, from our unhappy "Blood." Now, Sir, "Blood" cannot, really, stand this tyrannous and unwarrantable interruption of its every course. "Blood" is resolved to run on in its old tracks, spite of the Antiphlogistic Department. But there is a difficulty. A strange, hidden, fantastic difficulty. And it is with the hope that your omniscience may suggest a remedy for this obstacle, that I now, in the name of the entire brotherhood of "Blood," address you. The difficulty is this: Damaged perhaps by the awful threats which the Department, regardless of expense, has caused to be posted as hand-bills upon the lamp-posts of this city, the public—naturally timorous, as you know—have, to an alarming extent, ceased to uphold "Blood." They affect to doubt the force of "Blood." Scorning all tradition, they dare to say that "Blood is, or soon will be extinct, played out. Our occupation, like that of a somewhat occasionally quoted person, is gone!

Our "Blood" fairly stagnates, Sir! while, with fiendish malice, the myrmidons of Departmental Power, riot through our streets in legions, laden with the ill-gotten spoils of their momentary triumph. Under these circumstances, I, in the name of every genuine "Blood," appeal to you. What are we to do? Shall we tamely submit to this tyranny, or shall we heroically devote the every current of our dearest "Blood," to restore it to its wonted channels?

I await your reply with feelings easier &c., &c., than &c. And remain anxiously your obedient servant,

THE VOICE OF "[illegible]"

A Pity.

The opponents of the Sewing Machine Monopoly think that they can defeat the great monopolist in his application for an extension of patent, but the trouble is that they don't know HOWE.

The Tax-Payer's Soliloquy.

The Ends of Justice here no more remain,
An End of Justice only can we claim!

A SKETCH IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

Æsthetic Friend.—You hadn't oughter gone and took off the moustarchers, Copey, they give such a char-*ac*-ter to the face.

On Finding Bryant Wearied out in the Editorial Chair.

Forsake thy *Post* for rural stations,
We grieve to view thy haggard look;
And banish, henceforth, all translations
Except thine own—from Nature's Book

Discovery for Counter-Jumpers.

Jenks has ascertained that many of the Chicago Zouaves are clerks in stores. Reflecting upon this fact, we hold out hope to all mercer's and dry-good's clerks, of making efficient Zouaves. Are they not more or less accustomed to "drillings?" "Go in," Counter-jumpers, like men!

Singular Coincidence.

The bill to pay the expenses of the Japanese Embassy in New York passed the Board of Aldermen on Tuesday night.

So did every member of the Police—and as yet—"No arrests have been made."

What Every Good Parisian is Bound to Support.

The Widow and the Orpheon.

Anything but "a Light, Fantastic Toe."

The one which detains the Ferry Boat you ran so hard to catch.

No Such Luck.

We read in the papers of the arrest of James Buchanan Cross, the notorious forger, and sigh when we think that cross James Buchanan, the notorious nobody, cannot possibly be arrested for some seven months to come.

THE PLAINT OF A COUNTRYMAN.

In the Jerseys, August 1st, 1860.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair:—I admit that I live in the country and am not much used to city ways, and in admitting this, I am perhaps admitting that I'm green. But never mind that. I have a grievance to complain of, and I know your sympathetic nature well enough to be assured you will not deny me a hearing.

The other day, I went down to New-York—mainly to see the Great Eastern, but not wholly for that, for I wanted to do some shopping for Jerusha, (Jerusha is my wife) and buy a melodeon for my Sarah Jane. I don't very often travel in the cars, and their motion always gives me a headache, so I suppose I *was* stupid when I landed at Courtland-street, and perhaps I acted strangely, I don't know. At any rate, the noise did confuse me, and I didn't like the bad smells that surrounded me. However, I got safely into a stage and paid my fare, as I saw everybody else paying theirs, and got on very well till we came out upon Broadway. There the driver stopped for a spell to telegraph to some folks whom he thought wanted to ride, and after waiting a while we went on. But for my complaint. It is this:

Why do city folks always laugh at country people?

I am sure I thought it was all right to try to shut that omnibus door behind me when I got in. Somebody might have tumbled out if the door had stood open—mightn't they? In the country, we *always* shut the door behind us when *we* get into a four-horse stage. Why shouldn't we do it in a two-horse one? And why the deuce don't your stage-men put a handle on their doors? It is very strange that they do not. I declare to you I have been nearly pitched out, several times, by the driver's carelessness in bumping over a big stone, when his door-strap was very slack. And once, when I tried to *hold* the door to, some young scamps with garrote collars, who sat opposite me, told me to "let the door alone," and added with a great deal of impertinence: "Guess you're from the country, ain't you?"

Now, dear Vanity, I *am* a countryman, as I told you, but I think I know a thing or two, for all that; and I do *not* like to be laughed at. I wonder how those young snobs would look up here on my farm, trying to hoe my big field of corn, or to pick the big strawberries that grow in June on the half-acre patch in my back-garden, or for that matter, in being anything that is useful. I'd like to see them, that's all. I reckon that then the laugh would be on my side. But that warn't all. When I went to Stewart's to buy some fixings for my wife, the clerks held up their heads loftily at me, and some of them snickered because I mistook a Foulard for a Barege. I couldn't know the difference could I? I am not a woman, and I was trying to please my wife, by getting her the articles she had asked me for. It's a man's duty to please his wife, is it not? I don't think it was fair of Stewart's clerks to make game of me. I'd like to see *them* hoeing my potatoes.

And again, I tried to buy a nice melodeon for my parlor, a singularly sweet and playful instrument, you will acknowledge, my dear Editor, and eminently fitted for playing the light and airy waltzes and polkas in which young people like my Sarah Jane delight. At the music-store, an upstart clerk scanned my heavy boots, and winked at a fellow behind the counter when he viewed my home-made pantaloons; and then he tried to put off upon me a hundred-dollar instrument for one worth $150; for I meant to spend this last-named amount and give my child something that was really good. I was indebted at last to the *Musical World* man for the choice of my instrument. I had a slight acquaintance with him, for he came up to my place three years ago to drink buttermilk all one summer for his health, and we had got quite friendly together. *He* didn't laugh at me.

May be I have taken too much of your room—but I was full, and had to relieve myself. I *should* like to see those clerks in the music-store running a horseback-race with my daughter Sarah Jane!

Moral—To all clerks and young people: Don't laugh at a man because he tries to shut the omnibus-door, and remember that home-made trowsers carry pockets that are not altogether destitute of dimes, if their wearer doesn't possess all the graces of metropolitan society. Truly your friend and servant,

Jedediah Farmer.

In a great Strait.

The Ship of State.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

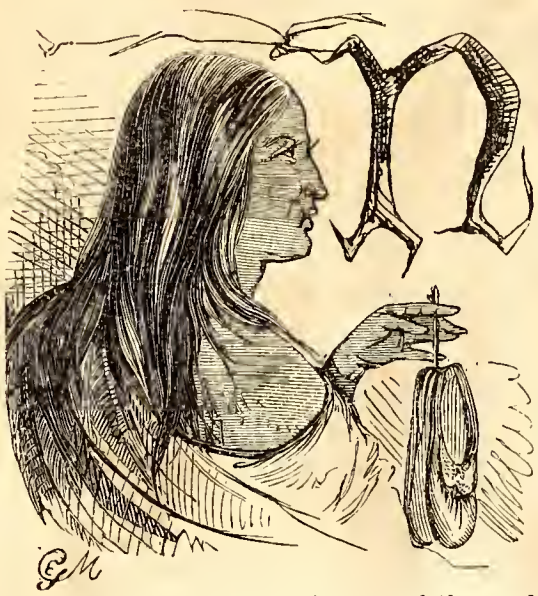
OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER IX.



IAGARA!—most stupendous word in existence. Wonder sometimes that 'tis written in only seven letters—have gone 'em over and found 'twas even so. (''Twasn't-seven's an odd number, WIDOW.)

Have tried in my time great many steep places—been on top Alps—seen towns, valleys, lakes, rivers, Mont Blanc, and thousand beauties mysteriously brought into circle of a field-opera-glass; just as magician of old—Dr. DEE—showed all the diorama of the world in a crystal. Very fine. Climbed once like a reckless boy as I was to tip-top, ultra, uttermost, outside summit of Strasburg Cathedral—and there—at that instant the highest man up stairs in all Europe—looked out on the world—into France, Switzerland, Germany and down on the flocks of storks, sailing over old quaint Strasburg roofs. First rate, no doubt. Been top Mount Vesuvius—could see half of Ancient History from there on its grand route—all sorts high old climbs—but never felt in any of 'em, as did when one fine summer I first lifted eyes up from ground and saw—all of a broad-side-view—all of a second—all in full steam—NIAGARA.

Let it pass—let it pass. Nothing so squawky on the face of this earth, as guide book glory pumped over the big fall. A strong mind feels tremendous power best in burlesque, just as old Romans felt the awful magnitude of their state most in satires. Always fall back myself on the Rackensackian's hymn:

> "Niagara, Nigara!
> I vow you ar' a staggerer
> I am no idle bragger or,
> Unscientific swaggerer,
> But dare the world Niagara
> To beat you—bullyrag-erer!"

BLANCHE DEVILLE had never been at Falls before. Blindfolded her eyes—got into carriage at Cataract House—went over bridge to What dye call it House—a general sort of ice-creamery and Indian curiositery where the people beat anything ever dreamed of in the science of begging custom and boring, but have a first rate "top-side" view of the Old Roarer. Put BLANCHE in proper attitude—unveiled her—watched her long inhalatory stare—it was worth seeing, Good Fellow, in such a wild dream as she was—till she burst out with;

"It's like a proud beautiful woman—isn't it?"

"Good for you—dear!" said WIDOW. "It *is* like a proud beauty—and like yourself. Now *I* think it's like an uncommonly good natured, sparkling, sunshiny, foamy young woman in a round hat. A woman whose tongue goes like its roar from morning to night. A woman full of cheery, queery, roly-poly, drolly notions."

"Well," quoth Captain DICK DAMBANGER—"It always put me in mind of that hard old bone-smashing, tearing swearing devil of a Scotch knight—HELL-IN-HARNESS. Never saw anything remarkably fine that didn't have a touch of him in it.

"I never car' much to analyze my i-deas," said RANDOLPH—"onnly I think of Niagara always, as if it was something higher up in the world, and more aristocratic than anything else, and *knew* it. Then it goes down so *ferociously* self-willed and eternally obstinate, as if it didn't car' a copper for anything, and *would* have its own way——"

"Yes RANDOL—no doubt it's a F. F. W——first family water-fall, to you. Came over with my Lord Cloud who begot the proprietary Seigneur Rain, and so on through the chapter of progenitors till it ended in Nia Gara Esqr—a ve-ry res pec-ta-ble institution. But *don't*, brother DOLPHIN—don't show so much respect for his obstinacy—it's nothing compared to yours. Blasting, boring and damming might turn Niagara—but ne'er a one like you, darling. So on the strength of that, let's travel!"

And I travelled to the edge of Table Rock, and threw self away for a brief season, on the Americanism of the view. Laugh if you like reader—say it's all Fourth of Julying if you please—sail in ye John Bullies—proceed acidulous fruit!—make fun in your own peculiar slanguage at ours—let rip—all sorts of things—you'll never convince me anyhow that THE AMERICAN IDEA—even in absurdities, gasconades and wide spreadings of self (like the old hen-turkey who went it on a hundred and fifty eggs) is not always based on a magnitude, a wild strength, and a secret consciousness of tremendous and fast growing social power which will yet render those follies awful. Man alive—do you know *what* that bitterly sneered at *Americanism* expresses—that untutored, uncouth Hoosier-Orson of a phrase? It took a thousand miles of prairie to grow in—it was watered by thousands upon thousands of miles of a river far deeper and longer, than ever NORSEMAN imagined Hramn the great river of Hell to be. You call it extravagant. Yea, I say unto you and something *more* than extravagant, for its unfathomable grotesqueness expresses the infinite, as well the most labored line in Orphic hymn, and its daring absurdity grew out of a mind which realized that its fatherland lay between two oceans. Oh yes—easy to talk about "American extravagance," as though it were mere result of half teaching, Sophomoric blague, windy nothingness. But somehow though, whether it rips out from stumps, or raves and tears in editorials, this American extravagance WORKS. *Works* better than the collective genius of all Europe, after all. Nerves up the hard-fisted boys, nerves up the capitalist, nerves up everybody, till they vote and build rail-roads and go in strong for "improvements," reforms, caucuses, fighting and all other useful and elegant performances—for they know just as well as I BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL know it, that under the Buncombe there's a great strong *reality*. A very small lump of that reality my good fellow; of that self-conscious strength, would light up a fire which would sweep away all the musty feudal stuff in Europe, and make kings impossible. And it all comes from the tremendous *size* of our havings and holdings. The citizen of a nation which is going some day to own about one quarter of the globe, will be likely to express himself extensively sometimes, whether he do it gracefully or not. Young GARGANTUA, the giantest of all Giant Babies did a naughty foolish thing or two—but it was a *big* thing after all—a very big thing—and required the largest chain cable on the face of the earth to hold him in on it.

And as we refreshed sentiment on Table Rock Captain DICK he spoke:

"You've heard Prof. SANDERSON's story of the darkey who when he first saw Niagara, like to 've split himself laughing. (I used to know SANDERSON, and I've seen the nigger) Well—when I was in Congeress, my uncle old NOTT DAMBANGER came up here and—(BLANCHE where's the opera glass?)—brought along with him an awful nice old darkey who was as down on Irish though, as the devil is on Dutch."

("Beautiful!" quoth WIDOW quietly)

Old NOTT and MOREAU the darkey were standing right here on this rock, exchanging sentiment, when Uncle NOTT naturally enough, asked darkey how he'd like to be pitched over. (Colonel SPITE-DEVIL—I'll trouble you for fire.) Old Buck looked carefully over the edge—sighted it all round—measured up the chances—asked if anybody had ever swum alive out o' dat drink yit—included dey hadn't and then gave in his verdict:

"Mars' DAMBANGER—dat 'd be a mighty bad jump fur me—shouldn't wonder if it tuck me clar off to 'ternal instruction—but I tell you what—if all de Irishers in de country only stud on de edge 'yer—an if my jumpin' down 'd take 'em all down along wid me—I'd go ober sooner'n you could turn an ace."

"Stu-pen-dif-er-ous!" quoth the WIDOW.

Now it just so happened that the tone in which she warbled that *if-er-ous!* was of that musical sort, Miss, which makes every soul in a lively, carrolling revelling sort of a party, feel singy. And as we had been made very singy already by the ever-pouring drone of the water-fall, which like unto a rain sets even birds to vocalizing so unconsciously, BLANCHE sang a *roulade*—and CAPTAIN DICK, he sang too—and ere I knew it WIDOW and RANDOLPH and I were afloat on a trio which we had learned long years before—over the sea in jollie companie. And you good fellows—male or feminile, who

would sing it after us, may remember that it goes to the tune of

The Long, Long, Weary Day,

and is sung deep and strong.

We three from Russia come,
Where all the bricks are 't home,
We three from Russia come,
Where all the bricks are 't home,
Where warm stoves all the winter long are gleaming,
There brandy-wine they spill,
And foaming goblets fill;
Wild songs a-screaming,
And North Lights beaming.

We three from Warsaw come,
There lovely girls are 't home,
We three from Warsaw come,
There lovely girls are 't home,
All through the jolly winter with their dances,
We dance *Krakoviak*,
And smoke right good *tabak!*
The bright eye glances
Like Polish lances.

We three from Prague have come,
The real Bohemian home;
We three from Prague have come,
The real Bohemian home,
There sweetest music winter long is ringing.
There good strong *slibovitz*,
Half drives you into fits,
With sweet girls singing,
To Heaven bringing.

"We sung that once in the roar of the Fall at Schaffhausen!" said WIDOW. "That's what made me pause in Warsaw. Songs and perfumes—nine-tenths of all that goes to the heart in either, come from associations. Oh we had a sweet time to be sure, there!—for we broke down crossing a bridge, and all rolled into the stream together—like TOM BOLIN with his wife and mother. There was COUSIN LOUIS and I—LOU shot down the stream like a feather on a hurricane, with a dozen Dutch after him with boat-hooks—RANDOLPHION there swam like a whale with the hem of my skirts between his teeth, towing me ashore, and BROADWAY—let me see—what was it *he* did!—oh yes—I remember—BROADY swam round and round us, giving me Christian lifts when I went under, and preaching like a perfect little Oliver, all sorts of pious things—ending in——n!"

"What NED WILLET of Cairo used to call "sloshin' around," remarked DAMBANGER.

"So they put the boys to bed in one room, and me in another—the partition didn't come quite to the ceiling—and when the natives cleared out, DOLPH was left with hot punch, and he passed some over to me (the fool of a Swiss Doctor thought *I* could come to life on *tisane!!*) So we smoked and sang that song till it must have soaked the very wall about three miles deep in tune. "Well—they heard down in the village, that a party of Americans were dying up at our place—and the clergymen—the *Pfaff*—came up to pray——"

"As he did at ALBERT PIKE's death-bed," quoth Captain DICK.

"And the boys got hold of *him* and made him tell them such things! I fell asleep, and I suppose the three *wretches* all got tight together—at least I was woke up at two in the morning by RANDOLPH's ringing the bell in his usual tight manner, by firing off a revolver, and ordering more punch!—oh! the *lovely* old times!"

"And now let's go to dinner!"

Good hotel at Niagara—famous this twenty years past for its well drilled waiters. Nice place every way—often wonder why people stay month at Saratoga and two days at Falls, when a true love of beauty seems to say "stay forever." Why not? Twenty years later you will be recalling Niagara Falls when the month at Saratoga will have grown dim and mere persons will swim in shadow, and mere *events* will be forgotten. Remember—as you grow older, NATURE becomes your truest friend, and every picture of her which you secured in by-gone days, is transmuted to a solid comfort and a reality. It was a noble thing in the blasée beauty, CAROLINE CATALPA that she felt this. "As I grow older and lose faith in Man and Man's imagings," she wrote once to me, "I gain faith in Nature. But what do I mean by nature? Its most intelligible form to me is the blended ideas of Beauty and perfect Liberty."

BLONDIN always mixed up with Niagara in these times—grand spectacle of human folly—richest nut for satirical fools to nibble at, in existence. Right before God's noblest work Harlequin BLONDIN danceth on his rope, crosses amid fire-works—cooks omelettes—runs gimcrackery into the ground, and raises gin-quackery to the skies by drawing customers for taverns—sets off NIAGARA with a saltimbank—alias rope-dance—and in the same spirit shows the human form in its highest physical culture devoted to—monkey-shines! But I err—it is not BLONDIN who does this.—BLONDIN, my dear readers is *quite* right as an individual to earn money. He does his task bravely and well. What I smile over, beloved, is *your* thirst for blood. *You* would not crowd to NIBLO's to see the HANLONS on the *èchelle*

"CAPTAIN DAMBANGER—LOOK ME STRAIGHT IN THE FACE!"

were it near the ground, though they turned never so gracefully. What *you* love—Romans that you are in this—is the delicious possibility of bones being broken and a life lost. It is not a rope-dance that you craved to see at NIAGARA, but a Dance of Death. Why HOLBEIN's is nothing to it— — —

[After writing which and reading it with great approbation, I and we all went to see BLONDIN perform, and were immensely delighted.]

"When I was head-chief of the *Poono-winkey-wang* nation"—began Captain DICK as he looked at BLONDIN.

"What!!" cried WIDOW.

"Of the *Poo-no-winkey-wangs*, they had a custom that whoever could hang longest by one leg on a tight rope, looking at the sun, should become a grand Holy Man, and a second class ruler.

"And was that the way you electioneered.'

"No—I was heap big Injun, and head devil. Whenever any man in the tribe dreamed that he'd smoked a pipe with the Great Spirit, and swapped knives with him, he at once came huckleberry over the persimmons of the second class boys, and was *pre*moted to be captain. Well—after I'd lived about a week in the tribe, and had got a few nice wives and begun to be popular—"

"Goodness alive, do hear the man!" cried the WIDOW whose eyes were beginning to gleam gloriously and merrily at Captain DICK.

"I began to think it might pay if I could dream of having a smoke with the General. So I begun to cultivate the art of talking in my sleep. It was very queer—wasn't it?—that I always talked Injun and about my wives? Of course the dear creatures got into the habit of laying awake all night to listen."

"Captain DAMBANGER—look me straight in the face!" exclaimed WIDOW. He did it—and never winked.

"One night there was a grand yell in the streets of the romantical Injun village of Slamarang. Horns a-blowing, fires a-blazing, dogs a-barking, conch-shells snorting, guns firing, Injines a-howling, thunder broke loose generally speaking, and miscellaneous things let rip promiscuously. In the midst of the shindango were my lovely wives crying out, "he has dreamed it—he has dreamed it—he has gone and done it—he has!"

"They elected me. Only one or two cute old disappointed candidates kicked up a row. I summoned 'em up in grand council—

gave 'em each a real Havana cigar—told 'em to puff it. Asked 'em if any Injun ever had such tobacco? Caved. Showed 'em bowie knife with a German silver handle, and asked if any man in the tribe ever saw or heard of such magnificence? Caved again—owned that Spirit knew what that he was about when he was after 'them' cigars and 'those' knife. Reigned in peace ever after.

"Delicious!" cried WIDOW. "I *do* love a good story so."

"And it is true every word," quoth DICK. "I've got the knife yet."

"And the wives too?"

Captain DICK pulled his hat over his face—rammed his spy-glass into his pocket and stroke gloomily along—smoking slowcomotively—as overcome by dark and conflicting memories. Captain—*amigo mio* you are a brave heart and a great boy. Where are you now—where will these lines meet your unflinching eye? 'By sea or sounding shore?' In Maryland or at Whidah in Guinea—in Brazil or the Azores—*tra os montes* or 'tother side of Jordan? R. S. V. P? And while thus doing up my private correspondence in public type permit me to state to the curious and dainty wording CLARA, that my friends of these sketches are *all* realities Real to me at least—real to my heart and love—though their types may no more recognize them at first sight than did Zoroaster of old, ere Babylon was dust, when he one spirit morn;

"Met his own shadow walking in the garden."

A NEW FEATURE IN THE HOME JOURNAL.

Please imagine the condition of mind the *Home Journal* reader must have been in last week, at finding this paragraph, evidently intended for the "Personal" column of the *Herald*, inserted among the "Mere Mention" items of his favorite paper:—

To GERTRUDE.

"Base envy withers at another's praise,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

What "GERTRUDE," in the abstract, has to do with "base envy" is not so apparent here as we could wish. Neither are we at all satisfied as to who the said "GERTRUDE" is, or why she should "have anything agin" a certain excellence, which she herself couldn't equal. The head and the body of this paragraph, it strikes us, fail to connect. Why, for instance, would it not be every whit as sensible to go on for a column or so, connecting insinuating quotations with proper names? Then our eyes would be gladdened by "Personals" like the following.

To AUGUSTUS.

"Allow me to observe,
That he who, save in kindness, lays his hand upon a woman,
Is unworthy of the name of man."

To ELIZA ANN.

Not so deep a maim
As to be cast in the common air
Have I deserved."

To EBENEZER.

"And there as I wont to hight
Arcite Now hight I Philostrat."

To ARAMINTA.

"Ever of thee I fondly dreaming"—and so forth.

But, seriously, Messrs. MORRIS & WILLIS had better look after their young man. If he is allowed to go on, and make the *Home Journal* the medium for *all* his private correspondence, not only the readers of that clever sheet, but poor Postmaster DIX into the bargain, will suffer terribly.

One Righteous Man shall save the City.

A pious correspondent of the two Hemispheres has seen a Meteor—and it struck him thus:

Such a beautiful, mysterious spectacle, I have never witnessed before, and never expect to see again, at least this side the walls of that city that hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine in it.

"D." calculates that *he*, at least, is going to "shine in it," whether the sun and moon do or not. We wish him, however, a more brilliant "shine" in *it* than he is capable of displaying here.

Where are the Police?

Think of receiving such a thing as the following with the thermometer at 90.

Why will Buchanan's administration on the 4th of March be like a missile? It will be through (threw.)

Legislative Moderation.

The Golden Mean.

THE ARLINGTON TOURNAMENT, IN OLD VIRGINIA.

H! POMP, another julep,
And mind you make it strong;
And CATO hold my helmet—
And now for the Warrior's song.

II.

Now blest be the tobacco
Which brought me in the tin,
With which I bought my horse and arms,
And thus went in to win.

III.

And blessed be the Honey Dew
Which had the real game twang,
Drawn through a bee log gingerly—
It nerved me up slam bang!

IV.

And blessings on my horse Gim Crack,
The real old Medley breed,
Dam'd by fleet Ariel as you know,
Ha! that's the kind of steed!

V.

I wish you could have seen me there
Upon my gallant grey,
The way the dust and dirt flew round
Was rather tall, you'd say.

VI.

I knocked the other knights all cold,
They couldn't ride with me,
And bore the *Wired Scepter off,
And crowned the Queen, d'ye see.

VII.

What ho, through the tobacco fields,
What ho, throughout the corn,
I'm victor of the field, I am
And so I'll blow my horn.

VIII.

Another julep!—Here's a toast,
"Long live the sentimental,
Long may we turn a mental eye
Upon the Tournamental."

*Vide Washington Star.

The Last Stage Direction.

Time 1870. Enter passenger car right—exit the last omnibus left.

SPHERICAL VIRTUE.

UR oddfish cotemporary the *World*, gasping spasmodically for more virtue and that of a purer quality than the article by which it is at present represented, came out, lately, with the following severe allusion to "that horrid *Tribune*:"

"One of our sensation cotemporaries yesterday astonished its readers with a disgusting relation purporting to be a confession of the notorious MARY GURNEY, who fled from the home of her husband, the member of parliament from Lynn-Regis, with her groom, WILLIAM TAYLOR! And the "confession" had a companion-piece in a corresponding editorial.

Well, if the "confession had a companion-piece in a corresponding editorial in the *Tribune*, and if such a course appears to the *World* to be objectionable, on what principle is it that the latter has thus assisted in the promulgation of the "disgusting relation" referred to? The *World* appears to us to be a very incousistent old sphere; for, zealous as it professes to be in the suppression of the joyous cake and the spicy nut-brown ale, it has, in the above hysterical little paragraph, hung out a very prominent sign by which its readers have undoubtedly been attracted to the Horatian free-love hostelry in which the forbidden articles in question are so temptingly served up. Only look at "MARY GURNEY," in the little bit which we have quoted from the *World!* Doubtless the spherical Tartuffe had his mind greatly pervaded by "MARY," as he penned the paragraph—thought she mightn't look so bad with her hair plain—then conceived of her as she might look with it down in ringlets—but finally concluded to give her to us in Caps. And he has been and gone and done it—or overdone it, we should rather have said, for he has conferred a similar typographical distinction upon the "paltry groom," WILLIAM TAYLOR. And so people have gone to the *Tribune* for "cakes and ale" they might never have thought of, perhaps, but for the catering instinct of the *World*, while the latter stands in the rather equivocal relation of "Sir Pandarus of Troy" to the naughty people who like to know how MARY looks in Caps. Well, "there's some fun in the World after all!"

Meanwhile the jovial old *Tribune* after informing its friends in its usual tip-a-winkey reprobate manner that the letter was a *leetle* the spiciest, raciest, fastest and nastiest thing they ever *did* read, and in fact, utterly abominable in every aspect, sticks the following document every morning up at the head of its editorial column:

Mrs. Gurney's Letter.

Persons who were unable to obtain our Daily edition of last Friday, will find Mrs. Gurney's letter in our Semi-Weekly edition, at 10 o'clock this morning. Price five cents.

What a genial lot we are all round to be sure!

Vanity Fair as Reviewer.

In a recently-published novel of the romantic school, we come across this passage:

"EDWARD MONTRESSOR then knotted the sash about his manly frame, and strode off towards the public square.

From which any reader not naturally gifted, as we are, might imagine that EDWARD MONTRESSOR was in the Sash and Frame business. Even in that case the mind is at once set to rest as to the commercial honesty of EDWARD, it being evident from the determined manner in which he walked off, that he intended to Do Things On the Square.

NICE AND COOL.

The Rev. SYDNEY SMITH once expressed the desire, the occasion being a very hot day in summer, to "take off his flesh and sit in his bones." An American journalist, whom modesty forbids us to mention by name, thought that to "knock the marrow out of one's bones and have a cool draught through," would be a better thing to do. These, when the mercury in the thermometer is among the nineties, and like an avaricious parent, refuses to Come Down, are very pleasing fancies to entertain, but we have never yet heard of any one resolving them into facts. It is only within the last month, indeed, that any approach to either of these processes has been made. The frequenters of Red Hook Point, South Brooklyn, are entitled to the credit of this first attempt. These persons, according to the *Tribune*, are in the habit, every afternoon and evening, of first removing all their clothes and *then stripping themselves*, whether as to skin or flesh we know not.

If any of our readers are inclined to doubt these statements we boldly refer them to the following paragraph taken from a recent issue of *The Daily Railsplitter*:—

The police in South Brooklyn deserves severe censure for not enforcing the laws against bathing and swimming in the bay. All along Red Hook Point the residents are annoyed and women are compelled to abandon their afternoon and evening walks on the beach, by reason of the presence of *naked men and boys, who drive there in carriages, and strip themselves in* plain sight, and within fifty yards of dwelling-houses.

Jesting aside, to dress as thinly as possible this hot weather is every one's most natural wish, but when "naked men and boys," drive to Red Hook Point, or any other place and *then* "strip themselves in plain sight," we think it is going a little too far. Travelling about in a carriage and a state of perfect nudity, is not to be strongly recommended, on the score of public decency at any time, but when the "men and boys" who do such things, indulge, additionally, in personal excoriation, "within fifty yards of dwelling-houses," the scene becomes too revolting and we are glad the *Tribune* has called the attention of the police to the circumstance.

Did He, Though.

From the *Herald's* correspondence on the Prince of Wales, which is just now especially charming, we take the following choice *morceau* apropos of the Newfoundland dog that was presented to The Most High, Puissant and Illustrious Prince Albert Edward, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, K. G:—

"The Prince said that he was delighted with his dog, and that he had been wishing for just such a dog during his passage from England. He remarked that he would like to give the dog a name, which would please the people of Newfoundland—some name connected with the history of the island. Chief Justice Brady suggested "Avalon." The Prince replied that this was the name of but one portion of the colony, and that he should call his dog "Cabot," after the discoverer of Newfoundland. The gentlemen present seemed no less surprised than delighted at this display of the Prince's knowledge of their colonial history, and exchanged looks of profound admiration."

This at once suggests the anxious question: What, in case so distinguished a person as The Most High, Puissant and Illustrious Prince Albert Edward, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, K. G., had condescended to learn, in his school-days, that two and two make four, or that the world revolves on its axis once every twenty-four hours, and had "displayed" his "knowledge" of those important facts, what, we repeat, *would* have been the "surprise," "delight" and "profound admiration" of "the gentlemen present?"

A Prompt Answer.

A violent little fire-eating paper, called the *Locomotive*, published in Georgia somewhere drops politics and lets off this fervent aspiration:

On last Sabbath the different congregations of our city offered up prayer to Almighty God for rain. To-day, (Monday,) rain has been sent. The question is, did the rain come in answer to prayer? *And we will hereby, return our most hearty thanksgiving*, as we believe all good people ought to do, *to the Almighty*. Nor would we forget to bless our different ministers for their intercession at the throne of mercy.

While its steam was up, the *Locomotive* ought to have prayed for the immediate advent of disunion, a mild little measure for which it hungers and thirsts. Perhaps the answer would have been as speedy in one case as in the other—who knows?

STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

Succulent old person (reads.)—"ALCOHOLISM, AS A DISEASE, IS NOW RAPIDLY ASSUMING A PLACE IN NOSOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATIONS. THE TERM IS APPLIED TO THE COLLECTIVE SYMPTOMS OF A DISORDERED CONDITION OF THE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL ORGANIZATION, FROM THE USE OF ALCOHOL. THE CHIEF FEATURES OF THE DISEASE ARE: A VIOLET NOSE, TREMULOUS LIPS, AND (skips to a wrong column) WHITE HAT AND SPECTACLES!"

Served him Right.

From a recent telegram in the *Tribune* we take this extract:

"*The States* of to-day has an article upon Gen. JOHN A DIX, denouncing him as a serf of JAMES BUCHANAN."

We don't blame *The States* a bit for pitching into our new Post-master; any one, now-a-days, who is weak enough to be BUCHANAN'S Serf ought to look out for BREAKERS.

No harm done.

The Reverend Dr. CHEEVER is in London. The Duchess of Sutherland and Exeter Hall lift up their voice in jubilation. They have got a fine specimen of the real live unadulterated ultra abolitionist, who is busy in exploiting theories and opinions which Americans do *not* entertain. The echoes of his ravings reach us across the water. Fortunately they are harmless. It is happy that the reverend incendiary, although a CHEEVER, cannot be an achiever.

The Political Seventeen year Locusts.

It is an extraordinary fact that many venerable names, supposed to be underground, deposited there about the year 1844, are now appearing upon the political surface. What can have brought them out of their holes? Do they see anything green "about" now?

A Welch Rarebit.

Why was the PRINCE OF WALES, during his voyage up the St. Lawrence, like HERR CHARLTON in his "comic stilt dance," at NIXON'S?

Because, according to the *Herald* reporter, he was very funny upon the *Styx*.

Indeed!

In CHAUCER'S time, BIBLIOPHILUS informs us, the practice of calling people names was carried to a great Hight.

A STORY THAT CARRIES ITS OWN LESSON.

A kind friend has sent VANITY FAIR a copy of a new quarterly publication, which the V. F. discovers to be very funny. It is *The Plantation*, a journal printed in New-York for one TURNER, who appears to be the Editor, and hails from Georgia. The *Plantation* aforesaid is bulky and rather handsome-looking; but its inside is worse than the outside, just as a Broadway swell is a valuable article when you regard his equipment, but sometimes mean and empty as regards brains. The particular TURNER who edits this book, is an unskillful turner—a mechanic who doesn't know his business, but trips himself up and spoils his raw material wilfully.

For the sake of seeing how a man *can* forget himself, regard the following:

From the Prospectus of "The Plantation," (on the cover.)

"The special feature of this journal will be *a defence of Negro Slavery, total, unqualified, unreserved,* in a moral, social and political point of view. . . . . Such being the case, the Editor proposes to defend the institution of Slavery from the attacks made upon it, let them come from what quarter soever they may."

From the Editor's Table of the Plantation, (same number.)

"We would prefer to have our printing and publishing done in Georgia, if the same facilities could be obtained here as in New-York. *Everybody knows that we have no regular publishing house in Georgia.* If we avail ourself of the cheapness of Northern labor and material, and the facilities which Northern publishers have to make a magazine live *nolens volens*, it is *in order to prevent our journal from sharing the death which has heretofore generally been allotted to Southern magazines.*"

VANITY FAIR suggests that these parallel columns don't read well together. Mr. TURNER ought to have omitted his prospectus when he published that paragraph in the Editor's Table. The commentary is altogether too potent to be of any service to the righteous cause of The Goose!

Mr. TURNER! it was injudicious of you. Don't do so any more. Some unreasonable Abolitionist will be saying by-and-by, that your pet hobby, by your own acknowledgement, dwarfs everything in its neighborhood, and that Georgia cannot be very much enlightened, even if she *is* one of the righest of the States, when you are driven to make such fatal admissions. TURNER! it was unwise of you!

A Favorable Notice.

We welcome among our new exchanges a lovely little sheet, which hails from away down towards the setting sun. The *Messilla Miner* pops up among the hills of Arizona, with its editor plucky though unshaved, and enthusiastic though seedy. Hear his description of himself:

"Imagine us standing before you, our slouch hat, seedy from a recent trip over the plains, placed humbly under our arm, our hair a stranger to barber's shears since we left the States, our beard long unacquainted with a razor, our garrotte collar, wilted and soiled with vile dust, our flannel shirt faded and seedy at the elbows, (once a beautiful blue) trousers, oh! we will not mention them."

There's a picture for the Counter-jumper! Our cotemporary of the *Miner* is a Major. Long life to him!

Truly Sorrowful.

The following article appears in a late Liverpool journal:

"A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

We have long been aware that "Disappointment follows Life," but in England it would seem it dogs even the footprints of "*pallida Mors.*"

"The Ebony Idol."

The everlasting nigger.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

PHOTOGRAPHERS VISITING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS WOULD DO WELL TO ABANDON THE USE OF THE "BAG TENT" IN LOCALITIES WHERE THERE IS A CHANCE OF HOSTILE INDIANS BEING ABOUT.

WHEREABOUTS AND WHATABOUTS OF OUR ARTISTS.

VAN BEEST. (*marine genre.*) This talented artist is we are informed, passing the summer out on a raft, following in the wake of the Great Eastern; painting a Panorama of her to be exhibited at BARNUM'S, for the benefit of those who had not enough of her on the excursion. Admission 25 cts.

JARVIS. (*historical portraiture.*) Has retired for the season to a cave in the 9th Ward, where he is busy with his Gallery of the *Distinguèe* and at present hard at work on a full-length of "His Satanic Majesty," from a Photograph by FREDERICKS. His next commission is His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

ELLIOTT. (*Portrait.*) Last heard of in Hoboken, taking "The World Easy."

SAINTIN. (*Pastel*) This sensitive and celebrated artist of the "*Zouaves de la Garde Imperiale,*" *et Les Turcos et les Chasseurs d'Afrique,*" was we regret to hear so bored by the Chicago Drill that he has been under the hands of his physician ever since. Case considered hopeless, as he constantly exclaims: "Zouäve me—or I perish!"

SONNTAG. (*paysage.*) Last seen on the summit of the Blue Ridge, hitting off turkey-buzzards on the wing.

CARL MULLER. (*sculptor.*) Staying in a wind mill in Harlaem. Busy at a statue of the "What Is It?"

G. L. BROWN. (*paysage.*) Roaming about *en commis voyageur*, doing New-York *a la* Rome on commission—for H. W. BEECHER.

DELISSARD. (*game.*) Feeding those "chickens." As DELISSARD is no fool, he never counts them before them are hatched.

GIGNOUX. (*paysage.*) Has been passing the dog-days on the summit of Grace Church, with an opera-glass, gathering pretty *morceaux* for his next phenomena.

CHURCH. (*paysage.*) Gone up in a balloon to paint the meteor, for Lieut. MAURY, U. S. N.

HICKS. (*portrait.*) Off with his pupils on that "bit of a farm"—digging potatoes and taking a profile of nature.

EASTMAN JOHNSON. (*poesie d'Afrique.*) Getting up another Shindig-*a la mode de* Sich a gittin up Stars!

DE HAAS. (*marine genre.*) Brewing storms like a Mother Cary's own Chicken. Last heard of at Cony Island—*da liegt der Haas im Pfeffer.*

The Brothers HART. (*paysage*) Harts in the Highlands, the HARTS are not here, they're off in the Highlands a chasin' the *dear.*

TAIT. (*Game.*) Our genial friend TAIT will pass the breezy autumn in Philadelphia, making studies of broiled reed-birds, stewed terrapins, bear steak, with peach jelly, and other varieties of *game*, found in great perfection in that wild region.

WHITLEY. (*paysage.*) Passing the Summer at Hoboken, and, as we learn from the *Circuit Judge*, is sketching the electric wires.

King Herod in New York.

And the great city sweltered in the sun
And in their stifling homes the infants died;
Was there no voice these solemn words to teach,
Parents! there's Croton water in your reach!
All else was taught them save this one great truth.
And thus for want of one kind word to save,
King Herod DIRT! dug every little grave!

The Wife's Portion.

"And what shall *I* be?" asked a little dame,
Whose spouse is "running" for a Governor's name,
"Why *you*," quoth JOHN "if words have any force,
You'll be, my dear, a gover*ness* of course!"

SETTLING VEXATION BY ANNEXATION.

JOHN BULL.—My dear Boy, if it comes to the worst, you'll see your Old Dad out of this plaguy French business, won't you?
JONATHAN.—Well—can't say without seeing the boys first; I tell you what though—s'pose we ANNEX you, that'll settle this business right away!

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

NOW all New-Yorkers listen and a story I'll relate
Of a fine Young English Gentleman who comes to see your State—
With a dozen noble fellows that call themselves his suite,
And a score or two of lackies, who unfortunately are not black, for if they were, they wouldn't be called by such names but be the equals of every Englishman you meet.
This fine young English Gentleman head of the British Line.

Now this fine young English Gentleman they call the Prince of Wales,
Who is coming for a bit of fun, and intends to have a large slice of it, that is if he don't get sick, or his constitution fails,
And when he comes to New-York the best thing we can do
Is to take him to the Battery, head him North, put a directory in his hand, and gently put him through.
This fine, &c.

And when he comes to Trinity Church let him get upon the steeple.
And the vestry men if they understand themselves, and we believe they do; will put the British flag over that "What is It" opposite Pine-street, which will please the Prince, "you know," perhaps it will the people,
And when he looks down Wall-street, and sees the Bulls and Bears,
Seeking whom they may devour, tell him not to be frightened, that they are very harmless kind of animal if you only smooth the fur in the right way, then if he is not dizzy, take him kindly down the stairs.
This fine, &c.

Before you go to BARNUM's let me give you some advice,
To take him to the Astor House and mix him something nice.
A mint julip or a smasher, I care not what it be,
So it fortifies the nerves against the wonders that he'll see.
This fine, &c.

The Feejee Mermaid "snaikes" and fish, perhaps the woolly horse,
With BARNUM at the head of all, Oh! he'll be there of course,
With many other nondescripts that are very hard to beat.
Oh! don't forget to take him there, 'twill be a jolly treat.
For this fine, &c.

Then fetch him to the City Hall and introduce the Mayor,
And all the other gentlemen, if any should be there,
Then let him see the Central Park, that great and glorious show,
And vote him the freedom of the city before you let him go.
This fine, &c.

In going next up Broadway, as I suppose he must,
If the streets are not quite as clean as they *usually are*, tell him that the Japanese and another little trifle that came over lately on a visit, kicked up such a disturbance that we havn't been able up to date, to come down with the dust;
And that it is not settled even yet—but as he can plainly see,
To do as we do, let him go it blind, should he get upon a spree—
This fine, &c.

Then next upon the programme—the best thing you can do
Will be to start him down at Washington Square, behind a fast crab, and drive him the everlasting length of the great Fifth Avenue.
And if his mind will bear the thing, he'll probably admit
That though he's been pretty considerable of a traveller he *never* did, anywhere between July and Jerusalem come across a street which was the faintest circumstance of a priming compared unto it.
This fine, &c.

So when you've dined and wined him in this country of the free,
And shown him how we spread ourselves in the air of liberty,
And put three or four original notions of gentlemanly independence into his head, you may permit him to retire,
But beg him to draw his newly acquired accomplishments very mild at first, before his Ma, for fear if he should come out all at once in a full blaze of American glory, she would probably expire.
This fine, young English gentleman head of the British Line.

THE REAL HORRORS OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Dear Vanity Fair:—

Now that that dreadful ship, the Great Eastern has left our shores, let me briefly reveal the *true* horrors which occurred during her second trip.

On ascending the ship's side by the well known 2,189 steps, we were seized one by one, gagged, ironed, and placed between decks, while our brutal captors appropriated our coats and hats, and returning to the deck cheered in answer to our friends on shore, as we were going down the harbor. When we had passed the Narrows we were released and made to sweep and holystone the whole of the vast length of the deck, while the ladies were compelled to mend sails, scrub the passage floors, and wash the clothes of officers and men.

Omitting many minor events I pass on to supper-time when we were driven below where the floor was covered in the most shocking manner with revolting provisions which were at once gathered up in coal shovels and dust-pans and served at the moderate charge of $11,50 a pound. I ventured to lead in a general expression of indignation, when we were at once seized by the brutal and infuriated crew, headed by the officers and hurried on deck. I was immediately lashed to the chain-cable and keel-hauled twice, by COXE in person. The remainder of the passengers were then treated in the same way, with the exception of the ladies and the reporter of the *World*.

This operation produced a most excruciating thirst which we were compelled to assuage by means of bilge water at $1,00 per glass.

We were now permitted to drag mattresses on deck, and betake ourselves to rest. Those who were not able to obtain a place under the awnings or other shelter (*quorum pars fui*) were somewhat annoyed by the falling of cinders of a size ranging from that of a paving stone to a large loaf of bread. They were for the most part red-hot, and falling constantly, tended to prevent sleep, especially when coming in contact with the head.

Towards morning the eighty-ton anchor was dragged over us by some of the hands with savage curses and jibes. This waked us. We were then told that the coal had given out and were forced to go below and, taking hold of the shafts were compelled to work the machinery by hand. At the earliest opportunity we were ordered on deck and a meeting was called where we had to suscribe to a set of resolutions drawn up by the Captain. These have been published. We were also compelled to take oath of secrecy as to the manner in which we were treated. I have just discovered that the form of oath used was the same as that by which Aldermen are sworn in. I therefore have concluded that it is right for me to make this revelation, said oath not being of course binding. Q. E. D. Some of the most terrible details I have omitted as too harrowing for ears polite, such, for instance, as the fact that we were in the early part of the night, the (ship having been stopped for the purpose,) lashed to the paddles and to the blades of the screw.

The vessel then proceeded on her course for ten miles when we were released, after revolving in this excruciating manner. This was done to those of us who refused to abjure our denominational religious performances and swear allegiance to the Established Church. The reporter of the *World* was one of the first to yield.

Quod testor
ERASMUS JACKSON, D. D.

Pastor of Baptist Church, Pigwackett Centre. Late of Y. C., et Harv, et Dart, et Arch.

Con. By a Victimized Engineer.

Why was the GREAT EASTERN a failure as a propeller?
Because it had a villanous "set" in its (s)erew.

ANOTHER INTRODUCTION BY LORD BROUGHAM.

Noble old Brougham in the House of Peers, recently observed, "I beg leave to call the attention of your Lordships to the fact that there is here present one of the blessed objects of benevolent England's home-made charity, a white specimen, may it please your Lordship. Stand up THOMAS!"

(*Thomas stands up. Roars of laughter and cheering.*)

THOMAS.—Ees I be Tummus—an I be a man an a broother too—vor all I beent black eno quoite vor Muster Punch, and sich loike.

(*Immense cheering, during which the Lord Chancellor rolls off from the wool-sack in a fit of delirious laughter.*)

SOUND ON THE GOOSE.

From the *Tribune* of the 8th inst., we clip the following:

CORRECTION.—In the report of Mr. LENT's remarks on the Japanese swindle in the Common Council last week, he is made to say: "The greatest *liar* would have known, &c." The word should be "tyro" instead of "liar." The mistake was occasioned by the similarity of sound in the two words."

Now, that we think of it, "tyro" and "liar" do sound remarkably alike, quite as much as "rhinoceros" and "beans," for instance.

But, seriously, if the *Tribune* allows that reporter to go about much, just think what a condition of things we shall have in our public meetings! When the elegant BRADY, JAS. T. of course, at the coming dinner to the Baron ROTHSCHILD, alludes to the guest as "the financial ruler of nations"—and he will be sure to do it—the *Tribune* man, next morning, will make him stigmatize that opulent person as "the meanest old hunks in all creation;" Archbishop HUGHES' next oratorical effort, as heard by the *Tribune* reporter will contain a graceful tribute to the journalistic ability and personal worth of Mr. RAYMOND, of the *Times;* and when the amiable HORACE himself addresses the Rail-splitter's Battalion, we shall find in the festive sheet over which he is popularly supposed to preside, that he spoke of WASHINGTON HUNT, and the Messrs. BROOKS, JAMES and ERASTUS, in the highest terms, characterizing them as "gentlemen who, though differing from him in politics, he had ever found high-minded and courteous in all their dealings, and too noble to stoop to the miserable chicaneries which now form so common a feature in the discussion of public affairs."

!!!

If the *Tribune* reporter hath ears to hear, let him hear this thing and take warning.

The Valet of the Shadow of Death.

The undertaker.

PRINCE vs. PUGILIST.

What with hourly announcements of "Movements of the Prince of Wales" and "Movements of the Champion," our mind is gone to chaos. We feel that our phrenological developments are not equal to the emergency, and fear lest destructiveness may get the better of all other bumps, and prevail at last, unless something timely is done to suppress the reporters. If asked to give a synopsis of our reading of this morning's paper we couldn't do it, because yesterday's announcements are still at play all over the interior of our head, tripping each other up somewhat in the following style.

"On Monday, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales dressed himself in a plain, loose morning suit of drab, with a straw hat, in which, (the hat, of course,) he went ashore. Mr. AARON JONES, who is very stout, wore a flesh colored silk shirt and flannel drawers, but the Duke of NEWCASTLE, who never leaves the Prince's left hand, put his right into the face of Professor OTTIGNON, a remarkably corpulent person who would do well to remember that his royal ancestor lost this magnificent country forever, by boxing in at the wrong time, which ended in a rally and a fall, in which the Boston Champion was uppermost. The Prince is a bright, cheerful, pleasant-looking young fellow. He has a clear, honest eye, and but very little of the bull-pup appearance for which the gentlemen of the P. R. are, in general, eminently distinguished. While the inhabitants of Gaspé were gazing at their future king, the Earl of ST. GERMAINS persisted in climbing on to the platform inside the rope, from which he was summarily ejected by JIM HUGHES, the ring-keeper who sent him sailing over the sea of crowd below like a *Flying Fish,* which steamer is engaged as *avant courrier,* to the Prince of Wales on the same principle that the smaller fishes of the deep always keep well ahead of the big ones, lest they should come to grief. After having indulged himself with a sponge bath, that ornament of the New York bar, Mr. E. BLANKMAN, presented a letter and ring to J. C. HEENAN, Esq., who, in a modest speech, said his royal mother should know all about it when he wrote. More cheering followed this announcement; after which, a hard looking customer with a sore hand, and a misanthropic aspect, who turned out to be NED PRICE, of Boston, said that, being a Welchman himself, he hoped that Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT, who was present, would allow the committee for arranging a welcome to the PRINCE OF WALES, to have the use of his valuable name; to which, according to the *Tribune* reporter, Gen. SCOTT replied, "Very well, thank you, sir."

A CHOICE BIT FOR EXETER HALL.

The London daily *Telegraph* of July 20th, says, that in about thirty prisons in England, within the past three years, "seven hundred and ninety one white people have been lashed!" In the county prison at Dorset, seventy two lashes were inflicted on one prisoner, and sixty on another. Forty eight lashes were inflicted on a man fifty three years of age!

We are authorized to say by SIMON LEGREE, Esq., that at the present time he is sadly in want of a few stalwart nigger drivers, who are somewhat acquainted with this civillized mode of correction, as practiced in English prisons, and that an early application to him addressed to Uncle Tom's Cabin will meet with a ready response. In order that they may be fully qualified, upon their return to their native soil, to practically illustrate the horrors of white slavery, a few courses of bloodhound exercises will be given to them free of expense. He flatters himself that, taking into consideration the present extraordinary proficiency of these white monsters, he will be enabled to return them to Exeter Hall, in a few years thoroughly educated in their noble profession, and that they then will be fully able to give many lectures upon the horrors of slavery in the United States, practically illustrated with the aid of white convicts and paupers, which will be fully appreciated by the saints of Exeter Hall, and be received with laughter and cheers by an intelligent and refined audience of fine old English gentlemen. It is to be hoped, however, that at such delivery Lord BROUGHAM will not fail to be present and introduce Doctor Delaney.

An Ark-æological Joke.

A French Savant has recently deciphered an inscription, found upon a column exhumed in Nineveh, which disproves the historical accuracy of an expression said to have been made by LOUIS 14th, do. 15th, Madame POMPADOUR, Madame DU BARRI, and various other reprobates of the 18th century, showing that the true author of it was NOAH, who made it when giving his reason for taking up his abode in the Ark. There is a rude illustration accompanying it, representing a man hastily entering the doorway of a semi-aquatic building, but bowing politely, and beneath him the inscription, After me—the deluge!

GLORIOUS GAME.

Horror-stricken parent.—Good Gracious, Frederick! What *have* you been doing to yourself?"

Enthusiastic Base Ball player.—Ah! we've had such a glorious game down on our grounds! One fellow broke his leg—besides two sprained arms, and no end of spiked feet and bad fingers!"

Letter from an Old Friend.

Nowhere-in-Particular. Aug. 18th 1860.

Dear Vanity:—You remember that line of advice in one of Longfellow's poems directing people to—

"Suffer and be strong."

Well, its all nonsense. It can't be done. Tell Longfellow so. Tell everybody else so, too. I know, for I've tried it. I've "suffered" for years, and I'm not "strong" yet. And, what's more, I never expect to be. Yours,

Boarding-House Tea.

A Timely Suggestion.

Our Authorities in N. Y. are, or seems to be, puzzled as to the disposal of the Japanese donation to the Police. Where's the hitch? We confess we don't see it. For it seems to us, that howsoever they may divide it among the 'force,' the result will be of advantage to the city, from the fact that the men will get *so much ahead in the discharge of their duties.* No charge made for the hint.

Conundrum.

Why is J. B. a greater man than Abe Lincoln?

Because the former split a party, while the latter only split a rail.

Remark by our Sporting Editor.

(All very fine, but splits don't count in the game for the player.)

Political Paradox.

It has been noticed by political sign-watchers that in the precise ratio that a Candidate Comes Down his prospects Come Up.

Innocent Lambs.

The London *Post* of July 21, in speaking of the Wakefield bribery case, in which a verdict of guilty was rendered against Mr. W. H. Leatham (late M.P. for Wakefield) observes;

"The report, after exposing a history of wholesale corruption which is almost without a parallel in the electional annals of this country, declared that the two candidates had been guilty of bribery. Under these circumstances, the House of Commons, influenced by a regard for its own honor and purity, could not afford to pass without notice and condemnation the flagrant malpractice which the Wakefield inquiry had disclosed. Honorable gentlemen, naturally indignant, night after night called upon the Attorney General—the prosecutor on the part of the public—to put the law in force. This cry was re-echoed by the press."

So far, so good, but lo, these "Honorable Gentlemen" suddenly "discovered that the penalties which the law affixed to the offence of bribery, were *unnecessarily* severe, and so these innocent lambs, most of whom, no doubt have some pitch upon their wool also, if the truth could only be known, "appealed to the Attorney General to drop legal proceedings, and thus, in effect, to compound a misdemeanor," which he very properly refused to do, alleging that "the ignorance of the penalties of the law was theirs, not his."

It is possible that Earl Gray has not read the papers, or perhaps he may be as little familiar with the venialities of his own countrymen, as the "Honorable gentlemen of the House of Commons" are with the laws enacted by them; but really, if it is not asking too much from his Lordship, could he not favor the men and brethren of this benighted region with another speech illustrative of this charming state of things in the political Arcadia, as a companion piece to his glowing picture of American Legislative Corruption?

Illustration of Demand and Supply.

The scissors maker's shop in the basement of the *Sun* building.

HOW VERY FUNNY.

As murder has become a subject of pleasantry now-a-days, s homicidal jokes will, we suppose, soon find their way in every family. If they do, Vanity Fair advises every one to follow the suggestion in the advertisement and "Get the Best." "The Best" may be procured at the watering-place of Long Branch, N. J. At Long Branch, N. J., the people amuse themselves, as it appears, by getting up bogus murders, "just for the joke of the thing." There is nothing easier. Marks as of a scuffle are made in the sand near the hotel, a club smeared with clots of blood and of hair is left on the ground, bloody footsteps trace the way to the water's edge, and—the curtain is ready to rise upon the farce. The community is then agonized in the most approved ludicrous manner for two or three days, at the end of which time the whole affair is found out to be a hoax.

Let those who complain of the monotony of watering places, patronize Long Branch after this. The people there have such a fine sense of humor!

Not Fair.

V. F. thinks it decidedly unfair in Postmaster Dix, to cut the throats of the Penny Postmen. The idea of sending all our love-letters and epistles of business over a slow route, just for the *ipse dixit* of a green Postmaster, is so very absurd that *Vanity Fair* must remonstrate. Uncle Sam is an old fellow who passes along like a tortoise. He ought to give way to the juveniles of the Boy (D) party. They do their work *to* the letter, as well as *with* the letter.

The Demi-Monde.

The *World*, Evening Edition.

DOG DAYS.

LATE announcement in the columns of a well-known sporting journal of this city, expounding the dog-pit and its high priest HARRY JENNINGS, informs us that:

"Tommy, the Coon, will be on hand for the accommodation of small dogs only."

Should that notice, or this, meet the eye of any Skye-terriers, pocket black-and-tan, toy bull-pup, small, fancy fox-dog, or any other of the condensed canine adaptations now so generally cultivated by nice men, we would advise the little creatures to avail themselves of "Tommy the Coon" to the greatest possible extent, while they have a chance. For, although we have but lately spoken of the small dog in terms of disparagement, on account of the unwarrantable manner in which he was beginning to intrude his little nose into the social mess—and a precious mess it is—yet has our sentiment with regard to him taken a compassionate turn, our hate to pity changed. And this because the small dog's days are numbered, and the smallness of their number is in proportion to the dog whose figure is thus reduced. Go in, little dogs! Go it, while you are small! For immediately on the consummation of a proximate event, out goes your fashion, and the next generation but three, in your immediate lineage, O! you diminutive, spindle-shanked, black-and-tan, will be ordained by Frank Butler into an entirely new article to be called a Renfrew spaniel, perhaps, thirty-six inches high at the shoulder, and with a tail curling over round and tight, like No. 9 on a spree.

The above train of sentiment has been induced by circumstances connected with the visit to this country of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, whom we, republicans and sinners as we are, shall not behold in that blaze of glory, however, but only in his dimmer effulgence as the Baron of Renfrew. It was upon the little island of Newfoundland that H. R. H. achieved his first foot-press of occidento-hemispheric soil; an island of which the only productions are big dogs and a smell of fish—of which the only import is port wine. The Esquimaux inhabiting the principal village on that island are a loyal and hospitable race. They must needs offer something to this Prince, but were puzzled what. Their principal Boole went in for the imported article and proposed port wine, but the motion was rejected, as H. R. H. doesn't indulge in vulgar habits. Then they fell back upon their productions. One suggested a smell of fish; but as the Prince got that whether or no, and wasn't likely to want to carry it away with him, the mover was recommended to subside. The other production, then—a dog of the big and sagacious kind peculiar to the newly found island—was the only thing left to meet the exigencies of the case. They caught one in a net—everything is caught with nets in Newfoundland. They oiled him and combed him into shape; and, aided by a wild Indian of their council—probably a descendant of the missing Prince Madoc, of whom we read—they invested him with a silver collar, fashioned his feathery tail into a Prince of Wales, nodding plume, and presented it to their future monarch, with a suitable address in dog latin, engraved upon the entire skin of a whale. These are facts.

Quite the Cheese.

The classical reporter of the *Herald* in describing HEENAN at Jones' Woods, says, "the arm is like that of the Parmese Hercules." As Mr. HEENAN is "quite the cheese" now, should not this erudite reporter have said Parmesan?

Getting their Metal up.

The Ironmasters in Pennsylvania.

FARMERS ATTENTION!

New York, Aug. 16th, 1860.

Editors Vanity Fair:

SIR:—I have just read in your paper of the 18th inst., a letter of complaint from a countryman. Indeed, I think I may, with a perfect regard to truth and propriety, add that it was with astonishment mingled with a very altitudinous indignation that it was read.

Now, Sir, of what does Mr. J. FARMER complain? The whole pith of his wail is that country people are occasionally laughed at when they come to the city. Allow me to ask him why? Is it not rather queer, laughable, even, to see a man, with years enough to admit of his having some discretion, deliberately attempt to shut and fasten the door of an omnibus, which cannot, by any process of ingenuity, be shut and fastened? Why don't he use his eyes? Can he not see that there is *no* handle to turn? Oh! how slow a Jerseyman *can* be!

Sir, I am induced to believe that the incidents to which he alludes in his letter, occurred last summer, and the poor man has just begun to realize that he was then laughed at.

Suppose, sir, that we, (I say *We*, not as having been one of the laughers, but as one high minded citizen sustaining another through all circumstances,) suppose that we had been unable at that time to discover "where the laugh came in." And why in that instance any more than in another? Now, Sir, instead of laughing at a joke *next year or so* we make it a rule always to laugh the same day in which anything funny may happen, and, Sir, to show what breeding and education will accomplish, there are persons now living in this city whose fine and rapid perceptions lead to an instantaneous laugh upon the perpetration of a good thing. How can a slow Jerseyman expect to keep anywhere within sight of people of such celerity?

I am prepared to prove that a countryman is *not* always greeted with a laugh. Sir, if I were a clergyman I think I could furnish at least three sermons of the proper length, on the great prevalence of profanity in large cities, caused entirely by the awkwardness of these very plaintive farmers. Why is it that we instinctively draw up our feet under the seat of an omnibus whenever we see one such about to enter or leave? His awkward, lumbering feet, seem actually to seek out your brightly polished boots in order to leave his mark—his nasty, red, Jersey mud upon them. Long suffering of generation after generation has finally created this instinct. Indeed, I think I could safely venture to predict the place of residence of any man, by simply noticing the action of his feet in an omnibus—especially if he sit near the door. Then, too, how many eyes have been sacrificed at the points of their infernal, big, blue umbrellas! Ye Gods! Laugh! Laugh, does he say? He may thank his stars that our sense of propriety forbids the application of those injured boots to aid him in his exit. And as for his paying his fare because he "saw everybody else paying theirs," I would like to make a small bet—a ham, for example—that he did not pay it until some kind citizen explained to him the cause of the driver's continued raps: and even then he had to ask "how much is it?" when the thing itself was staring him in the face—"PAY ON ENTERING—FARE 6 CENTS."

Then, MR. EDITOR, how he does gloat over the idea of those "young snobs" as he calls them, (he evidently never lived in a glass house) hoeing his corn, etc. What does he do with his old corn and berries when they are fit to eat? Who eats them and pays for them ten times their worth? Just those very same "young snobs." What would MR. J. FARMER and his JERUSHA do if there were no young snobs to eat his small crops and pay handsomely for it, too? If we cannot race on horseback with his SARAH JANE and he cannot see "the difference between a Foulard and a Barége," then we are quits on that score.

And, finally, out of his iron inkstand will I condemn him. He starts with the charge that city people *always* laugh at country people, and a little further on he tells us of *one* of our city people who did not laugh at him, and if that one why not another and another, and if so what becomes of his sweeping charge?

MORAL:—When country people come to town let them remember where they are; when they are in Rome to do as the Romans do If they find themselves in Turkey that is no reason why they should make Geese of themselves.

In the consciousness of my own dignity, I am, Sir,

Very respectfully yours, COSMOPOLITE.

"Bless her, let her Go!"

While every one had an intimation that the foul bottom of weeds and barnacles of the Great Eastern had retarded her progress, it was not until the Cape May excursion, however, that the American public fully realized the number of TITE (tight) BARNACLES clinging to it.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER X.

THE SOUND-BOAT AND NEWPORT.

COME unto me ye Wasps for I need ye—come hither in headlong swarmy flight and hover around my pen. Not ye—impish special devilkins of the Stingers of ALPHONSE KARR—though indeed your twinging satirical tail-daggers with venom would not be out of place to stir up some of the Torpid Ones who bear their impenetrable provinciality and eternal leather hided self-content even unto glorious Newport. *Evoè Bacchus!* I see its white hotels gleaming before me! But come, ye jovial Wasps of old cosmopolite ARISTOPHANES!—on the whole ye'll suit me better than those of the great French Karricaturist—for *your* great Magician, oh Greek dreams, cast all things divine and human together, in one everlasting mess—sputtering, blending, charoscuring and mashing Gods and Men into a sparkling rainbowed plug-muss—and it is very much such an omnium gatherum, which is presented by the great old Newport, above which I, even now hover like an albatross on the wing.

Oh Reader—you'd better believe it—*there* in Newporte is indeed a righte fayre land and merrie citie by the sea where they have highe old tymes whan that ye season cometh to a heade. There one hath all kyndes of funn, frolic, pleasantrie, drollerie, jocounde games, laughter, playes, gambolls, rompes, prankes, heydayes, feastes, carousalls, banquetts, wassaile, jollitie, jovialtie, maskings, festivales, jubilies, shines, parties, merrie-makynges, bees, rejoyeinges, galas, supperes, balls, dinneres, revelries, carnivalls, saturnalias, quaint devilries, and other daintie disportyngs wherein youthes and damosells doe commonly finde them solace and cheere. That is no smalle-beer or slopps of a towne I'le warrant ye. There is no discounte on that place. 'Tis all oake.

Back at Gramercy Park House—slept all day—grand house for sleeping and comfort—quiet as a divinity student among fast men—lulled by ever dropping fountain showers and trees rustling. Turned out in afternoon for boat—WIDOW there—bright and sparkling as ever, BLANCHE and Captain DICK set up exceedingly. RANDOLPH and I had to take bridal state-room, for want of worse—roars of fun from WIDOW—compromised by giving it up to her and BLANCHE—paid solemn visit of ceremony with Captain DICK to the birds in the cage—poked our cards through slats—were informed that Missus wus dressin' an' would be down d'reckly—were duly received and as usual under all circumstances had as much sky-larking and laughter as size of room would allow, without exploding.

Remarkable feature of Captain DAMBANGER'S moral character, that without carrying much baggage, he always had everything in it. Hard up for day of month—CAP had pocket almanac pasted in his hat—hard up for chairs in bridal crib—DICK had camp stool in a stick, handy. All at home?—LORD!—such ducks are always home. Steamboat or balloon—all's one to the COSMOPOLITE—and our flock had some of that same—with capsicum. As for WIDOW—(and BLANCHE was of the same stripe)—I believe if she'd been going up in balloon, she'd have had her little fixings out, and little things hung round in five minutes, so you'd think she'd grown up there from infancy, and meant to die there. DICK said he'd once been with BLANCHE in railroad collision. Awful papers. Timber crashed, people darting through air, steam, death, crush, smash, havoc, busting, ravaging, banging, rooting-up, ruin, perdition and (not to produce false impression) old thunder gen'rally speaking. Tore several massy beams asunder—lifted three entire rail-road cars by one stupenderous effort—saved numerious lives and went rooting round for BLANCHE—saw pile of sticks and ruins—looked under—found a sort of newly made phantom bower, in which BLANCHE was arranging window curtain, and hanging up wreaths of roses—reckoning on passing the night there!

"On the strength of *that*, Captain DAM——" WIDOW always looked intently at DICK as if singularly magnetised by these narratives "on the strength of *that* —— BANGER, let's——"

There was a rum-maging in a grand, leather, silver-mounted travelling-sack of superb Oriental make—WILLIE used to own sometimes to having violently fascinated AHMET YUSEF PACHA for it—and brought out a darling little antique bottle of rich quaint Venice glass, covered with odd gem-like points like eyes, between which ran gold thread network.

"It's *Chartreuse*," quoth WIDOW WILLY, smiling freshly and merrily as a child, delighted at having a surprise for its parents—"it's the best Chartreuse—indeed it is—and you don't know how good. Come BLANCHE—try a little weeny drop!"

And so we all tried a weeny drop—and WIDOW took some of her own medicine—"as long as we were upon the Sound"—and Captain DICK, who was incautious enough to admire the bottle, had to work very hard to avoid accepting it as a present—WILLY would have given, any day, if not exactly the shirt from her precious little back, at least the last one out of her trunk, to oblige almost anybody. Then came the extraordinary supper on that boat—a supper at which humanity is bewildered and nature aghast—where small American flags wave over pounds of butter—where mosaics of cranberries, sugar-plums and pickles artfully and quaintly disguise cream-cheeses—where powdered sugar is done up in little mounds, each tipped with a strawberry (looking as natural as life!)—where wreaths of ancient artificial flowers surround plates of flap-jacks—where composition angels with tinsel wings bless the chicken salad beneath their feet—and where all sorts of contraptions earthly and unearthly, combine to produce the impression that children have been playing baby house with victuals and toys. Contrived to eat and coffee ourselves into good humor—all serene—sat out on deck—fine moonlight—passengers dropped off to berths—rolled WIDOW and BLANCHE up in shawls and comforters—RANDOLPH came out with double horse-blanket done up *a la* haick, looking like an Arab and so—with ye bottél and with cigars and cigarettes—we prepared to pass the night. On goes the boat, bounding and swaling through the waters—behind us is the muffled pounding and giant sob of the machinery—far away smothering in night lies the twinkling mystery of the light-houses—near at hand the beacons of bright eyes—very capable of being worked into a first rate simile for something—do you know the feeling reader—the steamboaty one? I do—it has even been new to me since the days of old. Left to ourselves—old stories—new ones—comfortable exceedingly. WIDOW and BLANCHE each with the glowing spark of a cigarette just under their noses, every once in a while reddening up and illumining all around, even up to the eyebrows—all of us on two chairs "laying off" dozingly. The fountain of Chartreuse is again opened. "Infinite streams continually doe well out of that fountaine sweete, and fair to see"—the spring bubbleth merrily—a rose-light steals through the night—BLANCHE the Proud, the dream of Greek merriment, becomes CALLIRHOE, fair flowing, drifting away in soul over the endless sea—you don't have these spiritually æsthetic vertigoes Reader—these orgasms of line and color mythologied, I believe?—well BLANCHE and I do, very often, and they add *wonderfully* to the enjoyment of life. Then BLANCHE throws her soul out into the elements—beyond all earthly things and what Man *thinks*—and wave, and wind, and perfume, and statue and living Antinöus and Nymph and flower—all minister with tempest and torrent, and *the rush of the hour* to—bewilderment. It takes costly ingredients though to brew that draught of drunkenness. So now CALLIRHOE is in the Bacchante vertigo—but silently—the driving foam under the steamboat awoke it in her soul and mine, as the mountain torrents in Asia Minor were wont to do two thousand years ago when we both worshiped ASHTAROTH our Holy Mother on the hills and high places overlooking the ocean, and

amid pleasant groves and under every green tree—oh the Sea, the Sea!

"Ye mighte have seen the frothy billows fry,
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seemed waves were into ivorie
Or ivorie into the waves were sent.
And other where the snowie substance sprent
With vermeil-like the boy's blood therein shed—?"

We are only worshipping Ma Nerf of the ocean *chere ame;* Ma Nerf who like Pan, is not dead but sleepeth. *You* certainly would not deny travellers the privilege of a short pray and a little piety "once't in a while." Hardly! Seldom indeed in these days, does the Mœnad-like sea-foam-rushing delirium inspire the delicious vertigo which is the spirit of the soul of adoration.

Get into Newport at a sweet hour—that's a fact—'twixt midnight and sun rise. Didn't care—every thing prevised for RANDOLPH and I—WIDOW anticipated by amiable aunt and uncle at our hotel—BLANCHE and DICK going to friend's cottage—*I* didn't know who.

Routing round among carriages—trying to find our wheel-barrows and *their* hand-carts—heard voice crying out in the Night—strange, wild, sweet—"Oh BLANCHE!—BLANCHE!"—light female form—lithe and fleet—fast pattern in broad flat—suddenly threw herself away into BLANCHE's embraces—*smack! smack! smack!* went kisses like firing a lip revolver——

FLINDERS!!

And LUCY!!

Just so—and RANDOLPH didn't know they were here, and I just as much, and a half less! But when the hand-shaking was nearly over, Old VIRGINNY spake in deep Southern baritone.

"I'll trouble you for a little of that, if you please young ladies?"

Oh maybe there wasn't a small Saturnailyou then—an orgie with a Fourth of July thrown in on top of a Roman carnival, and a touch of the Musard at 3 A M. Perhaps there wasn't an uplifting of voices in joyful chorus! Possibly the stars overhead in the quiet night, didn't smile and peradventure, an rosy Aurora borora didn't shoot up like a fountain to celebrate great joy on earth. Well—if he didn't it wasn't for want of an excuse. "Oh!" quoth FLINDERS, and "Oh!"—and "Oh!—who *ever* dreamed of BLANCHE's bringing you here. All of you! And Miss CATALPA is here, and the CATALPA's have such an *el—e*—gant cottage—oh you never—and *we've* been twice to dinner—and oh now you've come we'll have such mag-nif-icent times!"

And here FLINDERS the Genial, the Immortal, the Young, the Glorious, the Ineffable, got lost in dimly imagining the high old times which danced before her through the vista of fantasy. We were to go to their cottage to breakfast. We were to go and bathe them. Lunch. Dinner. Supper. Spend the evenings there. And call at intervals—Go to the Cliffs. Drive to BATEMAN'S. (So SETH'S on hand yet, is he?) Visit the VAN BYSENS and BAN VYSENS All sorts of things. Spread ourselves. Promulgate. Blaze. Pyrotechnify.

"I like that little girl of yours, amazingly, brother BROADWAY!" quoth WIDOW, as we drove in wagon to Ocean House. You hit her off very well I think in those early chapters—and the picture was quite a fac-simile. Heigho! I suppose you'll try to subtract yourself away from me now. Somebody'll be sold there, children. The FLINDERS are distant connections of mine——"

"I wonder who isn't——"

"And CATALPA and I are—well I may say old friends—I wonder why I didn't."

I didn't wonder though. The CATALPA and WIDOW WILLIE had equal positions—CATALPA's only advantage the not *very* great one among *really* respectable folks of being richer. But the one flew, a lonely and white mysterious bird—always on the *haute volèe*—far above life, though she really loved the love, and beauty, and kindness, and tenderness for which she hungered in vain, while the other hopped about, sometimes a dear little house-robin, sometimes wild as a falcon or merlin—but always ready to come to the friendly call, fearless of danger, and unheeding shafts, out of very innocence or trustingness. And this brought us to the Ocean House and its fine broad portico. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* I smell the sea. So does the old ocean dog Captain DICK, as the first breath of early morning comes over the waves on which he was born. Visions of fishing and boating are with Captain DICK and he holds his head maritimely as he enters, exclaiming without knowing why—"a fine morning sir—a fine morning!"

THE PISTOL GALLERY.

It was FLINDERS her first shot and she was proud of it. And it took good shooting to shine in *that* crowd, let me tell you. In fact we had talked shoot, from the word go and now were proving the sum. No tyros, no lady tremblifications at hair triggers, no flustrations and tremors. WIDOW set her own hair triggers and eschewed globe sights save to learn with. CATALPA shot—just as she played billiards and fenced—with a clean, high-toned elegance—a sort of slender, strong, antelope-leap style in which Continental grace, gave litheness to English strength and accuracy.

But WIDOW WILLY somehow *took* more by her shooting. She seemed to forget all about it—She handled the iron, not carelessly—but with light nonchalance. *Are you ready—one, two*—and the bell rang, and WILLY Boy was in a fresh joke before it had ceased its music. "I always shot well," quoth WILLY innocently.

But oh FLINDERS! and FLINDERS once again—what shooting was

FLINDERS—HER FIRST SHOT.

thine! Once directly between the hand and the nose of the boy who loaded. Once into the floor, three inches from the tip of RANDOLPH's patent leather. Once into the ceiling. Once into the side wall. True it was, beloved, that when thou did'st make for the spot and like THAL— what d'ye call him in SHAKESPEARE—"got him but once within thy pistol's length," thou shottest, shootedst, or didst shoot—(the Old Nick take this grammar, when a man's writing on time!)—remarkably well. Loud were the cries of FLINDERS at the lucky shots—innumerable were the Flinderian anecdotes poured forth of shooting, she had seen and read of, and heard Pa talk about.

Young people always fall back on their experience. "I never saw such a thing in all my life"—is heard oftenest from minors. And calm CATALPA who *had* seen such shooting! *Dio giusto!*—and WIDOW WILLY who *would* see all that went on during the *coup d'état* and had her carriage lifted over a dozen barricades at five francs a lift, until it was seized to make a barricade of itself, and unfortunate WILLY had to leg it homewards—neither *she* or CATALPA tell of the shots which *they* have seen—though an indiscreet reference to some Dutch baron, once winged by RANDOLPH at Baden Baden lightly pops out, once.

Ting-a-ling-ling. That's LUCY DE BROOM'S. She shoots with immense ambition, that same LUCY. She chafes at Empress CATALPA'S lordly marks-woman-ship. She half envies jolly little WILLY who don't seem to know but what she is shooting the worst of all, so easily does she dodge compliments. Yet a better heart never beat than LUCY'S. *Ting-a-ling*—I'm glad she rung the bell then—she wanted to. Oh LUCY—what is there which you won't win in the long run—for your pride is of the Morning Star—your will may conquer all things.

First rate for the hen-convention. RANDOLPH and DICK are shooting now. Go it OLD VIRGINNY! go it OLD SALT! They've got their blood up! "Pet you a supper," and "go you fifty" are beginning to color up beautifully. WILLY'S eyes gleam and glow—how she cheers on the champions. "Oh RANDOLPHICUS my duck—that's it. Just in line. Captain—Captain—you've gained an inch in measuring! Right into his heart brother—that settled him for

LUXURIOUS.

Friend on a country visit.—HARRY LEND ME A PAIR OF SLIPPERS—MY FEET ARE HEATED WITH THAT LONG WALK.

Elegant Host.— MY DEAR FELLOW, DON'T USE SLIPPERS. THEY SPOIL THE FEET. I ALWAYS KEEP *cold boots* IN THE CELLAR.

A Happy Thought.

When at Montreal the railway car intended for the use of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, was thrown open to visitors and one of a bevy of young damsels expressed her deep regret that the attendant could not inform her in which particular berth His Royal Highness would rest his royal limbs because "she would *so* like to place her hand upon his pillow," we thought sweet sentiment in connection with the house of Coburg had gone its length. But we were mistaken, it seems. A morning paper, of recent date, conta ns record of another and still more touching instance of devotion to royalty. The morning paper says :

"The Prince's apartments (at Quebec) have been visited by some hundreds of people. * * * *Some dirty water left in his basin, was bottled and sold at four shillings a vial.*"

How simple and yet how sublime is this manipulation of loyalty on the part of the Quebeckers ! Perhaps VANITY FAIR, humble admirer of the genius that would cherish the scourings of a possible king, may be permitted to inquire, in most deferential of tones " *What* next."

Good News!

We read in the papers that at a ball given at Halifax, the Prince of Wales danced with a Miss MACKARELL. After this of course he cannot refuse to similarly favor the belles of our codfish aristocracy when he comes on here.

Touching Remark.

JENKS sighs when he hears persons complain of the "trials of married life," and says he only wishes some honorable but affluent and beautiful spinster would give him a trial.

—try the saw handles Captain, and rest easy on the fingers—if you get the balance with 'em you could shoot a fly in the moon !"

Time up ! Bathing hour draweth nigh. Won't we have a time there if the Newport surf *is* meaner than a fried beef steak. So we depart in pleasant procession—for the Bricks are all gathered together.

A Question for Sophists.

Among the police reports of the week, we find the following :

"LAUGHABLE.—Last night, a young man named EDWARD MCLAUGHLIN, residing at No. 9 Worth-street, gave his maternal relative some impudence, which so exasperated her that she seized a heavy water-pitcher, and struck him over the head with it, inflicting a severe scalp wound, and knocking him insensible."

In the above, we think we can discern not one question for the social anatomist, but three :

Firstly : Was it a water pitcher, or was it a domestic Jar ?

Secondly : Notwithstanding Mr. MCLAUGHLIN's name, we cannot really see where the *laugh* comes in in the above.

Thirdly : Why Worth-street—a locality so notorious for occurrences like the above, and as a resort of worthless characters.

A Nut for Spinsters to Crack.

Among great things expected from the Prince of Wales during his sojourn at Quebec, we select the following, as itemized by the special correspondent of one of the dailies :

The soldiers expect him to pardon the military prisoners, except one sentenced to ten years for throwing a cap at the Major."

Is the "military prisoner" referred to, one of the belles of Quebec ? There never was a garrison town yet in which several spinsters, more or less, were not continually throwing their caps at the Major—a dangerous and reprehensible practice. Nevertheless the penalty of ten years—celibacy understood, we suppose—does appear to us to be rather severe in proportion to the misdemeanor.

"That spoke the vacant mind."

From the opening chapter of a story in one of the sensation weeklies, we take this ¶ :

"Young, beautiful, mistress of a large fortune and a strong-minded woman, Miss OPHELIA RAREY came to the conclusion there was no happiness in this world, except it was derived from adventure. As she mused over the means of gratifying her wishes, the idea occurred to her, *that the place left vacant* in the East by Lady HESTER STANHOPE *was not occupied.*"

The assertion that a place "left vacant" is "not occupied" is indeed startling, and calculated to inspire the human mind with awe. If, however, the place that "Miss OPHELIA RAREY" had in her eye had been "vacant" and "occupied" at the same time the consequences to that young woman would have been much more dreadful. We accordingly congratulate her on being as well off as she is.

A deuced good Joke.

[BY A RICH YOUNG GENT.]

[Done at Newport, between the second segar and the fourth cobbler. Time, after dinner : Scene, the piazza of the Ocean House. I. A. L. and his patent leathers elevated.]

"If I had a bird, you know—a canary, or cockatoo, or something of the kind—and it should lose some of its tail feathers—no, hang it, I don't mean that—and it should break its wings—that's it—and get well again, why would it be like that old heathen fellow, Mercury ? Because Mercury's heels are winged, you see, while *its* wings are healed ! Good, is'nt it ?

A fine Eye for Color.

[*Artist to full blooded Teuton, who has just appeared in a flannel coat.*]

Hum—ah—yellow hair, blue coat. By Jove, old fellow, if you were mixed you'd make a splendid green.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

YONKERS, August 26, 1960.

ELL-BELOVED VANITY :—Talk about female sorrows being "few but deep," as Somebody does! Sir, they are deep and as immensely variegated as the possible changes of a kaleidoscope. There are the anti-marital sorrows and the post-marital sufferings of the individual, not to mention the *vidual* or those of widowhood. *My* present griefs are of the marito-horticultural.

I have a Husband. A Husband is, I admit, a good thing to have in the country. But that Husband has a Garden—and not satisfied with this he goes abroad to other gardens until he has become fascinated with a horrid Horticultural Society, which takes away not only his precious time, but also all my pet posies, roses, pinks, and peonies, with the choicest fruit for his dreadful Exhibition. Sir, an Exhibition is not a good thing to have in the country when it snips away with ruthless scissors, our feelings and fine tomatoes, our hopes and our peaches, our enjoyments and our egg-plants.

But as you are well aware the most profound grief finds its only solace in poetry, (poetry as you are aware is a *very* good thing to have in the country) and I accordingly vanish in the following, every line of which I trust will be a hornet of remorse to every individual interested in that wicked YONKERS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Yours Truly,

VICTIMA SALSIFY.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Curtain rises to slow and solemn music and discovers a Yonkers garden. A large rose-bush in centre. Enter MRS. SALSIFY, anxiously, R. H. U. E.

MRS. S. ALBERT!
ALB. (*Who is hidden behind rose bush*) My love?
MRS. S. What are you doing there?
ALB. Nothing, my love.
MRS S. Nothing! you call it nothing,
But I see it all! (*seats herself on rustic chair and weeps.*)
ALB. (*Still invisible*) My love?
MRS. S. (*starting up*) Call me no more by that pellucid name!
Nor duck, nor dear, nor honey, any more;
Where have the daisies gone, that bloomed for me!
Where are the pinks and pansies I adored,
Where are my Salvias, Fuchsias, Auricarias;
My Perlagoniums and Eucoracrias?
And now you've clipped my roses with your shears,
And left my precious pretty garden bare.
ALB. (*emerging from Rose-bush, c. his spectacles on his nose, a bucket of roses in one hand, and his garden shears in the other*) Have I not left you all the rarest plants,
The Raglan roses, and the Ericas;
That costly thing Spergula Pilifera?
MRS. S. Ah yes, but these you know will never bloom.
ALB. (*softened*) It is too true!
MRS. S. Did I not tell you so, When that you bought 'em?
ALB. Yes, you did my love.
MRS. S. And have they bloomed, oh ALBERT?
ALB. Nary time.
MRS. S. Ah, ALBERT, ALBERT, once there was a time,
When you would cloak my waist within your arm,
And lead me through these gravel garden walks,
And say look there! that is your bean, my love,
And there your cucumbers and Mummy-pea,
There is the cauliflower which you admire,
And there the oyster-plant that bears my name,
But now those halcyon days are flown and gone. (*crosses to* L. H. U. E.)
ALB. (*musingly*) That's so!
MRS. S. But now all's changed, I know no more
Those sweet deluding—(*shrieks*) Oh! where *is* my aloe?
ALB. (*moodily*) Gone where the rest have gone!
MRS. S. Thou bitter aloe! hast thou left me too?
ALB. (*crossing his shears and bouquet to his breast* c.) It have.
MRS. S. Oh, cursed fate that ever made thee join,
The Yonkers Horticultural Society!
There everything we cherish and admire,
There everything we hope for or desire,
There everything we plant, or rear, or buy,
In one grand heartless Exhibition vie. (*Tableau.*)

HO! FOR PARIS.

If we can only fix it so as to be in Paris next year our cup of bliss will be filled to the brim. It is true, that a residence in that city ever promotes joy in the human heart. It is also true that good people go there when they die. For our part we should prefer to visit the Department of the Seine-et-Loire in the flesh, and not wait to "take our chances" after that ancient person of the scythe and hour-glass had cut us down. And especially in the coming year do we desire to pay that visit. For the Paris of 1861 will have, to us, a special charm. A charm that we are already prancing to partake of. Not the splendor of the Boulevards is the charm. Not the palace nor the gardens of the Tuileries. Not the great singers of the "Italiéns." Not the gay halls of the Mabille and the Closerie. [We are too old and respectable for that sort of thing now.] Not the Quartier Latin is it that entices us. Neither the *grisettes—celles qui restent.* The inducements lies elsewhere. In the French Academy, in point of fact. The F. A., some of the VANITY FAIR readers may not know, is almost as lively an institution as our Smithsonian thing at Washington. It is even said that the members of the F. A. are so remarkably progressive that the dear Parisians are kept awake nights trying to think what they will do next. Just imagine!

And it is at their next annual exhibition that the "fat and forty," intend to surpass themselves. For that occasion the poets of the country are requested to twang their harps to a particularly festive tune. What that tune is the following paragraph shows:

"The French Academy at its last sitting fixed as the subject of the prize of poetry, for the year 1861, the Isthmus of Suez.

Who wonders now that we are dying to be in Paris in 1861?

The Last of the Japanese.

Ever since the *Times* pricked itself into a state of howling virtue about TATEISH ONOJERO (otherwise "TOMMY") and the love-letters of that risky young person, it has borne a grudge against the gentle Japs.

When the subjects of the Tycoon quitted these shores, the *Times* was so impolite as to come out in an editorial and say that it was glad to get rid of them. Last week we heard from the Cape Verde Islands, of the Japs on their homeward voyage. The *Times* at once nipped the opportunity to display some more of its malevolence, and expressed the hope that we might *never* see our queer Oriental friends again. These are the *Times'* own fiendish words:

"We trust that they will not come again until we have an honest Common Council."

Could anything, we ask, be more utterly unhospitable than that?

Con. by an Ex-Policeman.

Why is the Japanese Donation to the New-York Police like a 0? Because it cannot be divided.

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

Our European Letter.

No. 3.

Brussels, Aug, 4th.

The meteor of July 20th, as seen in *Great Britain*, has been the subject of much speculation in cultivated circles in England ; and even in the *salons* of this "*petit Paris.*" You would be amused with the various explanations given ; some of them *almost* as absurd as E. Meriam's. A Boston gentleman now here, who is a M. A. S. S. (do you know what it means?—does the M. stand for *monstrous?*) wrote on to Newport suggesting the two following as *equally* probably theories. First, that the "meteor" was Prof. Lowe's *balloon ;* which had been chartered by Ex. Gov. Wise, Hon. Mr. Yancey, Gen. Bickley, and the K. G. C., to make an attack on London, and punish the British for giving aid and comfort to the abolitionists.

Second, that it was one of Barnum's or Vanity Fair's *handbills ;* which had been sent up by a new kind of fire-works, invented by Mr. Paine (of water-gas memory); but which had gone further than was meant, and had gone beyond the earth's gravitation.

All the English here, however, and there are crowds of them constantly, going to Waterloo, insist that Faraday and Brewster have made it out to be an *air-frigate*, belonging to the Emperor Napoleon, intended to invade London shortly, but now on a *trial-trip. Sic transit gloria Friday.*

The reason why the two last Imperial and Royal conferences have been fixed at *Baden* and *Tœplitz* is also explained by our *savans.* It is because the monarchs in question are so fond of getting themselves and other people into *hot water !* One place has its baths at 150°, and the other at 120° Fahr.

I promised you some *literary* news. The greatest sensation is produced by the new *German translation* of Tupper ! German and Belgian literati, who are all good English scholars, have discovered wonderful brilliancy in the Solomon of blank verse. A *Tupper-club* has been formed ; whose members are bound, under a fine of *lager for the party*, never to speak except in *proverbs.* The blue-stockings are divided into the *Shakespeare* and the *Tupper* parties.

The following English and American works are to come out soon in *Tauchnitz* editions.

"Water-spouts on the Atlantic coasts." By the Prince of Wales.

"Mount Vernon Papers." By Sylvanus Everett, Jr.

"Wheatland ; A New Pastoral." By James Read Buchanan.

"The First Cousin Once Removed." By Mrs. P. A. R. A. D. I. S. E. Southworth.

An astonishing book is announced as in preparation, by Prof. Strapsse ; the first volume having been printed at Leipsic. It is a History of German Civilization, in 24 volumes. The first 23 are to contain the introduction ; which is to be upon the History of Things in General. Vol. 1., which I have read, discusses the question, whether the world was *created*, or whether it *grew.* The latter view is advocated ; on the ground that, as Prof. Strapsse never succeeded in creating anybody or anything, therefore creation is out of the question. High authorities say that everything is to be altered by this book.

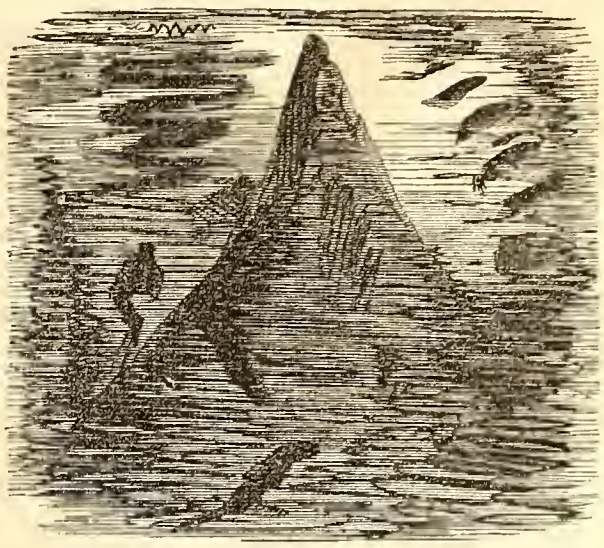
A very funny sort of *medical practice* has just sprung up at Göttingen. One Dr. Hoemboecke, rival in chemistry to Liebig of Giessen, —has invented *pneumatherapy ;* in short *gas-pathy.* It is founded on the Hahnemanuic principle, of "*similia similibus curantur,*" or, as Dick Blue-Nose, translated the Latin at the bar the other day, "a *smile* invites a *smile.*" The learned Doctor discovered that infinitesimal *smells* are very sanative; and nosology has consequently much advanced. The worst smells are the most positively curative. He has employed special agents, on this account at Cologne, Liverpool, and New York. In the latter place, the contractors for cleaning the streets are engaged ; so that now, it is likely, your streets *will* be cleaned.

Anything *in bad odor* now grows useful. What a blessing ! A *Presidential remonstrance* will no doubt prove good for the hooping-cough. A small section of a bill for a *Japanese Ball* will cure three fits of the ague. But, the autograph of such a person as Suine or Enright will save anybody from advanced consumption. A retired physician will, hereafter, have to live in the sewer. Won't you be glad?

In *art*, there is not a great deal to speak of. An old opera has been revived at Berlin. It is Oleanor, by Herr Stuh ; who was of an American family. The play turns principally on a remarkable *dream* of the heroine, of a residence in a palatial dwelling. It is asserted that Bellini stole many of his *best morceaux* from this now ancient opera.

Rosa Bonheur has been in England, to paint Prince Albert's favorite *Berkshire boar.* It turned out, very strangely, to have a singular likeness to Lord Brougham ! This fact was mentioned at the statistical congress.

But, all art-critics and æsthetical amateurs are now on the *qui vive*, about the just issued *Supplement* to Ruskin's book. He advocates therein a still more *advanced* theory than in the work itself ; illustrating it by the paintings of a pupil of Turner's, hardly yet known. You will of course read it ; I can only give you an idea of it. This is, that to depict *forms* and *objects* is below the dignity



The great sensation Turneresque picture.

of high Art ; which takes most delight in harmony of shades, lights and colors, out of which the imagination should make its own forms. This will be called the Preadamite school of art. The artist whose works illustrate this theory is, at present, resident in an insane asylum ; his enthusiasm after studying Turner's *latest* pictures at Marlborough House, having required restraint.

Fred mortified me very much yesterday. A cousin of M. Alphonse De L——e was here on a mission concerning the latter. It appears that the ex-poet and ex-statesman had *corns ;* the said corns have caused very rapid consumption of shoes ; and the latter shoes have run up a bill, with a Paris *bottier*, of 3000 fr. Not being able to pay it, his cousin offered the privilege of doing so to his numerous continental admirers. "*Ah ! ce grand homme ! Est'ce qu'on ne paye pas pour ses bottes ?*" While he was saying this, and other things, Fred sent a garçon up stair for a pair of *old shoes ;* and horrified me by dropping them into M. de L——'s open bag, just relieved of his subscription book !

I have not recovered from it yet ; and therefore must close abruptly. Your, Prime.

P. S. Did you know that the *Koh-i-noor* Diamond has just been stolen from the Tower of London, by a man who chloroformed the woman who showed it, and substituted a *paste* one in its place ?

Mighty Moral.

The *World* newspaper which refuses, on moral grounds, to print theatrical advertisements, seems to think, also, that it would be very wicked to admit even so much as the name of a popular theatre in its columns. In its notice of the Wizard Anderson's 'Psychomanteum' or whatever it is, the *World* taken a deal of trouble to avoid calling a spade a spade. *Voila !—*

"A large audience assembled last evening in the *public Hall in Broadway opposite Bond street*, to witness the first of Prof. Anderson's really curious and interesting entertainments.

So the readers of our precious contemporary are spared the shocking intelligence that there is such a thing as the Winter Garden Theatre in existence. What a dear, good old *World* it is, to be sure !

None of that, you know!

The *Times*, in an enumeration of the results of the Japanese visit, says that the No-Kamis :

"have a lasting fondness for champaign—and may be expected to infuse a taste for that pleasant beverage into the minds of their higher and wealthier classes of their countrymen. Unfortunately, however, this is not as yet an American product.

"Champaign not an American product !" Isn't it though ? Perhaps the *Times* man thinks to make us believe that he has never loitered through the sunny vineyards of N. Y., nor plucked the glistening apple from the vines that skirt the Camden and Amboy ! Go to, *Times* man !

AN ARKANSAS HORSE FERRY.

Main Deck Rackensackian. WAL STRAN-GER, FOR A SHORT V'YAGE I NEVER SEE SITCH A RIGHT SMART SPRINKLIN' OF ACES : SEVEN TO ONE PACK !

(Stern Passenger holding on to the Rudder.) THAR'S BEEN A RISE UP RIVER THEN I CONSIDER—*for hy'ar's one more!*

OUR OFFER TO THE PRINCE!

THE BEST OUT YET.

Your Royal Highness: From Vanity Fair Greeting:

Whereas,

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS : That We, VANITY FAIR, being of sound mind, having seen with dismay and intense gratification the immense amount of Hospitality extended to your ALTITUDE, and dreading least your SUBLIME and NOBLY BORN SERENITY might be disturbed by the difficulty of choosing among the many palaces tendered for your use by divers men, from the Abbot's proffering his Convent, down to the Beer Seller, giving his song Seraglio.

Therefore, VANITY FAIR has resolved to put an end to all uncertainty by offering ITS OWN RESIDENCE!—a Sumptuous Pile, which, it is needless to say "rakes down" any other pile which can be played against it.

It is eligibly situated on the Fifteenth Avenue, and is sixteen stories in height. The architecture is a felicitous combination of Fifth-avenuetral and Composite. In front is a gleaming colonade, supported by massive Palladian ballisters, with fluted capitals and fringes. Mediæval portals open upon a spacious atrium surrounded with strong pedestals, and arabesque architraves. The parlors, of which there are six in each story, are furnished with or-molu carpets, real Saxony curtains, beaufets of three pile velvets, cushions of solid gold and silver, ottomans of Sévres, and Limoges, and a choice Gallery of Pictures by the best pre-Raphælite masters, Canova, Thorvaldsen, etc. The dining-room is surmounted by a magnificent clais, while marble tables literally groan with plate, salvers of silver for our rarest wines, golden flagons of apricots and nectarines, etc., etc.

The chamber in which VANITY FAIR wooes the balmy god, and which he puts at the service of your SERENE and LOFTY MIGHTINESS, has a wainscot of ebony and other native woods. The bed-stead is a carved block of scandal wood; the mattress is stuffed with down, the like of which was never seen by S. and S. M. U. not even in the Downs where it grew. The whole is crowned with a rapturous divan, on which stands a royal eagle with three chuckle heads, argent and saltire on a sable ground, three gules cross-wise, on a quartered Ben-sinister wearing an emblazoned collar of the Garter, inscribed "E PLURIBUS UNUM," or in English, "WELCOME TO THE PRINCE." For further details V. F. refers your SPLENDOR to a description of the mansions of any of the Japanese entertainers. This we offer *ut pignut amicitiæ* in token of our loyality. Yours affectionately,

V. F.

Nothing to Do.

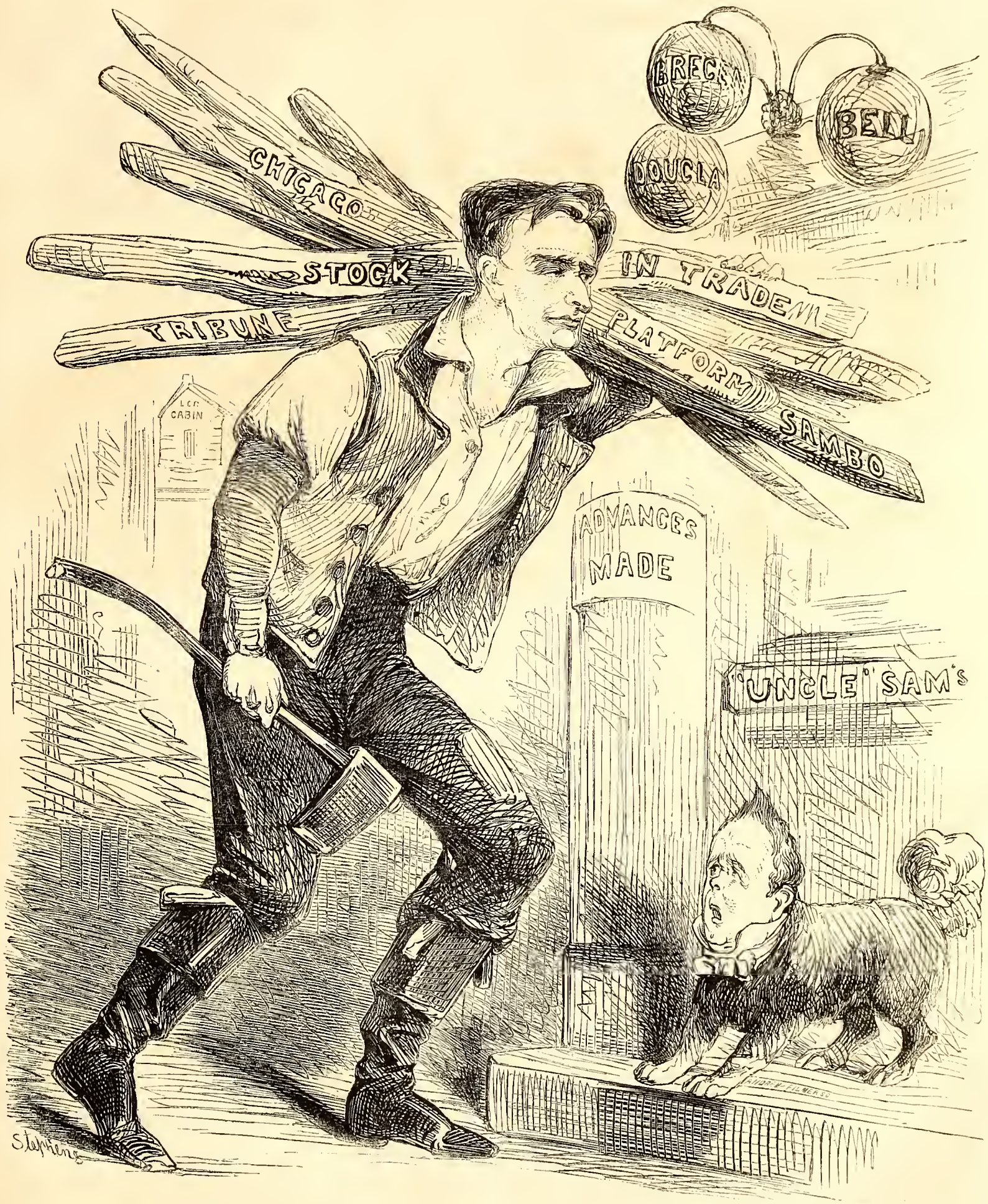
It is related, as an evidence of the strength and vigor of the PRINCE OF WALES' constitution, that he "held a levy" at Charlottetown on the same day that he went through with a variety of other fatiguing things. The other performances may have been very arduous, but we do not see why the holding of a levy should be chronicled as a muscular feat. People are in the habit of holding those things every day in Philadelphia, and, so far are they from counting it a task, we have noticed that the more they hold of them the better they like it.

Greeley on Weed.

It has been long known that the white-coated Philosopher of the *Tribune* is opposed to tobacco in all shapes, but recently he has manifested increased bitterness towards the *Weed*, and is bent upon its extermination, by smoking *it out* upon all occasions. GREELEY, like SHAKSPEARE, evidently looks upon "life as an *unweeded* garden."

Encouraging to the Oregon Candidate.

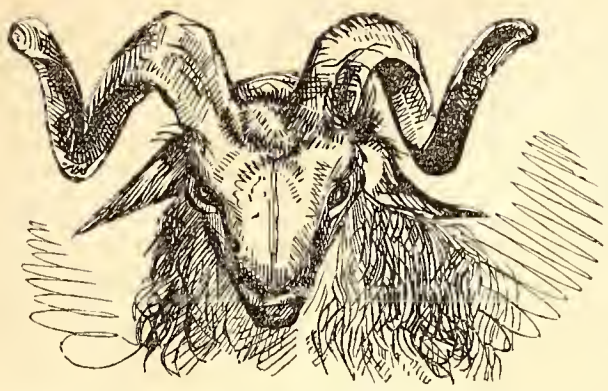
"Every Lane has its turn."



"THREE TO ONE YOU DON'T GET IT."

[Variation on the popular interpretation of the meaning of the Pawnbroker's Sign.]

THE CHURCH MILITANT.



E think it was Hood who declared, when he heard the rumor floating about, that the Bishop of London had cloped with a well-known belle of the time, that he considered it the most sensible thing his reverence had ever been guilty of. We have somewhat of a parallel as detailed in the columns of the Hartford *Press* of the 11th A certain Dr. Richards whose hot blood had been nurtured in the Sunny South, left his original land of fruits, flowers, and fights, to settle in the neighborhood of Litchfield, Conn., there to remain under *discipline*—whatever that vague term may mean—until he had expiated some sins supposed to have been committed under the stimulus of the aforesaid Southern sun, etc.

While doing this discipline, which we presume is walking about with peas in his shoes, the reverend doctor got somehow mixed up in a little controversy with another reverend doctor, Yclept Bacon, relative to whether the aforesaid Richards should preach with peas in his shoes, or not. At a very critical juncture, the quarrel, which was a mighty pretty one where it stood, was transferred to the columns of the *Independent*, and burned brightly through a series of weeks. All at once, while the Connecticut folks were looking on enjoying the fun, little dreaming of the explosive nature of the reverend material they were baeking up, pop went the reverend Richards, and caught—unfortunately, not the reverend Bacon, but his brother, who, born under an unlucky star, looked so like the reverend, that Richards made the very pardonable mistake of drubbing him severely for the sins of his relative. That time the absent Reverend saved his individual Bacon at the expense of other Bacon.

At this stage of the proceedings one would suppose that both members of the church militant would rest satisfied, but not so; each of the reverend gentlemen has friends. Those of the reverend Bacon assert that the reverend Richards was undoubtedly tight when he behaved so loosely, while the backers of the latter gentleman affirm that it was not intoxication, but merely a fit of temporary insanity, brought on by reading an article in the *Independent*. We incline to the latter opinion, and declare that we ourselves have been put upon the verge of lunacy more than once from the same cause. We therefore raise our voice in favor of the reverend Richards, and add our testimony that it was but a small error for that gentleman to make after such reading, to rush into the house of the reverend Bacon, "seize his brother by the hair, and shake him around the room, rather spry, for several minutes."

We rather wish we could record the conclusion of this clerical battle, that we might be at rest as to which of the combatants came off best, but we are constrained to wait the final result, as each reverend gentleman has his crowd of backers who are wisely losing no move that will tend to an ultimate triumph of their man. The Richardites have held a public meeting at the Court-house of Litchfield, at which they declared their champion "a capable, exemplary, and useful member of society," while on the other hand the Baconites are making preparation for a donation party to their chief, to offer him an expression of their esteem, regard and friendly interest in his present and future welfare."

We look upon this clerical battle as it stands, with intense curiosity, and ask ourselves how can it be settled but by Heenanic method? This is undoubtedly the only way of untying the Gordian knot, and the sooner the better. Give the reverend Richards one more chance to show his capability and usefulness as a member of society, on the real Bacon, and if we are any judge of "discipline" it will tell in his favor as certainly as training.

Philological.

In this part of the world, when a man is particularly well gotten up we say that he is "dressed to kill." In Scotland this expression takes a singularly different phase, for there a Highlander in full costume comes very near being Kilt entirely.

"Endowed by a Lunatic."

"Neal Dow is a man of strong will." All the Maine-law-yers say so. And yet a single letter has made him Neal Dow-n!

"GENERAL INTELLIGENCE."

We have occasionally heard persons speak in terms of praise of "*public or general intelligence*," and on the whole, have been disposed to feel much respect for the "*intelligence*" of the multitude. But, we confess, we were not prepared, even with our prepossessions in its favor, for the extraordinary specimens of "*intelligence*" offered us in the columns (or rather, in a column) of the *Philadelphia Daily Inquirer*. Under this caption, our editorial brother gives us seventeen distinct instances of "Intelligence," displayed, we must own, in a startling and original manner, as the reader—the ingenous reader we mean—will acknowledge. The first instance of this brilliant "*intelligence*" occurred in York Co., wherein a young lady was crushed in a frightful manner, by imprudently going too near some revolving machinery. The second proof of "*intelligence*" was in the sale of a mortgage for $5000 by a citizen of Jamestown to another in Pittsburg. Here, we presume, the "*intelligence* consisted in the adroit "*doing*" of the buyer by the seller—or *vice versa*. Three of the remaining specimens of "*intelligence*" are suicides; four are accidents by fire; two ditto, by water; two ditto, by runaway horses; one, a highway robbery, one, a camp meeting; and one, the miraculous interposition of Providence, in answer to an old gentleman's prayers in the midst of a tornado; he having prayed for the preservation of a particular tree, which was, accordingly preserved in the most successful manner.

The only instance cited, which appears to us to show clear and positive evidence of "*intelligence*," is the statement—we trust it is reliable—that Greene County jail is empty.

But then we are probably behind the "*intelligence*" of our lately revived friend to such an extent that we can't see it. Long may it wave, anyhow!

A Word in Mr. Raymond's Ear.

Does Mr. Henry J. Raymond know of the possible viper that he is fostering in his bosom? Is he aware of the effect that familiarity with titled people has upon the juvenile mind? If not, let him be warned in time of that gentleman up in Canada, who is doing the Prince of Wales for the *Times*. This *literateur* has made himself singularly at home with the royal party in a very short space of time. He at once sets our minds to rest as to the moral character of H. R. H. by telling us he is "a good boy," and also that he "likes him." He calls the Judges of Quebec "jolly old coves," and talks in a how-are-you-old-boy sort of style of the Duke of Newcastle. Writing from Quebec, under the date of the 22d ult., he says:

"To-morrow, the Prince and the rest of us go to Montreal."

"The Prince and the rest of us," is good. But just fancy, Mr. Raymond, the state of things you will have in the *Times* office, when your correspondent gets back. The gentleman cannot of course be expected to associate again with his former companions. Reporters he will look down upon with contempt, and sub-editors he will visit with much contumely. Even your august self will not receive much better treatment. Perhaps at proper intervals, you will be addressed as "Harry," "old cock," etc., and be slapped condescendingly on the back. But nothing more.

We have benevolently traced in this ¶ your Mane-thekel-phares. Take it and welcome—no extra charge.

At it Again.

It is a beautiful thing to see brethren at unity, and the harmony of our daily cotemporaries is indeed edifying. Witness the following accounts of the same events of the same day.

"The Prince fished yesterday in the Saguenay. The fish previously caught were enclosed in weirs. The Prince enjoyed the sport, and was very successful.—*N. Y. Herald.* Aug. 17."

"On Thursday, the Prince again ascended the Saguenay to fish for salmon, Tents were raised and tackle provided by Mr. Blackwell, Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway. His Royal Highness was not, on this occasion at least, a very successfully imitator of old Isaac; for the fish, unlike the inhabitants of the Provinces, refused to bite at his gilded hook. He caught none of the finny tribe."—*N. Y. Times*, Aug. 16.

There's a nice state of affairs for readers dying to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth relative to every movement sneezement and utterance of the lordly Boy!

A Plea for the Box.

Future events foreseen by the late benefactor of Amherst College will, we have no doubt, justify the legacy of the century-sealed box. We are led to believe so, at least from his having been one of the sears.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

1st distinguished foreigner.—VELL, 'ARRY, BEING AS 'OW THE PRINCE O' VALES IS A COMMIN' IT SEEMS TO BE HOUR PLACE TO DO THE 'ARNSOME. *Anything* TO KEEP THAT BOY HOUT O' THE GRIP HOF THE HALDERMEN, HI SAY!

Autographic.

Those among our friends who collect autographs are aware that of late these little aggregates of nut-galls, old rags, size, *et cetera*, have brought enormous prices—in fact it would seem that the blessed time is coming when an author will make more money by his writing than by his writings. As an extraordinary instance, however, of the stupendous extravagance and unpardonable waste of money which accompanies an indulgence in the mania of autograph collecting we quote from BANGS and MERWINS' catalogue the following. which is, however, said to be in proportion to the real value of the article, the highest valuation ever affixed to mere chirography.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, 25 CENTS.

Heavens!—if TUPPER'S signature be worth a quarter of a dollar, what must a poet's sell for.

Save us from our Friends.

How perfectly delectable it must be to declare before the Tax Commissioners of your *locale* your property, Real and Personal, to be worth, say $25,000,000—pay your taxes at that rate—and then have some judicious, good-natured friend, some admirer, start and blurt out before the world that you cannot, by any possibility, be worth less than $40,000,000! How would it do to invite all your friends of that stripe to a banquet—a Borgian banquet—only once! What do you say, WM. B.?

A Glorious Burden.

The *Herald* says that "the PRINCE OF WALES is carrying all before him in Canada." Whereupon JENKS exclaims: "What an awful load he must have on!"

PUNNING MADE EASY.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

(*Continued.*)

AUGUST 9, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Excuse the continuation of my philosophical analysis this week. I have been, and am, very sick, and now am almost unable to write. The following extracts from my diary will inform you of the reason. In it I write my inmost thoughts, and most sacred feelings. Very respectfully,

——— ———.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A PUNSTER.

August 6, 1860.—Oh! what a fine day for punning! So cool, so clear, so calm. The west wind is redolent of flowers. Called on THOMPSON with a conundrum—out of town, so I wrote it on his slate. Then to SMITH'S—my worst suspicions of that man are more than confirmed. Shall have nothing more to do with him. While sitting in his parlor, smiling to myself, I heard SMITH say to MRS. SMITH: "There's that d—d punster again." "You must not see him, JOHN," she said, "if you have no respect for yourself, do have some for me and the children." "————," said SMITH, but I will not pollute these pages with his profanity. In short, down he came. From business reasons, I suppressed my feelings, (he still owes me those two shillings.) However, I was very cool, made not a single obvious pun, and spoke only of general subjects. In a few minutes I took my leave, ironically saying, "I hope your wife is well," to which he said she was. Well, I am not surprised; I have long thought SMITH evil-disposed, and not willing to hear my puns; no doubt had it not been for those two shillings, he would have long ago proceeded to violence. MRS. SMITH I *pity*.

August 7.—Alone in my room this evening. How delicious to sit by the window, gazing on the starry skies; how sweetly comes the fragrant breeze from yon umbrageous wood! Now, in this secluded seclusion, how sweet to muse upon the mystery, or murmuring, with half-closed eyes, some memorial pun, to fancy that the winds repeat it to the trees! Oh! how different from the apathy of the world! Oh, how little SMITH knows of these feelings! Oh, how my soul communes! Oh, is it too much to believe in the One, in the Absolute, in the omnipresence of The Pun, in which the universal universe is blest in the boundless infinite. Oh! no; let the unbelieving skeptic scoff, the worldling sneer: I, the enthusiastic punster—I, the neglected idiot, as they call me, will *not* refuse this commune with the One, the Ideal. Mem: Write an article on the One.

August 8.—What have I done to deserve this? Just Heaven! why do I suffer thus? Those fatal words! why—why did I ever speak them? Yet were my intentions pure and good. Ah! how true is that profound remark, "of nothing we are certain." And I was so happy last evening; and this morning, when the milkman, beneath my window, announced the Chariot of Aurora, with what alacrity I rose. At breakfast I actually made puns on every article of food. Strange to say, I remarked to BRIDGET, "Bread, which in America is a pleasure, in France becomes a pain; and salt which here is certainly no swindle, is there considered a sel." So I went on, like some happy child, from flower to flower, till, like a garland long worn, the sweets I had gathered left their fragrance wreathed invisibly around my brow. But *now*, perfume is changed to poison. Ah! what is man? but stop—rash fool! thou dost not dare to even ask a question! * * * * Cease thy tempests, billowy soul; be still my heart, and let me calmly recall that fatal interview. Recall! great Heavens! can I bear the recollection? Am I mad?

No. How profoundly true in their Psychology those words of HAMLET, "Put me to the test; and I the matter will re-word, Which madness would gambol from." By-the-bye, is not that a pun on gamble? See COLLIER. No, I am not mad.

I was sitting in my room this morning at half past eight, I distinctly remember the hour, for I was looking at the clock, and making a conundrum, why is a man half done his breakfast, like another at thirty minutes of nine? when the door bell was violently pulled; I thought to myself, 'tis THOMPSON. By-the-bye, calling on T. the other day, I found the slate shamefully disfigured with oaths, alas! it wasn't. "I know," said I, "the answer is not right;" THOMPSON'S intellect, though successful when applied to poetry or science, is unequal to the conundrum; that requires a special gift. There is MILTON, not a solitary conundrum in the whole of Paradise Lost! And even the puns are such as any man must make uncon-

sciously, when writing an epic too long to read. However, I digress—I say the door bell rang. "BRIDGET," I said, "there is some one at the door, adorable BRIDGET, dar must you go; dire is the necessity my dear, swift as the deer, run; dare the visitor to enter; he is perchance the dyer (here I went off splendidly on a series of digressive puns on di) his thanks shall be your dower, but you can endure no more, so BRIDGET go."

BRIDGET, whom I often love to puzzle thus, stared stolidly, and answered that fatal ring.

While she was gone, I sat smoking, smiling to think how THOMPSON would enthusiastically enter, exclaming: "By Jove! sir, you are inimitable. The conundrum on my slate should be translated into every language. Wonderful man! you modestly excel your genius. Great as I have always thought you"—but at this moment of my reverie, BRIDGET entered, bearing in her hand the following incoherent note:

AUGUST 8, 1860.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: Come to me in the hour of affliction. Yes, for my sorrow extreme came too true. EMILIA SUSAN!—my wife, yes, she we both love and know so well, is dying. Come. Do not fail, my friend, but come, Oh, come at once! SCOTTY.

His real name is SCOTT, but we call him SCOTTY as a term of endearment. Good Heavens! I exclaimed, springing up, and clasping my throbbing brain, EMILIA SUSAN dying, SCOTTY in affliction! And grasping my hat, I hurried with rapid strides to his abode. Would that I had broke my leg upon the way!

Fate decreed that I should reach the house unharmed; I rang the bell; a weeping servant ushered me into the darkened parlor. There was SCOTTY pacing the floor in his anguish; clasped in one hand his infant EMILIA, pledge of wedded love, played with his dishevelled hair; with the other hand he smote his agonized brow. When he beheld me, standing overwhelmed with pity, motionless in the doorway, he sank, sobbing on the sofa. My eyes filled with tears. "SCOTTY," said I, gently laying my hand upon his shoulder; "SCOTTY! How is your wife?"

Would that I had been born dumb; but such was not my doom.

Judge of my horror when SCOTTY, dropping the pledge, sprang to his feet, and with flashing eyes, and trembling voice, cried, "Villian! leave this house!"

I started back aghast!

Leave my house!—Rascal—unfeeling—heartless brute! To come here—with your infernal conundrums, and my wife dying in the room above! How *is* my wife, wretch? Ha!—perhaps because *she* can't climb a tree. And infuriately he grasped my collar, kicked me down stairs and hurled me into the street. Stunned, bewildered, I staggered home, crept past BRIDGET, and sank trembling in this chair.

Alas! alas! and is *this* the result of my vast reputation? And when a man's wife is dying, can I not inquire, how she is, without being kicked down stairs as a punster? Am I to be deprived the melancholy privilege of standing by the dying beds of those I love? Far better had I been born a NEWTON or a BACON—if genius entails great misery, who would be grateful for the boon? Far, far better to be born the hog than the man; to esteem wittles more precious than wit.

In future when I ask a servant, Can you get me a glass of water? will he reply: Indeed sir, I don't know; and going away, never return, thinking it a conundrum? So must I remain forever parched with thirst, because it has no answer. And at dinner to say, Sir, can you reach the tomatoes? Then to see the man put his hands up to his forehead, and in a profound study, wonder if he can, or why he can't,—ah! what a situation, and me so fond of tomats.

Alas! if SCOTTY, my old friend, abandons me, why should I wonder that THOMPSON is always out of town, and that SMITH is so profane.

How could he mistake me? Had I indulged my disposition and made some gay and inappropriate pun, I will admit his conduct would have been justified. Had I said "SCOTT, grief's got you now; or, EMILIA is sick, else am I a liar; or, so, SUE's in trouble"—then no punishment would have astonished me. But simply, How is your wife?

Hear me ye heavens! Henceforth all wives may die—my sister may have the consumption—my mother perish of a fever—I will never ask them how they are. They might spurn me from their side, or urge some fearful penalty the law might interpose. What would be my feelings if condemned to wear always on my back a placard announcing to all the world, in far seen letters,

"Beware of the Punster."

A Touching case of Confidence.

Entrusting a letter *a la lanterne*—to a lamp-post—and expecting it to fare better than people did in the last century under similar circumstances.

A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWTIES.

THE MOON shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea;
Unt I vent to Concy Island,
Unt I took mine shotz mit me.
Mine shotz MADILDA YANE,
I gife her mine heart and wordt;
Put ve tidn't know vot beeples
Der Dampfschiff had cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool unt bleasant,
Ve looket at de down;
Mit soonlight on de sdeeples,
Und de wetterfanes durnin round.
Ve set on de deck in a gorner,
Und dropled nobody dere,
Ven all arount oos de rowties
Peginned to plackguard unt schvear.

A vomans mit a papy
Vos sittin in de blace,
One tooket a chew-dobacco
Unt trowed it into her vace.
De voman got convoolshons,
De papy begin to gry;
Unt de rowties screamt out a laffin
Unt said de foon vos "high."

Pimepy ve pecomes some hoonger
MADILDA YANE unt I,
I opened de lit of mine pasket,
Unt pringed out a cherry-bie.
A cherry-kooken mit pretzels;
"How goot!" MATILDA said,
Ven a rowty snatch't it from her,
Unt preaked it over mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,
I gifed him a beece my mind.
I would said it pefore a tousand,
Mit de tyfel himself pehindt.
Den he knocks me down mit a sloong shot
Unt peats me plack and plue,
Und all de plackguards help him
Till I fainted, unt dat is drue.

De rich American beoples
Don't know how de rowdies strike;
De bo r hardt-workin Sharman
He knows it more as he like.
If de Sharman sbeakers unt bapers,
Are somedimes too hardt on dis land
Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven
Along by de rowdy's handt

HANS BREITMANN.

Peoria still Ahead.

A number of our unprincipled cotemporaries have been in the habit of basely deceiving the public of late, with (falsely) so called Peorian jokes. What the *real* article is like, is shown in the following which we have just received in an envelope bearing the postmark, Peoria, Ills., and which may be seen at our office by any person interested in aboriginal remains.

"DEAR VANITY:—The ladies of Illinois are for linking (LINCOLN) to a man,"

There you are, gentlemen and ladies; *that* is the real article.

Meteorological.

In a special despatch from Quebec to the New York *Herald*, announcing the arrival of the Prince of Wales, we are told that—"Rain fell, though people said it always rained when the Prince lands."

Very good. Rain comes to the Prince now—the Prince may come to reign by and by.

THE BIGOTS OF BERGEN.

AY it please our readers.

Bergen, N. J., wishes to have it distinctly understood that it (Bergen) is a moral place.

Moral; in the Camden and Amboy acceptation of the word, that is.

A report in the papers of a meeting recently held in that place to take into consideration the running of cars on Sunday, calls forth a reply from one of its exemplary inhabitants. The exemplary inhabitant's letter is printed in one of the dailies. The exemplary inhabitant signs himself "A Lover of Truth." But the signature indicates great imaginative power on the part of the exemplary inhabitant.

It appears that this particular meeting favored the running of cars on Sunday. What more natural, then, than that the exemplary inhabitant should tell us that it "was composed of anything but a respectable body of citizens?"

Another meeting, a meeting about which no Brummagen was, a meeting which thoroughly vindicated the respectability of Bergen, a meeting, in fact, which the exemplary inhabitant attended, was held afterwards, we are told, in the school-house of Bergen. This meeting was opposed to the running of cars on Sunday. The exemplary inhabitant accordingly informs us that it was "composed of property-owners, and of the better class of the citzens," that it was "large and enthusiastic," and that "with the exception of six persons—one of whom was an infidel, and another a free-thinker—amongst over three hundred present, resolutions were passed to use every endeavor and remonstrate with the managers of the railroad to stop the cars running on the sabbath."

After which the exemplary inhabitant thus concludes:

"It is for the love of the sabbath that I write this correction lest it should go forth to the world that the good old town of Bergen had degenerated in its love for the fulfilment of God's commandments."

The exemplary inhabitant's mind may rest perfectly easy, and the exemplary inhabitant himself need no longer be troubled as to what the "world" will think of his "good old town." From his letter the Bergen character is sufficiently manifest. That the "three hundred" inhabitants of that cheerful place are a set of narrow bigots, no reasonable man will refuse to believe. As for the "Lover of Truth," if he had signed himself a "Lover of Can't," he would, in some measure, have shown proof of the possession of that quality which he professes to cherish.

For how long, oh self-called "Lovers of Truth," must we ask you why we may not do as the Creator commanded, and make of the Sabbath a day of recreation and of rest? For how long must we remain in ignorance of the reason why it is moral and proper, on that day, to ride in a private carriage, but impious to take advantage of a public car? For how long must we of the press fight the battle of the poor workman and entreat for him, his wan wife and his pale-faced children, an easy escape from the close cramped city, and a breath of the fresh air of the fields on this, his only holiday? For how long must we vainly recall to you, that passage in the Book whose precepts you pretend to follow, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?" For how long, finally, must we inveigh against that bigotry in you that would make religion repulsive, and present our Maker, not as a God of mercy, but as a God of sacrifice?

Until you can answer these things let us have no more such sanctimonious bosh, as that which comes to us from the bigots of Bergen.

"PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN."

JAMES appears to be in trouble. James has not confided his anxieties and worriments to our sympathising boosum, but, you see, our Instinct has ferreted out our startling tale. Instinct is a great invention. Equal to Sewing Machine. HOWE do we know? Why, because.

J. B. has been to Old Point Comfort. Couldn't stay. Why not James? Was there not Comfort to be had there? No Balm in Gilead? Or, too much Point there? Were the bites and stings of mosquitos, sand-flies, conscience and such insects too many for you? Is it to escape such small annoyances that you have fled to Bedford Springs? We fear, James, that neither there nor elsewhere will your bed (af) ford springs that will make matters easy.

We feel for you, James: we are sorry for you. We may not look as if we were, but we are. Sorry with a sorrow that is perfectly irrepressible in view of the not-too-much-to-be-deplored fact that an "old public functionary" whose trembling "limbs" are giving way under the bond of 93 years of unremitting services, cannot be dispensed with for six months to come. Oh! wretched VI months! Oh! ye rainy and otherwise disagreeable 6! how can ye stand it! What can we do to help you? We'll give you out, and three on next game? Is it a bargain?

We have an IDEA! An idea of the cause of James' uneasiness; of the source of the difficulty between him and his conscience, yet, there is in it (conscience or difficulty—just as you choose) much heathenism: much barbarity: also cruelty, etc: therefore we hesitate to permit ourselves—to say nothing of the community whose guardian we are—to believe that such things *can be!* Still, our first duty as Journalists is to outstrip our neighbors in publishing Exclusive Intelligence from Our Own Correspondent. (Assisted by Instinct aforesaid.)

Consequently we shall, in the words of the poet,

"——*pitch in.*"

This great Idea—this Big Thing has been progressing quietly but with irrepr—no—got that in already—sistible force for several weeks.

Read, mark, learn and inwardly, etc., etc.

JAMES IS BEING PUNISHED! *Punished in a barbarous manner*! after the manner of the CHINESE! Punished by being kept awake—WIDE AWAKE—never suffered to close his eyes even—*till he gives up the ghost!*—all he has to give up; not much to speak of, to be sure. Old Rye won't save him.

Bands of ruffians are forming daily—nightly—whose war cry is "*à la lanterne.*" They are divided into reliefs and are regularly drilled in the means of inflicting this terrible chastisement on Ancient James. And they do inflict it! We have seen them do it! We could even name the ringleaders but we refrain; for obvious motives.

Oh! what a Fate of Astair's is this!!

As Humananthropists, as philitarians we suggest—we entreat James, that you should, in order to escape these unpleasant things, cause yourself to be conveyed in some appropriate manner to some appropriate place—to—yes—upon the whole, we advise the uninhabited-and-able island called "No Man's Land." Good place to "loaf and invite *a* soul;" you'll need one, James. There may be one or two small coves to extend to you a left-handed sort of arrangement: *you* might call it Friendship. They would not rob you; they couldn't. 2 from 1 you can't.

Go there; bury your head in the sand, James; begin to repent; say you'll never do so again—*nor anybody like you*—sell all your old clothes; dye your hair: your eyclashes; dye—dye anything; die yourself, and then when things have been once more "set to rights"—we may, perhaps, James, say in 1960, forgive you—*Good-evening.*

The Vanity Fair "Wee One."

[*Scene—A Sunday School on Murray Hill*]

REV. DOCTOR (*to the catechism class*).—By what name, my children, do we designate one who has been baptised? (*No answer. The class generally mystified*).

REV. DOCTOR (*explaining*).—For instance, what should we call a young man, say his name were JOHN, after he had received baptism.

THE VANITY FAIR "WEE ONE." (*Quickly*) Oh! JOHN the BAPTIST, sir.

[Where is Harper's "four-year-old now, we should like to know?" Ed. V. F.)

A Fact.

To the editor of a comic paper, of all men in the world, absent-mindedness is most dangerous, since it is plain that he can do nothing until he has Collected his Wits.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

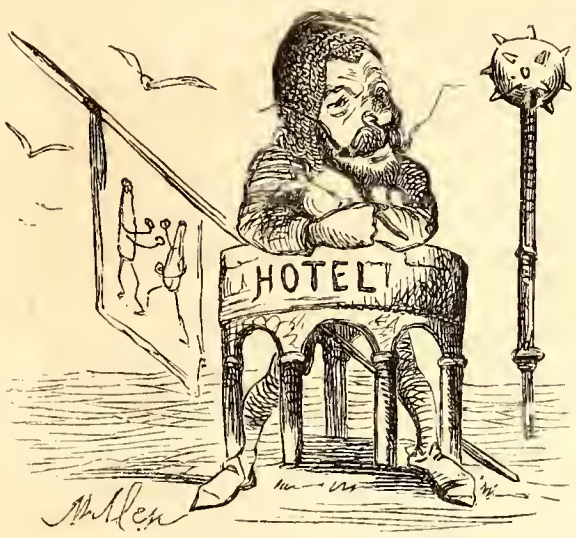
AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER XI.

NEWPORT.



T'S all very well, quoth Captain DICK as he unfolded his legs after dinner at Catalpa Cottage, and glanced over the last number—35—of VANITY FAIR—— "all very well BROADWAY, my boy—and then again it isn't. Now that one paragraph on the American Idea, to my mind, hits the bull's eye, and rings the bell for the curtain to rise on a big thing. It's the grain of salt which once in a while, saves all that in-fer-nal game-European-experience, you *will* persist in giving. But don't you candidly believe now, that the Sierra Nevada—Californiawards there—with the crack of Indian rifles aimed at you, and the howls of grizzlies eating up your mule is a bigger thing than Mont Blanc with gimcrackery cherry-bark-horns a blowing, and a chamois jumping! Lord!—I passed last evening with a man who went over the Plains with me years ago; one of those men who are self-respectful as one may say—and truthful—I tell you, JIM BECKWOURTH may be a heap of a liar, but I reckon we summed up as much as he did, without going an inch out of the way. Boys—we talked all about Indians, buffaloes, antelopes, night camps and one visit to the skeleton camp, where forty odd bleached skeletons lay whitening away, scattered here and there as they laid down and died the year before of starvation. Of the cordon drawn by a party of Sioux, who were on the war trail half starved, across the perara and their chief who held talk with them, swar'ing that unless the white men gave them food they'd crack away at 'em. How the Sioux were faced down, and *then* the fast travelling they made for fear the red devils would rally in greater number and rub them out. Ha! It strikes me there's savage music in all this kind of life that we are neglecting. To be sure there are plenty to describe it, and very well too they do it—but it's like that initial of an Indian woman you've got—it's spirited, characteristic, well drawn—but wants a man's hat on her head and a fringe to her blanket——"

"La, la, la!" interrupted WIDOW. "Stop your grumbling—you old storm-wind! You expect a hickory nut to grow on a camelia japonica don't you? How could BROADWAY be doing *me* justice I'd like to know"—here WILLY got up, risingly, a superb burlesque on her own airs and graces, with sublime court-courtesy *a la* CATALPA—"if he followed your advice—you ignorant old heathen! How could he do justice to *me*, if he painted Indian squaws—uh!—New Mexican senoritas as broad as they're long—the nasty things! Arn't we *historical products*, I should like to know, as much as your aboriginal creatures? Arn't the flowers which grow out of the dirt as valuable as the dirt itself? *Bête. Cr'r'r'r'ètin!*"

And WILLY run her thumb-nail over the ridges of her palm-leaf fan, with an aggravating, cruel, unmerciful, semi-circular *r'r'r'it*, expanding, dilating and joyfully flood-tiding thereby into a torrent of triumph while the Captain dwindled, waned, ebbed, decreased, shrivelled, faded, shed, simmered down and dried up. And a great awe gathered over us all, for those who ought to know, bare witness that this was the first time wherein it was on record, or had gone up that WILLY WILLABY had ever pitched into any body except Apple Meringues, or in which Captain DICK had ever endured a tauning and caved.

There was a solemn silence broken at last by CATALPA.

"Satan hath been among us my brethren," quoth she. "Let us try the Maraschino!"

See those Blossomes fayded
On Lyfe's sultrie Plaine!
Soone you'll wilte as they did
Neere to sproute againe;
Yonder Rose decayinge,
Tho' itt haint no Tongue,
Lookes as iff 'twere sayinge
"Go itt whyle you're younge!"

No place out where people with tin in pocket, go it more exquecsively than at Newport. Then went the Jury out whose names were Mr. NO GOOD, Mr. LOVE-LUST, Mr. LIVELOOSE, and Mr. HIGH MIND—all of them gentlemen of good estate. And these with Mr. BLINDMAN, the Foreman, unanimously concluded in a private verdict publicly expressed to go it blind, lemons or no lemons, and letter rip into the great Enemy, and Filthy Nuisance, SIMON SLOW-COACH Esq., who was the Prisoner delivered by Providence into their Hands. And first among themselves, Mr. BLINDMAN of Baltimore said: "I see clearly that this Man is a Heretic" Then said Mr. NO GOOD, of Lexington Avenue, "Away with such a fellow from the Earth!" Then said Mr. LOVE-LUST, (a great dancer of the German) "I could never endure him." "Nor I," said Mr. LIVE-LOOSE (of the Century Club) "A sorry scrub," said Mr. HIGH-MIND. Then said BLINDMAN the Fore-man, "Might I have all the world given me, I would never be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death!" And so they did—and having carried SLOW-COACH out on a chip, they drowned him in a glass of Chateau Yquem, and slung him over the Cliffs into the Sea. Thus came SIMON to his end, and wig-wagged no more! Verdict—"served him right!"

In this little allegory, Beloved, there is set forth a right cheerful and solacing scene from that grand old primeval VANITY FAIR, in which you and I dwell with such real good will and relishing love. A dainty scene it is, and one repeated every summer at Newport, where SLOW COACH is annually arrested, tried, and put to death by merry and true-hearted gentlemen, in presence of gay and gentle dames—sorrow it is that the caitiff should be a vampire, always rising again from his foul death! Yes, they who try him do love pleasure, and pride, and the world, and worldly joys—poor sticks they'd be if they didn't—and it is a sin and shame to this generation that so few have risen to rebuke him who dared smear the slime of vile names and hideous falsehood over genial jovial VANITY FAIR. Ah, JOHN BUNYAN—when you stole your only idea from the old monk's *Itinerarium*, did it never occur, oh Puritan Thief, that a day would come centuries after, when the world would begin to slowly wake up and wonder why it had allowed this foul slander of Truth, Nobility, Joyousness and Beauty to go on so long unrebuked. It is awaking—it is learning that Goodness with Religion and the Joys of this world are not irreconcilable foes—that life need not be simply a pilgrimage of agony—that VANITY FAIR is not, and never was a mass of mere unmixed iniquity and abomination. Thus endeth the fourth lesson.

Great institution at Newport—drive to Fort. No public roads at Newport—all private—'cause why—farmers farm out the gates on 'em to little boys who receive pennies for opening said portals. One good gate worth about $300 per season. When you go riding, prepare by obtaining pocket full of nicks—find nix in it on returning—square on the sound in one way at least. Passenger comes up to gate, finds it shut—tosses copper to small Yankee or Irish boy—boy opens and closes it again with great celerity, for fear another carriage shoot through. No. II comes—gate opens—another copper—and so on. Get to Fort—drive round and round, as in Spanish Plaza—hear music—criticise women and horses—see all sorts people—shovel home. Cool breeze—pleasant drive—*air de fête* everywhere—grand old Newport.

Who is there you don't see at Ocean House, Bellevue, round town, and so on? Have seen on portico of former hostelrie, sitting in a row like pigeons on edge of a roof, seventeen or twenty people, every one of whom figures over the country in "distinguished arrivals," or at least in "Personals." And "be good to me" if when driving out, I havn't closed my eyes and thought the good folks with me were reading a piece of mild JENKINS, say frinstance from the *Washington States*. Such was specially the case, Beloved, when driving with WIDOW, CATALPA's jolly cousin LA TOURETTE, and LA TOURETTE's brothers WOLF and RAVEN.

[What names!! You may well say that, Ma'am. The fact is

they belonged to that extraordinary phenomenon, a nick-naming family. Did you never come across one?]

It was glorious to have COUNTESSINA CATALPA insist on one's making up a party with—say for example LA TOURETTE, WIDOW, and RAVEN. Dark complexioned, short black front curls, long foreign black eyes, plumpy and jolly was this LA TOURETTE; very majestically and eminently a *sensible* and tender-hearted girl, but formed on a peculiar style of intelligent common sense, which was a little foreign to the Anglo-Saxon American standard. Deep, rich contralto voice—when excited, flowing out in melodious wild cry—a merry *hurrah!* which had in it the coo of pigeon, the purr of a puss, the lower notes of the clarionet, sandal-wood perfume, and dark violet shading—there was a whole life to love in that cry.

RAVEN was a young brown giant—a thorough-bred, of few outlines and shades, but all good—like one of MILLAIS his wood-drawings. Marvelous were the stories extant of RAVEN's strength. How he could lift a ton. How he drew himself up by one little finger. How he put up 150 from the shoulder. Bent pokers. Snapped fence rails. Held WIDOW out on open hand, and "prevailed" over the iron muscles and high game of Captain DICK. It was a grand party to let out loose after CATALPA's superb grays, and we preambled along seraphically.

"There goes H. T. TUCKERMAN!" quoth WIDOW. "Fine-looking man is'nt he? That one next to him is GEORGE BOKER of Philadelphia. He always passes the summer out at BATEMAN'S—fishing for bass like an Apostle—oh, look! there goes CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, and Miss STEBBINS—and HATTIE HOSMER'S in town, they say—that's HUNT the arist, and I do believe I just saw HIRAM FULLER. Is'nt that Mr. BRYANT—yes—Oh, is'nt he the very *idéal* of a fine old bard—and how well he is represented as such in that picture at the Century—don't you remember seeing it, dear, at the last ball? why

LA TOURETTE AND HERCULES.

I saw Mr. LEUTZE pointing it out to you, I'm sure! Bless my soul! there's DOUGLAS—did'nt you see him last night at the hop at the Atlantic, given to his wife. Oh, look!—there's that sweet little thing, PATTI—is'nt she a darling? I wonder where little WILHORST is this summer—she had a wee little cottage here last year, and I used to see her and the BOURCIEAULTS every afternoon almost, down at the Rocks. Is'nt that Colonel COLT—remember seeing him shoot with you, once—no—'twas RANDOLPH—here at Newport. There's a lot of the Scrauton Fishing Club—jolly old bucks, ar'nt they to be sure—six of 'em members of Congress—go sailing on an annual lobster-salad bender. Do any of you know Madame LE VERT—I declare BRIGNOLI's looking very well—did you see the Marquis CHANDOIS at West Point—I thought I just saw ANSON BURLINGHAME—I declare, I never would marry a man named FOOT, for fear people would call us the FEET——

WIDOW's supply of talk very much like Widow's oil—never runs out. Crowd of vehicles began to thin—got out of multitude into open country—got along in good time, and began to be jolly. Suddenly became aware of nuisance—insolent looking young man, got up in black whiskers and "genteel" blackguard elegance, was dusting us rather too often for our own comfort, and devoting such time as he could, to staring side-ways and backwards at LA TOURETTE.

There was no denying it—the Insolent had a fine animal or—not to be be ambiguous—a remarkably fast mare, and he passed us *ad libitum*. It became every minute plainer that he was something worse than no gentleman, and that something must be done. Well-bred toleration was wearing out, and WILLY—the soul of all good-nature—inquired if I had a revolver. Again INSOLENT shot ahead and again did he fall back—staring and glaring all the time with that half-smiling, immovable brazenness which is believed by low comedians to be immensely the thing, and which is always provotive of homicide in all decent folks.

All the while Young GOLIAH sat perfectly still, noticing nothing, apparently in no respect mussed, and as it were with unrumpled boosum. I must say I felt a little ashamed of BIG THUNDER, to see him wrap up in the blanket on such an occasion, and lie down on the bear-skin. There are times when vitality is cheerful, and signs of sass are reviving. How to Do It was the only question, and that isn't always apparent when 'tother party has a mare which travels like lubricated fulminance. I was just reverting to the revolver theory, suggested by WILLY—was just calculating whether it would be most inhuman to shoot the man or the mare—inclining of course as a Christian to the former—preparatory squint at the youth's arm, being determined to try for only slightually winging him—was reviewing in advance OLD VIRGINNY's delight, with that of DAMBANGER's and BLANCHE's——

Just then YOUNG BLACKGUARD came rowling by again like a tornado. As he toddled past, the Colossus awoke. Putting forth his hand, he grasped INSOLENT by the collar, lifted him completely away out of his seat—the mare and sulkey shot ahead driver-less—and as we rode along, held the captive out easily at arm's length.

It was a fine sight to see, and we enjoyed it. The roars of laughter from WILLY and TOURETTE, the calm triumph of RAAEN who like all stout phlegmatickers when they *have* achieved a brilliant feat are radiantly proud thereover—the rattling volley of cusses and d——ns from the kicking choking victim were all immensely fine. Suddenly I heard a shout behind—a wild merry cry—and turning beheld DICK, BLANCHE and the rest of 'em in a light wagon, working pretty well up to us.

"Lay on the leather SPUYTENTUYFEL!" quoth BIG THUNDER. I can hold him easy, as far as the next puddle. Kick away if you want to—you *sacre* son of Satan!" he continued. "If you want to break your legs on the wheels, *I* don't care."

We were going down a hill rather rapidly and acquiring a beautiful momentum. Just at its base lay a lovely dirty duck-puddle, about neck-deep, a little out of the road.

"Keep her well up by the fence, SPUYTENTUYFEL!" quoth GIANT. "Are you ready!"

Rip—Snap!

"There!" And with this BIG THUNDER, by a stupendous and never sufficiently to be praised effort of muscular Christianity, shot his captive, single handed, over the stone fence—(the heathen round Newport, etc., call 'em walls)—into the liquid. A merry cheer greeted his disappearance from sunlight.

We have always encouraged in WILLY BOY, the belief that he remained in that puddle. And as we didn't stop to *see* him come out—who knows? But to this day little WILLY sometimes asks very earnestly:

"Now *do* say—seriously—do you believe that man ever came out of that mud-puddle?"

Did you ever.

Speaking of some private theatricals that were indulged in at Glen Cove, the other day, some one in the *Times* says:

"The stage management was entrusted to the able direction of Mr. PIERREPONT EDWARDS the brilliant author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man."

Now this just shows how one may be mistaken! We of VANITY FAIR had always imagined, in the simplicity of our hearts, that a certain French gentleman, M. OCTAVE FEUILLET by name, was the "author" not only of the play but of the novel entitled "The Romance of a Poor Young man." And now we learn from the *Times* that the Gaul is nothing more than a plagiarist of Mr. PIERREPONT EDWARDS, he having translated that gentleman's work into French and taken the credit of its authorship to himself. The impudence of these foreigners!

The men Sambo thinks are rogues in New-York.

Al-der-men.

BLACK MAIL.

Religious Contributor.—WON'T TAKE THREE CENTS FOR THAT 'ERE MELON, HAY? VERY WELL, OLD PUNKIN, LOOK OUT FOR A FULL SKETCH OF YER PRIVATE LIFE AND CHAR-ACK-TER IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE "BUMERY BUNG STARTER"—THAT'S ALL!"

An Art Item.

We are glad to announce to our readers that Senator DOUGLAS has become so contrite about his recent indiscreet speeches in New England as to order from the distinguished sculptor BARTHOLOMEW, a work to commemorate his (the Senator's) return to reason. Needless to say that this is to be a companion-piece to the famous "Eve" of that artist, and that it will be entitled "Steve Repentant."

Abbreviated Bliss.

A Portland paper tell us that Gen. TOM THUMB is shortly to marry a rich and beautiful lady of that city. We don't mean any disrespect to the General when we advise the country editors not to chronicle the affair under their stereotyped heading of "A Marriage in High Life."

In Memory of:

"The African King of Dahomey intends sacrificing two thousand persons in honor of his deceased father, and floating a canoe in their blood.

How touching is filial affection in the case of the wooly-headed monarch!

Fiat Justitia.

Somebody complains that we don't give Old Buck "a fair show.' Why yes we do—a VANITY FAIR show. "*He* cannot complain you know."

Positive and Comparative.

The difference between Dutch music and Dutch Lager.

One is My Beer the other is Myerbeer.

About as bad as they make them.

Q. Has the hen any way about her that reminds you of a ship? *A.* Yes, the Hatchway.

AT IT AGAIN.

It is but recently that we found occasion to eulogize the Papal powers that be in Italy. The story of FRANCISCO CASANOVA, naturalized American citizen, and the record of the kindnesses showered upon him by the amiable ANTONELLI on his return to his native land, are fresh in the minds of the readers of these pages. Therefore is it that we rejoice much at being able, after so short an interval, to reiterate the praise in that case willingly accorded.

PIO NINO is a dear old gentleman, and ANTONELLI is really a delightful fellow, despite everything that the envious may say to the contrary.

Who that has read the latest news from Italy, dares doubt our assertions? Who that has heard of the Pope's affectionate treatment of the soldiers in his army can question for a moment that reverend prelate's kindness of heart? Who that finds in his morning paper, that "a number of deserters from the papal army have signed a declaration in which they say their chief promised if they would not desert, that on the first outbreak of the slightest character at Perugia, the town should be given up to the soldiery for pillage," who, we say, that reads this, can sufficiently applaud the Head of these chiefs in his Vatican at Rome, giving sanction to such liberality? For, if granting one's faithful warriors permission to spread horrors about them, to desolate homes without number, to outrage women, and butcher men, is not doing the handsome thing, we should like to know what is, that's all.

A slight Difference.

That odious *Herald*, in giving an account recently, of a disturbance in the Third Presbyterian Church of Jersey, headed the paragraph thus:—

"ALLEGED ROWDYISM AMONGST CHURCH MEMBERS—"

The mild *World* itemizes the occurrence under this caption:—

"PAINFUL MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN CHURCH MEMBERS—"

"Comment is superfluous," as the country editor says.

Very Natural.

The N. Y. *Congregationalist*, in speaking of the death of a young clergyman, very pathetically says:—

"As was perfectly natural, and right, Mr. Haws desired to live, as did Hezekiah and David, and other good men.

The writer need not have gone so far back for illustrious example, as there are plenty of modern ones of the same sort. Our neighbors, SMITH, JONES and JENKINS, albeit indifferently bad men in many respects, exhibit an equal love of existence. Even VANITY FAIR is not ashamed to confess a resigned willingness to live.

Why should'nt We?

"The Queen of Spain has subscribed 4,000,000 reals in the Papal loan."

That is what we should call a Real aid.

Fall Millinery.

"The union ladies of the interior of Kentucky are having Bell and Everet printed on their bonnet strings."

So says an Exchange. This indicates a *tie*, and consequently no election.

Query.

Does Mr. LINCOLN's support of the Homestead Bill prove him to be a SECTION-AL candidate?

Bankrupt's Motto.

Give me liberty or give me debt.

Fruits of the Political Season.

Party Candi-dates.

PADDY'S ODE TO THE PRINCE.

MIGHTY
Prince!
It's no offince,
Your worship, that
I mane ye,
While I confiss
'Twas ra-al
bliss,
A moment
to have
sane ye!

That you
should see
The likes o'me,
The while I
stud adjicent,
I don't suppose,
Although me
clo'es
Was mighty
clane and
dacent.

Av coorse, ye
know
Twas long ago,
I looked at Jukes and *such* men,
And longer since,
An *English* Prince
Begotten by a Dutchman!

But by me troth,
And bible-oath!
Wid all me Irish shyness,
I've passed the word
Wid many a lord,
Much taller than your Highness!

Ah! well—bedad,
No doubt ye had,
In token of allagiance,
As good a cup
As ye could sup,
Among thim black Canajans;

But wha'-d'-ye think
Of christian dhrink,
Now tell me *that*, me tulip!
When thro' a sthraw
Your Highness saw,*
The flavor of a *julep?*

And, what is more,
We've got, galore,
Such *oysters*—none can bate 'em!
Ye'll bliss the day
Ye crossed the say,
When ye sit down to ate 'em!

There's craythers rare,
And mighty quare,
In BARNUM's great Muzaum,
By land and wather
And, for a qua'ther,
Your Highness may survey 'em!

Thim haythen chaps,
The nayger *Japs*,
Wid all their curst expinses,
Just tuk their fill,
And left a bill
At which the paple winces;

But thin, no doubt,
Ye'll ride about
Wid BOOLE and all the Aldermen;
They've little sinse,
But, for expinse,
There's not a set of boulder men!

FERNANDY WUD
Has dacent blood,
And illigant morality;
And ye may swear
Our mighty Mayor
Will show his horsepitality!

The soldiers all
Are at his call,
Wid Captains to parade 'em;
And at the laste,
Ye'll get a taste
Of dimmecratic fraydem!

But plasc to note,
Ye're not to *vote*—
A privilege, by Jabers;
Ye couldn't hope,
Were ye the Pope,
Until ye've got the papers!

Well, mighty Prince,
Accept these hints;
Most frayly I indite 'em;
'Tis luck, indade
If ye can rade
As aisy as I write 'em!

And when the throne
Is all ye'r own,
At which ye're daily steerin',
Wid all the care
That ye can spare,
Rimimber poor ould Erin.

*The faculty of *seeing a flavor* is, of course, peculiarly Hibernian.—ED. V. F.

TOUCHING INSKIP.

As our readers are aware, a Methodist Camp Meeting has recently been held on "the old battle ground" at Sing Sing. The old campaigners at the "old battle ground" were this year quite as numerous as ever before, if not more so. The new recruits, too, turned out uncommonly strong. And one and all pressed forward in the battle against Sin, like unto "an army with banners." In the thickest of the fight, prominent among the leaders, was Colonel, otherwise Reverend, J. S. INSKIP, of the Ninth-street Brigade, otherwise Church. The Colonel managed his forces with surprising ability, and literally gave Sin fits. Sin hadn't a leg to stand upon when the martial Reverend got through with him. To give the reader an idea of the INSKIP tactics, we quote, begging pardon for the length of the extract, from the *Herald* report:

"As soon as Mr. SEARLS had finished his sermon, REV. J. S. INSKIP, of the Ninth street church, followed him, giving one of the most thrilling and pathetic exhortations to the "unconverted" we ever listened to. The vast audience, numbering at least five thousand, appeared to be in tears while he enumerated several remarkable incidents which came under his own personal supervision while laboring in Philadelphia. The story which he told about a young lady who trifled with religion, produced a profound impression. She was at his church one evening, when he urged upon her personally the importance of attending to her soul's salvation, but she disdainfully replied when questioned, 'That's none of your business.' A few days afterwards she was taken ill unexpectedly, and when dying remarked, in agony to her mother, 'I am lost, I am lost.' He subsequently learned that she kept company with a young man who was fond of going to balls, and that while attending one of these entertainments she contracted a cold which resulted in her death. She sent for JOSEPH, and her dying words to him were, 'JOSEPH, I am going to hell, and I shall charge my damnation on you.' This language, used under such circumstances, had such an effect upon the young man that reason forsook its throne, and he soon died a raving maniac.

Some weak-minded people may object to the tone of our remarks upon this Mr. INSKIP, and accuse us of speaking lightly of religious subjects. To them we would say that we of VANITY FAIR have too much regard for *true* religion, to think for a moment of considering such ghastly trash as the above from a serious point of view.

By a Detective.

"I'm not on that lay" said the old hen when the farmer's wife put duck eggs under her.

The English vox populi.

LORD BROUGHAM and VAUX.

STARTLING DISCLOSURE.

PUBLIC is promised a great treat. Public is to know "who wrote RUTLEDGE." The vehicle of curiosity is to be fairly got over the Ruts of aggravation and out of the Ledge of tantalization into the open square of revelation. And the Publishers think that they are just the men to Do It.

Not so fast gentlemen. You are very rapid but there is One ahead of you. As well may you attempt to dam up the waters of the what dy'e call it, with a thingembob as to hope to surpass VANITY FAIR in enterprize. As a proof whereof we forewarn the public that WE hereby give

THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
OF

THE AUTHORESS OF RUTLEDGE!
THE AUTHORESS OF RUTLEDGE!
THE AUTHORESS OF RUTLEDGE

Ferocious.

JAMES PINCKNEY HAMBLEDON Esq., is down on COBB. Not the great COBB, SYLVANUS, not the author of "Leon de Bournay, or the Conspirator of Cordova," not the COBB who writes for IT, but COBB, simple COBB, COBB, Secretary of these limited States, in fact. This is the COBB that JAMES PINCKNEY HAMBLEDON Esq., is down on. "Down on," to quote the inspired words of the bard "like a thousand of brick." JAMES PINCKNEY HAMBLEDON, Esq., being editor of a Southern paper called the *Confederacy*, as we all know, or don't, vents his indignation against COBB in the columns of that journal. And doesn't he give it to the Secretary good, though? Only hear him:

"Prometheus like, he stands chained to the rock of public incredulity, and with a fungus liver gorged to hepatization by federal aromatics, the Southern vulture of an outraged people revels at his discomfiture, and will feed with insatiable gusto upon his bloated carcass."

There! if that won't keep COBB awake nights we should like to have somebody tell us what will.

Quite a different thing.

CLARK MILLS' statue of Washington and the Horse, since it cost the government $25.000, may be called a very high art order, but we are sure that there is no one so stupid as to think it belongs to a high order of art.

"COSMOPOLITES" ATTENTION!

IN THE JERSEYS, Aug. 27, 1860.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair:—You are generous. I knew you would publish my complaint. I knew also—at least I felt assured by your well-known love of fair play—that if any Yorker saw fit to reply to me, you would likewise print what he had to say. Hence I was not frightened to find some individual who signs himself a "Cosmopolite" (whatever that may be, for I haven't my big Worcester here yet; it's ordered, but has not come)—pitching into me. I have only a word to say to this young man.

He accuses me, and all Jerseymen as well, of wiping my "nasty, red Jersey mud" upon his polished boots. Now, I deny that I ever used any young man's boots for a mat. *I* have been brought up to wipe my feet before I enter a house or a public conveyance. Perhaps *he* has been taught that such an act of cleanliness is quite unnecessary. And then the quip at Jersey! Can Jersey help it if her soil is red? Certainly not. And *you* know, my dear sir, how easy Jersey mud comes off when it's dry; it is no more like your sticky New-York paste than "Cosmopolite" is like me—the Lord be praised for the difference, as the fellow said.

Mr. COSMOPOLITE wants to know what "Mr. J. FARMER and his JERUSHA" would do with his old berries and corn, if it wasn't for the "young snobs" who buy them and eat them. In the first place, let me tell him, that I don't send any *old* berries or *old* corn to market. All my garden-stuff is fresh and good, and I defy your correspondent to prove that it isn't. In the next place, the very fact that the snobs have to depend on me and my neighbors for their food, is the best reason why they should treat us with some respect. It is not an old saw that says a man shouldn't quarrel with his bread and butter.

Then again, that captious young man (I think he was the very fellow who snickered in my face when I tried to fasten the omnibus-door) thinks he's got me, when he says, "I found one man that didn't laugh at me in York. That man was the Editor of the *Musical World*. Hence, says your correspondent, "it is not true that countrymen are always laughed at." I say it is true. The excellent man of the *Musical World* is a born Jerseyman, born up among the nail-makers at Boonton, and hasn't lived so long in your old town yet, but he has a little consideration left for folks.

As for the flings of "Cosmopolite" at my JERUSHA, and that duck of a daughter of mine who answers to the name of SARAH JANE, I shall take no notice of them. Only, if that young man ever comes up this way, and my JERUSHA gets hold of him, I really do not know what will happen. She is powerful mad, I tell you, and it is as much as I can do to calm her.

With indignation more "altitudinous" even than that of "Cosmopolite," I am yours eternally, and for the last time—with thanks for your politeness besides,

JEDEDIAH FARMER.

Epigram on a Decollete Dress——.

That "effects are the same from a similar cause,"
Is one of the famous Socratian laws,
Whose falsity we may discover;
For—quite in the teeth of the logical rule,
The style of apparel that keeps EMMA cool,
Just kindles a flame in her lover!

So much the better for him.

From the unpretentious manners of H. R. H. ALBERT EDWARD, and the uniform good courtesy with which he has treated everybody since he landed in this country, we should infer that he has already become imbued with our American institutions, or in other words, that he is fast turning from a Prince des Galles, as the Quebeckers call him, to a Prince d' Egalité.

Doubtless.

It is in contemplation to erect a new building on the City Park grounds, to be used as a Court House.

When our City Fathers vote an appropriation, there will be "speculation in those *ayes*."

Yankee Shrewdness.

GOV. BANKS' removal to Chicago. He thinks he has the East safe enough for '64, and now goes to "operate for a rise" in the West.

An Endless Extension.

An India rubber ring.

A BAD BUSINESS FOR MR. McGILP, THE ARTIST.

He has got up his features by a looking-glass to aid him in embodying a conception of Madness, when in comes Mrs. Clambake unexpectedly for a sitting—and it will be ever so long before he can get his face undone again!

A SMART PAPER.

The New York *Herald* is indeed an enterprising sheet. Not content with getting ahead of everybody else in the matter of "latest intelligence" "full particulars," etc., it has lately taken to construeting something new in the philologieal line. With characteristic dauntlessness, too, it makes its first dash at a foreign tongue. From its elegant White Sulphur Springs eorrespondenee we take the following hardy paragraph :—

Mrs. Gen. W—l of Texas, without aiming to exercise influence, holds as much as any of her compeers, which is due to her amiability, her excellent and chaste taste in dress and her evident *savoir monde* preventing any one who approaches her feeling ill at ease.

Passing over the extraordinary eompliment paid to the lady's capacity, in the allusion to the quantity which she holds, we have somewhat else to say. *Savoir faire* and *Savoir vivre* we have heard of, but the "*Savoir monde*" of Mrs. Gen. W—l, of Texas, is is not so "evident" to us as it is to the *Herald* man.

But,—as you were about to remark—that can very easily be accounted for by the superior intelligence of the last-named. The non-existenee of the word, however, may have had a little to do with it.

More presumption.

The dailies tell us that the Douglas Democratic State Convention which met at Syracuse last week, make the following nominations :

Governor - - - - - - - -	William Kelly, of Duchess.
Lieutenant Governor - - - - - -	William F. Allan, of Oswego.
Canal Commissioner - - - - - -	William W. Wright, of Ontario.
States Prison Inspector - - - -	William C. Rhodes, of Chemung

Whether these four Williams will be eleeted or not is another question. We presume, however, as to this, that the Douglasites put their faiths in the old proverb "Where there's a Will there's a Way."

"Si Sic Omnes."

In a late number of a cotemporary daily journal, under the head of "Political," we find the following bit of sanitary intelligence:

Col. A. Jonas of Quincy, Ill., addressed a large audience of Republicans at Plymouth, in the same State, on Monday.

If Col. A. Jonas was ill, and if the numerous Republicans addressed by him were in the same state, our cotemporary should have informed us with regard to the nature of the epidemic that seems to prevail at the locality above referred to. It might have been owing to the eclipse, or the meteor, or the late tornadoes; but our private opinion is that some wily Democrat did the business by drugging their liquor for them.

Nouvelle York 27th Aug. 1860.

Monsieur.—Plusiers year ago I read zee novel of Monsieur Valter Scott. In one of zem I find one prophecie which the morning paper tell me will now become true. Voici zee aunouncement :

SMITH—MICKLE.—At Troy on Wednesday, the 22d inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Grant Harris, William Smith esq., of Troy, to Miss Annett F. Mickle.

Does it not appear strange to you Monsieur that at last "A Mickle will come to be *mére*." Tout à vous,

Jean Crampaux.

A very Remarkable Joke.

While the rails on our steam highways rest upon *sleepers*, Lincoln's politieal *rails* are borne up by *Wide Awakes*.

New words to an old air.

Why is the Prince of Wales like frost?
Because he is Heir (air) apparent.

KEEPING QUEER COMPANY.

"STRANGE, THESE GIRLS NEVER WILL PROFIT BY EXAMPLE! THERE WAS POOR SILVA GREY LET HERSELF BE DELUDED BY THAT DEMOCRAT FELLOW IN 1856, AND NOW POOR BELLE EVERETT'S FOLLOWING IN HER FOOTSTEPS, AND NEVER HEEDING THE AWFUL WARNING A MITE!"

OUR POET'S CORNER.

'IS well known that poets are careless creatures. In nothing do they so much show this "prurient proclivity"—to quote from Captain Stockton—as in the frequency with which they misdirect envelopes. Nothing is more usual than for the pious editor of *The World* to open some lewd ballad written for the *Broadway Belles* and *City Lives*—which it is needless to say is *at once* destroyed the instant its horrible purport becomes plain—which it is sure to do as soon as it has been perused *ad finem*. Messrs Dana and Greeley not unfrequently receive Songs of the South celebrating the successful run of a load of *bozals* or wild darkies into Cuba; and in like manner Vanity Fair often finds in an envelope some lines intended for—say Bonner's *Ledger*. Take, for instance, the following. We have no scruples in taking it, Mr. Bonner, for we are quite confident that all your *good* poems were intended originally for us, and only reached you by misdirection!

A Night in the Forest.

Light the fagots,
  The night is cold;
The sky is stormy,
The wind is wailing,
  The house is old.

A drop of brandy
  Is still in the flask;
Here's bread and bacon,
A pouch of tobacco—
  What more can you ask?

Your knife is bloody,
  Your face is pale:
Be quiet, curse you!
'Tis but the window
  That shakes in the gale.

Drink, there's naught like it,
  On such a night;
You fool, what ails you?
The door is fastened—
  Your lips are white!

What! you see him!
  See who? And where?
God! what is it?
The dead is living!
  Horror! There!

If the editor of V. F., who is a Universalist in his taste, though a Methodist in his politics, has one weakness stronger than another, if he may so express himself, it is for strength and beauty of expression. He delights in grandiloquent language, redolent with a divine aroma and Promethean sublimity—the grand style which Dr. Johnson wrote with such ease, and which, from this circumstance probably, is now called the Johnsonese. His favorite reading is The Rambler in prose, and Paradise Lost in verse, and oft in the stilly night, when he sitteth by his fragrant Kerosene, (his substitute for the classic midnight oil,) he delighteth his aspiring soul with the "large utterance" of Milton. It is a treat to hear him declaim the noble opening of the 13th Book of Paradise Lost,

"Tenebrious gloom obscured the sullen night,"

and that accurate, geographical description of the New Jerusalem, in the 14th Book,

"The air salubrious, and the climate mild."

Bearing this peculiarity of his in mind, the reader of V. F. may conceive his delight when he received the following sublime effusion evidently intended for the Atlantic Monthly, which is quite as remarkable philologically as poetically. The poets of the day must "pale their ineffectual fires," before this new light of song, this rising orb of Apollo, whose initial effort is commended to the readers of V. F. In the words of the Irish epitaph, it is "bland, passionate, deeply religious, and painted in water-colors."

To Amanda.

O, fairest of thy sex, mellifluous maid!
The gems of virtue deck thy pallid brow,
Thou art in all supernal smiles arrayed,
And Nature pauses, though she knows not how.

Thine eyes are streams of pure chloridian glow,
Dispersed beneath the flugiance of thy hair;
Thy nose is like a peak of Alpine snow,
Whence shadows lixiate to the valleys fair.

Thy neck supports the globules of thy breast;
Ah me! that breast of seraphelean hue,
Where liquid lacteal beauties make their nest,
And vital harmonies come stealing through.

Thy form receptive on the roses lies,
Whose tint thy blushing features made their own;
I turn me from that amorous Paradise,
And bend before thy maiden myth alone!

This touching sacred poem was lately found in Fulton street, not far from the office of the H—e J—l. Can it be from the versatile pen of the senior editor of that excellent family paper? The class of subjects to which it belongs was a favorite with him in his youth; but the style is by no means like his; to have been complete, the imitation, if imitation was intended, should have been in blank verse, a cross between Byron and Mrs Hemans. The Mss. is marked January 1st 1861. Can it have been written for the opening number of a new volume of the H—e J—l? If so we can only express our regret for having had it, and promise to write another for the H—e J—l on a similar subject gratis. To those not familar with its extraordinary style, we may describe this lyric as a fine specimen of the Romantic Biblical so much admired of late years in certain familiarly religious bards.

Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benjamin came from Egypt, came he,
His brother Joseph he left behind,
And he travelled against the eastern wind,
Till he came to the shores of Galilee.

His mother Rachel she sat by the shore,
And Benny, my boy, said she, said she,
I didn't think ever a thief you'd be,
And I don't want to see you, Ben, no more.

Sure you stole from Joseph his cup of gold,
And hid it so gaily all in your sack,
Till the cruel policemen they took you back,
And clapt you in prison as I've been told.

O mother, be easy, Sir Benjamin said,
For that was a trick of old Joe's you know;
He got me back into Egypt so,
And gave me fraternal board and bed.

And here is the cup of gold, of gold,
My initials are graven beneath the rim,
And sure its a birth-day present from him,
And a very fine one, as I've been told.

She rose, and examined the goblet slow,
And found it was true, and her joy was complete;
And mother, he asked, what is there to eat,
For this my hour for eating, you know.

Then she brought Sir Benjamin right away
A Bologna sausage, not very dear,
And a quart of the very best Lager Bier,
And he had a jolly feast that day!

A hint to Martin the Vegetable Voyager.

In rowing a boat on vegetarian principles look out for Leaks. That's wherry funny!

Saxe's Last Joke.

Running for Governor.

"FEATHERED SPRAY."

JENKINS, with his Prince of Wales spectacles on, is beholding in Canada some very remarkable sights. Here is what the *Herald* says about the Chaudière Falls, near Quebec, on the occasion of the royal visit to that turbulent torrent.

As the stream falls it strikes upon a rock, which divides it into three distinc currents, which, again uniting, fall into the cauldron at the bottom. This feature of the falls reminded one of the Prince of Wales' feather, representations of which are so prominently displayed all about Canada.

But, in the above, JENKINS falls far short of the poetry of the occasion. Had JENKINS not been a muff, he would have stated the matter somewhat in the following terms :

"Arrived at the falls ahead of the royal *cortége*, I was contemplating in wrapt ecstacy the elegantly attired Iris who, according to her custom, was reclining "enthroned amid the infernal surge," when, to my unspeakable surprise I beheld the goddess remove her bonnet, suddenly, from her iridescent back hair, and, placing it upon her left knee, fit into it adroitly, with her right hand, a gigantic Prince of Wales' feather, which she had under her shawl, carefully wrapped up in a sheet of water. She then replaced her bonnet ; and at this moment the Prince came upon the ground. The effect can be more easily imagined than described. It was, indeed, the realization of the poet's "feathered spray."

And are we going to sit down, tamely, out done by daily JENKINS? Not much. Actuated by a desire to keep peace with the great movement of the day, we have despatched a special corresponding artist to the neighboring Provinces, with explicit instructions to see everything through the Canadian goggles with which we have provided him, and report accordingly. His first brief communication is as follows ;

"Arm-in-arm with H. R. H. the Prince, I ascended the flight of rock along the Montmorency river, known as the "Natural Steps," on reaching the platform at the top of which, H. R. H. remarked that it was a very Natural Step for us to take. I am still laughing at this royal joke, which was repeated with emphasis by echo from her grottos in the rocks. Also at another joke, made by H. R. H. on the same never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Pointing to a group of trees, the Prince asked me—"And what manner of trees may those be, prithee?"—"Spruce, an't please Your Royal Highness," replied I ; to which H. R. H. required, quickly—"I thought so—they look so Spruce."

On arriving at the bend of the river, a magnificent, if not miraculous sight presented itself to us—a grove of evergreen trees, all branching out in the exact semblance of a P. of W. plume At the request of H. R. H. I drew one of these trees, and send you a sketch of the scene, containing a view of myself as I was and went and did it."

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST SKETCHING A CANADIAN TREE, AS SEEN THROUGH HIS PRINCE OF WALES SPECTACLES.

PRINCE-OF-WHALESIANA.

Certain Roman Catholic prelates at Quebec took umbrage at the Prince of Wales, because H. R. H. neglected to designate them as "lords," or "gentlemen," on the occasion of the royal visit to Laval College. So umbrageous, indeed, were these bishops, that they even declined an invitation to go in and have a cut at the Prince's Welch mutton—which was a noticeable piece of self-denial in priests. This embarrassed the Duke of Newcastle, who, however, advised H. R. H. to make it up with the bishops by issuing a new invitation to them, garnished with all their titles as conceded by courtesy or by law.

"Nay, my lord," quoth the Prince ; "an there be law, also there be Latin, and so say I *Nolo Episcopari*, I won't be bishoped."

A boy who frequents the Esplanade and rampart at Quebec, has been doing a large transaction in the stones of peaches at two shillings apiece, eaten by the Prince of Wales. One young lady boasts of having secured a dozen of these peach stones, on which being reported to the Prince, H. R. H. looked serious, and said :

"Ah ! there will be scandal by-and-by about those peach stones. The silly girl should keep quiet about them. Remember what MOLIERE says :

"Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offence,
Et ce n'est pas Pecher que Pecher en silence."

The Indian Department of Canada has got into trouble with the Prince, who was much affected at reading in the New-York *Herald*, of the 26th of August, the following statement respecting the condition of the Lorette Indians :

"The women were entirely destitute of hoops."

"*Lorettes* without hoops!" exclaimed the Prince, on reading the above ; "only think of that ! This must be seen to, my Lord of Newcastle."

And the Indian Department has been ordered to report on the matter, accordingly.

Fanny Fern-al.

It is related of FANNY FERN that she once broke a whole toilet-set, in a rage, because a Philadelphia tavern-keeper charged her the price of a single article of the set aforesaid. Well ! what of it? There is nothing strange in the story. Isn't FANNY accustomed to breaking family sets ? *Vide* RUTH HALL."

A Diminished Noise.

Dr. JAMES O. NOYES, of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. He of the "Editor's Table" says that NOYES is *not* the Editor, but that "the original" CLARK still plays "Old Knick." Clear the ring for a NOYES-y fight. VANITY FAIR offers two good eggs to one on GAYLORD CLARK. Are there any takers ?

Verd-antiquarianism.

WORCESTER's dictionary defines the word berylline as "of a pale green color ;" this definition doubtless answers to Mr. MARTIN, who is so much in the berry line ; and who, judging from his absurd theory of life, is most probably of "a pale green color."

And yet Another.

Why has CAPTAIN MARTIN's recent trip in his skeleton-boat proved him to possess the most powerful voice on record ? Because he has shown that he can row her (roar) from Boston to New-York.

Wonder if they Do.

They had a "Board of Music Trade Convention" in town the other day. VANITY FAIR begs to inquire if the Board-of-Music-Traders take each other's notes for pay ?

A Good Fit.

The pugnacity of our stump-speakers and congressional debaters has classical precedent. For does not HORACE tell us that even in in his time an "orator *fit*."

One thing a Hen can't do.

Lay a wager. Even HEN WARD BEECHER must'nt strive, save in one way, to become a better man.

What the Speech-makers say

The striker at a political meeting, like the festive Bohea, "Cheers but not inebriates."

PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

1st *Callud Man and Brudder.*—WELL, MR. CISCO, WHA' YOU 'PINION ON DE GENERAL 'PEARANCE OB DE PARK?

Mr. Cisco.—WELL, MR. DOWNING—SEEMS TO BE A SALUBEROUS PLACE—BUT DEY'D 'PROVE IT IM-MENSELY EF DEY WOULD WITE-WASH DE ROCKS—YA, YAH!

THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN HICKS.

Air.—CAPTAIN KID.

My name was ALBERT HICKS
As I sailed, as I sailed,
My name was ALBERT HICKS
As I sailed;
My name was ALBERT HICKS,
I was always up to tricks,
And I got in many a fix
As I sailed, as I sailed,
But I didn't care nothing—nix,
As I sailed.

I murdered many men
As I sailed, as I sailed,
I murdered many men,
As I sailed,
I murdered many men,
But I can't tell how, or when,
And I'll murder some again
If I sail, if I sail,
I'll murder some again,
If I sail.

I shipped on board a sloop,
In the Sound, in the Sound,
I shipped on board a sloop,
In the sound;
I shipped on board a sloop,
Of her gold to make a swoop,
And to murder all the group,
In the sound, in the sound,
To murder all the group
In the sound.

I murdered Captain BURR,
With an axe, with an axe;
I murdered Captain BURR
With an axe.
I murdered Captain BURR
Until he could not stir,
And SMITH WATTS and OLIVER,
With an axe, with an axe;
I murdered OLIVER
And made tracks.

But I was condemned to die,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
I was condemned to die,
As I sailed.
I was condemned to die,
And to dangle up on high,
On the charge of piracy,*
As I sailed, as I sailed,
To expire for piracy
As I sailed.

So I summoned up my jailer,
To confess, to confess,
I summoned up my jailer,
To confess.
I summoned up my jailer,
And sent for Mr. GAYLER,
As my literary tailor
To confess, to confess,
To ornament the sailor,
More or less.

Then I told a lot of lies,
Which was writ, which was writ,
I told a lot of lies,
Which was writ;
I told a lot of lies
About various piracies,
All of which I now denies,
Though they're writ, though they're writ,
And published quarto size
By DEWITT.

Then onto Gibbet Isle
I was took, I was took,
Then onto Gibbet Isle
I was took.
Then onto Gibbet Isle,
I was hanged a little while,
But not long enough to spile,
For by hook, or by crook,
The doctors by some wile
Had me took.

Then with electricity,
As I sailed, as I sailed
With electricity,
As I sailed
With electricity,
They resuscitated me,
And made me hear and see,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
Made me a fellow de sea,
As I sailed.

Now strange as you may fancy,
Is my tale, is my tale,
Oh strange as you may fancy
Is my tale.
Ah! strange as you may fancy,
If you'll question Mr. CLANCY,
You'll find how un-romancy,
Is my tale, is my tale,
How full of fact, not fancy,
Is my tale.

*The accent on this last syllable is long.

Partly Explained.

The success of the Pope's cause with the Irish peasantry, must be attributed to the fact that, no matter what interests may be overlooked, his Holiness will not neglect the papal.

THE AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE RESUSCITATION OF HICKS.

BROADWAY, New York, Aug. 27th, 1860.

O the Editor of Vanity Fair:

RESPECTED SIR:—As there seems to be some doubt in the public mind as to the alleged resuscitation of the celebrated ALBERT HICKS pirate; and as I was present at the above-mentioned resuscitation, I think it right to present to the public, thro' your valuable sheet, some facts not mentioned in the account recently published by the *Leader*.

And *imprimis*, permit me to say that there were present on the occasion, besides those mentioned in the *Leader* and myself. Messrs DE ANGELIS, CHARLES GAYLOR and JOHN CLANCY.

The room where the operation was performed is oblong, about 14x10, with three windows, and is lighted by candles, (or burning-fluid sometimes) a long table stood in the center of the room, on which lay the body of the deceased HICKS, and by his side, the instruments to be used in the operation, to-wit: One bottle of Bourbon whisky and one of brandy (the brandy to revive him if he should feel faint after the operation, and the Bourbon in case he shouldn't like brandy), four clay pipes, one smoothing-iron, a pair of forceps, another of nut-crackers, a model of a hydraulic ram, and a 42 horse-power steam galvanic-electro-magnetic battery. Having been invited by the gentlemen above-named to perform the operation, I placed the body in a semi-horizontal, reclining lying down posture; then I seized a large cheese knife (which I neglected to mention in the list of instruments) and proceeded as follows:—

I first made an incision under the waistband of his pantaloons below the button, and with a rapid circumflex cut, severed his pocket from his body; this the unfortunate corpse bore without flinching; on a microscopical examination by Mr. GAYLOR, the pocket was found to contain one copper cent of 1852; one nickel of 1859; one German-silver tooth-pick, and one buck-horn jack-knife inlaid with dirt.

I next proceeded to cut away the gangrene from the filicum and taking a rapid cut turned up nearly the whole of the rhododendron nux-vomicus. There was noticeable at this stage of the operation a slight twitching at the left approximal corner of the submaxillary, which was afterwards explained, as on examination we found a chew of extra fine tobacco in the corner of the *Leader's* lower jaw, which doubtless caused this phenomenon by sympathetic conglomeration.

After consideration I now applied the battery to the incision I had already made, and was surprised by an immediate movement, or series of movements on the part of the corpse. I found myself (having my back to the body) suddenly prostrated by a posterior movement of the left flange of the antrum on the part of the deceased, who immediately after sat up on the table and by means of the deaf and dumb language, (which I so fortunately understand) informed me that his right side was paralysed and his right eye and tongue rendered useless; he regretted that he was thus necessitated to converse with his left hand; just as he had finished giving me the above information his left hand suddenly interrupted itself, to seize the bottle of Bourbon whisky, which it elevated to his mouth, and a series of gurgles soon satisfied me that his throat was in the right place. Being much refreshed, HICKS next demanded, by the sign language, a copy of the last issue of the *World*, and proceeded at once to swallow it; as might have been expected, the dose was too much for him, and he fainted, being overcome with deathly sickness. We however recovered him, when he kindly consented to tell a true statement of his life since his death, to Mr. CHARLES GAYLOR, who will publish it for his own acct., price 25 cents.

I will conclude by stating that the experiment has thus far proved entirely successful, and that by placing the severed pocket under the hydraulic ram, we managed to squeeze two more nickels therefrom. We are sanguine of great success in the future.

P. H. LE BOTEMY, M. D.

N. B. It will be seen that I have corrected a few errors which occurred in the published account. Science invariably corrects.

STUPENDOUS PROSPERITY.

"Last year there passed over the North Pennsylvania Rail Road:

	Tons.
Coal,	77,372
Iron,	16,597
Miscellaneous freight,	71,188
Lime, bushels	236,805
Milk, gallons	901,783
Passengers,	303,757
Earnings,	$347,301
Expenses,	$158,903."

PHILADELPHIA, August 27, 1860.

DEAR VANITY FAIR:—By the above statistical account, from *Fitzgerald's City Item*, July 28, 1860, you will see how our ideas here in this little village are enlarging. We now measure Lime, Milk, Passengers, together with *earnings* and *expenses* by the *Ton!* What do you think of 347,801 Tons of Dollars as a little item in the earnings, or of 158,903 Tons of Dollars as a total of Expenses of this Company. Could not the reporter of this account have told us whether the Dollars were of metal or paper?

Perhaps you would not object to counting a ton of paper (say $5000 bills) and also the number of gold Dollars in a Ton, thus giving your readers a useful and edifying statistical table whereby to calculate the wealth of Quakerdom. EWERS, SKEWERS.

More Developments.

The *Herald* has been coming out very strong on its dead language lately. Its most recent philological eruption, is on account of M. MUZZIO. Somebody told the *Herald* that M. MUZZIO had written a *semi-seria* Opera. The next morning the readers of that enterprising sheet, were informed that "M. MUZZIO's new opera, to which he had given the title of *Semiseria*, would shortly be introduced at the Academy of Music, with that attention to *mise en scéne*" etc.

Clever paper that *Herald*, but its a pity it can't keep a schoolmaster.

Law Crossed.

One CROSS has obtained judgment against GEORGE LAW in the amount of $16,000. So, for the first time in his life, GEORGE has actually been CROSSED. We have hopes of the law yet, especially when it goes against LAW.

Custom House Couplet.

(*After Mamma Goose.*)

Here comes BUCK's agent, by whom you'll be bled,
Or here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

Three kins-men.

JINKINS, TOMKINS and WILKINS.
(See *Herald* Aug. 27 1860).

Cabbage.

The new moral of the *Household of Bouverie*, from the *Student of Salamanca.*

When physicians are ennobled, what title would be the most appropriate? Mar-grave of course.

How the English should physic the French if they Invade the Isle.

Give them some of Dover's powder and a lead mixture.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

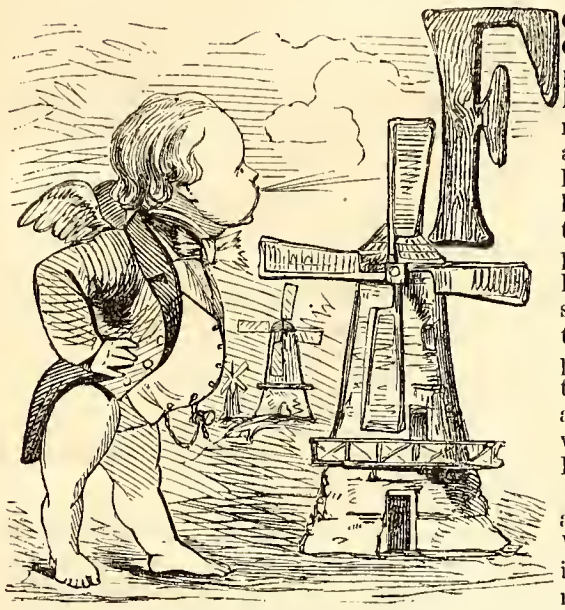
AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER XII.

NEWPORT.



FOUR miles south of Ocean House, Newport, BATEMANS—large, comfortable, nice, well-kept place; a handsome farm house engineered on hotel principles and the pleasantest of places wherein to loaf and invite a soul. Lies on extreme point of Newport—call Bellevue the New York Hotel, and BATEMANS would be almost the Battery.

Fine vagabonding all about that point. When hot and dusty in Newport of afternoon, drive down to the Rocks at BATEMANS, and you'll find a rise of ten degrees in thermometer. Such dulcified atmosphere as climate affords, not to be discovered anywhere else on face of earth. Madeira not bad, Naples very decent, Sir Trinidad quite tololderable — but Newport summer air, like the ripest bits of 'em carefully softened and temperately cooled—with sugar. Fogs occasionally—WIDOW says they're only blessings in disguise—they improve complexion so. "Bless my heart—there was NINON FAIRSINNER of Madison Avenue—she came here used *up* like an old umbrella; thin as a whip-snake, with a complexion half way between a ripe persimmon and a green chinquapin—and now look at her! (To be sure if you're a decent looking man, she'll spare you the trouble.) But the girl certainly does look good enough to eat now, that's a fact—it's all fogs and Newport air——"

"And virtuous abstinence?"

"Good for you—or any other man."

"Talk about climate," quoth Captain DICK. "Ah—if you want to unfold the sympathies of youth, you ought to live in Sparaguaya. There's a revelation for you."

And here DICK laid himself comfortably back, and taking out a fresh *Partagas* lighted it lazily—Ma'am—I tell this story vilely. For I should have said that in the first place, we were pic-nicking gloriously among the rocks—rambling about between Pirates' Cave, and "the Wrecks" with special reference to the Governor's Table and the Spring—and if you know the spots, you will admit that a better place for rock and waves, ocean-air, trailing sea-plants ever rising and falling with the ebb and flow—washing foam, dreams and climbs, is not discoverable between Nahant and Henlopen—or that I may give a margin, say Hatteras. On a jutting point, stood WOLF and RANDOLPH fishing—on a rock lay baskets—in the Spring sat bottles—up on the beach rambled CATALPA, gathering shells, with two umbrellas held over her by her footman and maid—and on a fine rocky point, sat we and others, dolce far nienting like good fellows.

"Such a climate. When I lived in Sparaguaya, and was Dictator of that blessed land——"

"WHAT!!"

"Dictator—Spanish for RICHARD DAMBANGER, Emperor Plenipotentiary and Lord Catamount, I owned a district so healthy that the oldest records didn't mention such a thing as a natural death—in fact, the natural death of the country was to be ripped up by a Guacho knife. Even this was awful uncertain. There was a secretary of mine, one MIGUEL HAYZOO GONZALES TROCONIS IRIARTE ACOSTA CIPRIANO BENAVIDES ZARRAGA HERNANDEZ CONTRERAS SUAREZ ANGEL FELIPE MARTINEZ——"

"Or any other man. Time!"

"Well—MIGUEL belonged to this healthy district. One day he was out riding, escorting an uncommonly fine looking young woman out to my country place, when they were set upon by Indians, and cut actually into seven pieces apiece.

"Now you mayn't believe it, but I had it from a very truthful man, that the atmosphere was so salubrious that when their limbs were adjusted they actually healed before the first intention. Unfortunately they had put RAFAELITA's (that was the girl's) head on MIGUEL and *vice versa*, so that he couldn't quite make out when he arose if she were himself or if *he* were *her*, if his'n were her'n or her'n was his'n. Under the circumstances they concluded it would be wise to get married."

"Or any other man!"

"Well, I don't wonder you doubt it. Of course. Naturally. In fact I expected you would. Certainly. But I can tell you what—RANDOLPH's brother DUNWOODIE was at my court in Sparaguaya *and saw me there.* Sho! why that climate was so healthy that a bottle full of the air taken to any other place and uncorked under the nose of a girl dying of consumption——"

"Or any other man?"

"Yes, it's a fact—'twould cure her up right straight away on end. However, healthy as the place was I contrived to have a good many die off."

"Go on Captain," quoth WILLY, resignedly. "I submit for one."

"Or any other man!"

"Well, the natives were uncommonly ambitious of being regarded as caballeros or gentlemen—perfectly insane on the subject. Precipitoriously. Why I once made them dig a canal by saying that in Europe canal digging was a privilege only accorded to the blood royal and the nobility. Well, they got up a tremendous conspiracy once, to dethrone me, and had the *pronunciamento* all ready baked, and the *jefes* ready to start me off on a bullet track. I only let drop the hint that to be a *real* gentleman and high old dalgo cavalier of the first water—a don among the dons—one ought to be able to say that he had killed a man for every year of his life. *Caramba!* how the news flew! 'Don RICARDO said it—Don RICARDO says so.' Lord bless you! the town was half depopulated the very first night by assassination. All the *jefes* were killed off—there was nothing but ripping, sticking, slashing, shooting.

"All night long in that sweet little village
Was heard the soft note of the pistol,
And the dying scream of the victim."

"The next day I published a great *carta* denying the whole story in big red letters. But had a bad moral effect for me, for the natives always thought at heart that a murderer was rather a genteel person.

"Or any other man."

"Well Captain," quoth WILLY, your experiences are sure death to flies. Sharp and sudden. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to propose the health of Captain DAMBANGER—and may his memoirs never grow less. I don't say, "keep his memory *green*" for it cannot be done—and therefore suggest that we do it brown in a bumper!

So fill up your glasses, and fill 'em up quick!
Vive la compagnie
And we'll drink to the health of our friend Captain DICK!
Vive la compagnie!
Vive le vin, vive l'amour
Vive le vin vive l'amour
Vive la compagnie!"

And hearing this, the boys who were fishing hauled out and came ashore. They looked uncommonly like a couple of subterranean Five Pointers, crossed on wet oystermen of a lower grade who had suddenly realized the inspiration of an aristocratic sentiment. I need not say that they walked into the sandwiches and Strasburg pie most affectionately.

"And now Captain, respond with a song. One of your own."

"Or any other man's."

And the DAMBANGER arose like a good fellow and flourishing a Hock bottle to beat time, warbulated:

The very best song that ever was sung,
I heard from a bird on a tree,
'Twas meant for all fools, both old and young,
And 'twill do, good fellow, for thee
Very well for you or for me.
The sum of all wisdom was in each word,
And the words were "death is sure,"
And life's best joys in the chorus were heard
And the chorus was *vive l'amour!*

In a steamer we slide adown the tide

With rosin and lard we'll go!
Run boys and empty the bar above—
There's a sand bar just below.
[We'll jump her or smash you know]
Put fifty-six on the safety valves
Or sit on 'em, till you tire.
Here's a box of rockets—don't go it by halves,
Pitch 'em into the engine fire!

With rockets and rosin and pitch and lard,
Pity powder in kegs won't do—
We're close to the bar—good fellow stay hard
She jumps like a kangaroo.
Off we're darting nimble and neat,
Like a mustang over the plain,
And if any one thinks that he can be beat
We'll rosin her up again.

Such was the song the little bird sung
On top of the hickory tree,
Sweet as a dinner bell gong it rung,
And he rung it right into me,
As straight as ever could be,
And the lesson I learned from that plaintive lay
Was that "*pluck* can bang down a wall,"
And when you go travelling, any day
It's better to BUST than crawl!

MIGUEL AND RAFAELITA.

"Good for the Captain!" "Or any other man! Hip hurrah!" "Or any other man!"

And if any body asks me why we all kept repeating that phrase, I can only reply as the echo did to him who wandered in the halls of his ancestors, exclaiming "the friends of my youth—where are they?"—"Really—I don't know!"

I believe that the most malignant disposition will not accuse me of a desire to puff in any way, when I say that among Newport institutions Hazard and Caswell's Apothecarial Repository vies with the Redwood Library, and comes out ahead in attracting lady visitors. In fact, I mention the circumstance to put "all single gentlemen who are married" on their guard, forewarning them that so surely as it becomes known to the ladies in their cottage or hotel, that they are going out of an afternoon, they will be requested to visit the Post Office, and while there, "just step into Caswell's" to procure sugar-plums, arnica, lead-pencils, vinaigrettes, stationery and other components of the materia medica, in universal demand at all watering places. Something I might say too of the sale of grapes, and of bouquets in this faded city which now blooms again, but herein I sympathise too much with the lady-recipients—being a believer in certain branches of extravagance, for I have faith in flowers. In Jouvins. In Cashmeres. In Black Hamburgs and Chasselas. In Bartlett pears. In wood-violet. In point lace. In French boots and shoes—in handkerchiefs—nor do I believe that these penchants unaccompanied by riotous expenditure in other matters, ever yet brought man or woman to sorrow. Thus endeth the fifth lesson.

"Between the old gable roofs afar
I watch the shadows on the bay,
When o'er it hangs the morning star
Or steals the glow of parting day."

"I watch the sail across it glide,
And vanish like a thing in air,
Or, mirrored in the glossy tide,
The anchored crafts swing idle there."

So singeth TUCKERMAN of Newport—it is worth the fine poem—worth many a picturing, music souled lay.

So I can sit hours after hours on these Newport rocks—all through the live long summer sunny day, and see the waves wash up and down, with strange sweet fascination. Then outlook towards the sea—the blue is so tenderly refreshing, and the white sails on it are veritable plums—and after savoring this and the faintly pinked sky I come back to the endless wash of the waves on the yawning ragged dreadful rocks—wierd as Chinese root carvings—black crags of Dragon Land.

Perhaps you know the charm of monotony? Perhaps you have heard, too, GOTTSCHALK'S banjo—I do not mean you who have heard it simply to laugh at the "nigger notion," but you who have caught in it the tropical monotony—tum—tum—tum—which becomes at last so exciting and silencing together—or—

Never mind—I only mention it to tell you who have not as yet sought it there, that on the rocks of Newport, sitting hour after hour, watching the waters surging up to and dropping from the rocks I found the monotone which fascinates—the deepest secret of the Oriental *Kheyf*, or repose in Nature—found it as I never found it before, oh friends; even in that same worldly-minded, flaunting, tearing frivolous, masquerading American VANITY FAIR of Newport.

The Central Park.

Yesterday our religious reporter did the Central Park in company with the irrepressible JENKS. His notes are as follows: JENKS was disposed to disport himself at the expense of Commissioners and Co. At a point of the grand avenue, they found a "burst" of Celtic operatives actively engaged in keeping up an appearance of labor on small capital. At the same point there was an obstruction, with a sign thereof, reading, "Temporary Road—Carriages cannot pass this way." JENKS (being, as you know an artist in addition to his other nine "talents") alighted on the spot, and with a festive and rapid stroke of his crayon (which, in imitation of O'TITIAN and others, he carries "*semper paratus*") transformed the sign into "Tipperary Road. Tare an'ages yez can't pass this way." Then he remarked that he thought it funny. We couldn't see it, but at his urgent request consented to submit it to the readers of "V. F."

A Miled Suggestion.

'Tis not often that our Retired Punster meddles with worldly affairs, but speaking of the League between France and Sardinia, he wishes to know if VICTOR would not prefer a greater distance?

A Shoulder Hit.

When the Brothers HANLON perform their leap from shoulder to shoulder, our heavy man says that it is an *épaule*-ing feat.

INGENIOUS.

SMITHERWICK HAS JUST INVENTED A NEW SEWING MACHINE, WHICH, BY A FELICITOUS COMBINATION WITH THE BARREL ORGAN, PLAYS THE "SONG OF THE SHIRT," WHILE IT TURNS OUT ONE OF THOSE INDISPENSABLE ARTICLES, COMPLETE, AND FOLDS IT DOWN INTO A BOX.

2·40 on the Piano.

"A young lady of Richmond, Va., is passionately fond of the Piano, and has an absorbing love for music. She recently became so violently absorbed that she struck the keys with such force as to break her forefinger near the first joint."—*Exchange Paper.*

Ever since the Editor of VANITY FAIR first heard the "Anvil Chorus" hammered on the piano, he has feared some accident would result from these Too Forte arrangements.

Cool.

SCENE—*A Third Avenue Car.* TIME—6 P. M. *One hundred and seventy-five people outside, thirty more on the rear platform. Testy old person stops the car and tries to wriggle himself out.*

FACETIOUS YOUNG FELLOW (*who is hanging on by the brake, to testy old ditto, loq.*) This way, sir; right through here. If you find any trouble, just use my name at the door. (!)

Bless him, how should he Know?

"Hit his positively painful to think hof the amount hof lameness prevalent during one hof your Presidential campaigns," said our English friend to us the other day; "'ardly a morning passes that hi do not read in the '*Erald* hof some public man or hother who goes Stumping habout the country."

Recommended to Fowler.

The perusal of that new book, What may be Learned from a Tree; *i. e.* to keep shady.

An Equine Tantalus.

The thirsty horse of a watering cart.

A "Tight Little Island."

The Special reporter of the *Tribune*, in describing the visit of the Prince of Wales to Prince Edward Island, gives some curious information with regard to the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that colony. Speaking of CHARLOTTE TOWN, the *chef lieu* of the island, he tells us that his principal associations connected with that place are "incessant brutal bursts of drunkenness, so violent, and wild, and reckless, that the most vicious quarter of New York could not yield their parallel." This is cheerful for New York—we are not so bad as we might be, after all. He further states that he "never saw so small a place given over so utterly to bestiality," and that "children, and plenty of them, of tender years, ranged the thoroughfares, not less besotted than the matured multitudes." We remember as of an older song, the burden of which reiterates manfully the assertion that England is a "tight little island"; in connection with which we have only to say that the "tightness," in one sense of the word, at least, appears to have spread itself over very considerably to her colony of Prince Edward Island.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Considering that Canada has done nothing but Rain on the Prince of Wales, ever since he set foot upon her colonial shores, it was but a sorry compliment paid to H. R. H. by the band of the Boston Fusileers, who played "Hail Columbia" as they deployed past him on some festive occasion at Montreal.

Down on Pittsburg.

The Englishman who waited in Pittsburg a month for a steamer down to St. Louis and New Orleans, has given it up. He declares that during the entire four weeks every advertisement read—

"Steamers are up for St. Louis and New Orleans."

Con. By an "Arkansaw Traveller."

Why is a piece of music like an Arkansaw forest? Because it is full of Bars.

D'Israeli in the clutches o. Jobson.

DAVID WEMYSS JOBSON, ex-chiropodist, ex-pettifogger, ex-editor of the *Red Flag*, and altogether the most extraordinary creature known, has come to grief. He has been "sentenced to twelve months in jail by the Central Criminal Court of London, for having endeavored to extort money from SIR JAMES FERGUSSON."

But SIR JAMES's case is not a circumstance to poor D'ISRAELI's "DIZZY" testified on the trial *that he had received one hundred and twenty letters from Mr. Jobson.* One hundred and twenty! Think to what a degree of lunacy he must have been reduced! And even now he is not safe, for though JOBSON has been jugged, in his case,

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

and the epistolary torments that he may yet inflict upon the unfortunate author of "Vivian Grey" are too dreadful to think of.

When we state that JOBSON's style very much resembles that of the gifted BRANCH, the last touch is given to the picture of D'ISRAELI's misery.

Mundane Jokes.

A Motto for the World.—"There's a good time Cumming."
The World to Come.—The first lively number.
World without End.—A myth of the stockholders.
Journalistic Astronomy.—35,000 Worlds—and only one Sun!

Con. by a Dry-goods Man.

Why will the fair sex be likely to cut Naples after Garibaldi shall have taken it?

Because, of course there won't be any Bomba seen there.

The Unity of the Republicans.

Tribe unity.

PRINCE-OF-WALESIANA.

'IS said that a pleasant trait in the character of the youthful Prince of Wales is the care taken by him in superintending the minds and directing the studies of those by whom his royal person is immediately cnvlroned. Of this a charming instance occurred during the princely progress up the Ottawa, on which occasion, we are assured by the *Herald* reporter, "the Prince informed his attendants that THOMAS MOORE wrote the well-known Canadian song, 'Row, brothers row.'"

We learn from our special correspondent, that his Royal Highness, just as the steamer bore them past the charming scenery at Two Mountains, turned suddenly to the Duke of Newcastle and said: "'The 'Pilgrim's Progress' was the production of JOHN BUNYAN, and, unle-s I am very much mistaken, that spicy lyric 'How doth the little busy bee' has been attributed to Dr. WATTS."

These acorns from the Royal oak are eagerly scrambled for by the members of the noble suite. The Earl of St. Germains is busily engaged in learning short-hand from the young man of the London *Times*, in order that he may lose none of them.

Matters of taste have long been ignored as fit subjects for controversy. Comment is therefore unnecessary on the coincidence that although the *Herald* reporter thinks Ottawa the nicest place in Canada, on account of oyster stews and handsome ladies, the young Prince openly expresses his contempt for that lumbering locality. This may be attributed to the fact that, as we learn from the reporters, the Queen's portrait was manufactured into lumber by the nice people of Ottawa, who knocked it about and defaced it with their cow-hide boots, in their "rush out of the pavilion" after the Prince.

Thus, when the Duke of Newcastle began reading aloud from a New-York journal, a paragraph commencing: "Ottawa, though appearing to dis advantage last night in the rain—" His Royal Highness immediately exclaimed:

"Stop! the writer is mistaken there; he should have written—'disappearing to advantage in the rain.'"

This is considered by the Earl of St. Germains and the small English midshipman the severest thing ever yet said of a city containing fifteen thousand inhabitants and a suspension bridge.

We are told that the Governor General of Canada, Sir EDMUND HEAD, is personally very distasteful to the Prince. This rumor would appear to be confirmed by the following authentic anecdote.

As our special correspondent was obtaining fire for his cigar from the Prince, the latter said, thoughtfully:

"I don't think I could write a eudoxology of old HEAD, if I tried—but couldn't I write his epitaph, though, rather!"

"And what would Your Royal Highness write?" asked our correspondent, returning the Prince's weed.

"*Caput Mortuum*," said the Prince.

For the meagreness of his *repertoire* of anecdotes connected with the Prince's visit to Ottawa, our correspondent accounts as follows:

"You know my respect for the sanctity of private conversations. Hence the reticence observed by me—a reticence which I am happy to see reflected in the columns of the New York *Herald*, whose reporter, in allusi n to the same excursion, says.

Were it not for the private character of this excursion I should have felt myself at liberty to say more about it: but as it is, good taste prompts silence as to minor details.

Melancholy Accident.

Why is MILLS' Equestrian Statue of G. WASHINGTON like crude gold? Awful pause.

A. Because it's a Nice ore.

New Device for the Corporation Seal.

Respectfully inscribed to the Metropolitan LELANDS.

"Stick no bills here!"

A WEGETARIAN SONG.

Way up in the East, from whence wise men came,
"Came,"—mind, the word is "came"—
Is a wonderful city, a city of fame,
And Boston is its famous name.
Sing, Heigho, for Boston! Boston! Boston!
Sing, Heigho, for Boston!
The rock which the brains get lost on.

One day, when the mercury marked five score,
Perhaps a little more,
A galliant wherry-man seized the oar,
One who the name of Martin bore.
Sing, Heigho, for Martin! Martin! Martin!
Sing, Heigho, for Martin,
And the wherry he took his start in.

Away went this wherry-man stout and bold,
And Boston belles were told,
That he was the wcrry-man mentioned of old,
Intended to knock all Gotham cold.
Sing, Heigho, for Gotham! Gotham! Gotham!
Sing, Heigho, for Gotham!
And as for the steaks we loathe 'em.

So off went bold Martin to dare the salt seas,
I'd rather he than me.
As for stores, he'd aboard of apples, threc,
And a pickled whor-tle-ber-ry.
Sing, Heigho, the berry! berry! berry!
Sing, Heigho, the berry,
A wery rich dish, wery.

So Martin tugged on like a trump at the oar—
I'll bet it was a bore—
Until when he'd chewed his last grub to the core,
He came to New York, and stepped ashore.
Sing. Heigho, for New York! New York! New York!
Sing, Heigho, for New York!
The land of the beef and the pork.

And now comes the gist of bold Martin's great row,
A very funny go:
They gave him a dinner, all going to show,
That beef as a dict was very slow.
Sing, Heigho, for the beef! the beef! the beef!
Sing, Heigho, for the beef!
That led mankind to grief.

So the dinner was spread in a gorgeous array,
In vegetarian way.
There was gingerbread, apples, with pop-corn and hay,
Such feed isn't gctable every day.
Sing, Heigho, for the feed! the feed! the feed!
Sing, Heigho, for the feed,
Good balm for the stomach's need.

But despised on the table so tempting and sly,
None knew the reason why,
Were the ham and the tongue, that would make a man sigh,
Which went by the board in the wink of an eye.
Sing, Heigho, for the board! the bo-red! the bo-red!
Sing, Heigho, for the bo-red!
The ones you could count by the cord.

Now this is the moral and pith of my song,
It's not so very long.
You must live upon greens if you wish to be strong,
And buy you a boat, if you wouldn't do wrong.
Sing, Heigho, for the boat! the boat! the boat!
Sing, Heigho, for the boat!
With the best respects of the pote.

Which nobody can deny.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, on many occasions during his life time, was guilty of the grossest rudeness. A friend at our elbow thinks that he explains this when he says that the very country the Emperor came from was *Corse*.

Isn't it.

It is a little odd that young ladies of a certain class, are continually on the look-out for a "great catch," and yet that we never hear of their marrying a hangman, who is however conceded to be the greatest KETCH known.

THE NEW "KING OF YVETOT."

A Song after the manner of Béranger.

IN Washington—the story goes,
A President did reign,
Whose exploits much rejoiced his foes,
And gave his friends great pain.
The Lord of Misrule eke was he;
This irrepressible J. B.;
You see!
Ha! ha! ho! ho! laugh and grow fat;
What a jolly President was that,
that, that!
When he was hungry he did eat,
And drank when he was dry;
His favorite esculent was *wheat*,
His favorite beverage, *rye*!
But still, through all his troublous reign,
A Nightmare sorely vexed his brain,
Of Spain!
Ha! ha! ho! ho! laugh and grow fat,
What a cheerful President was that, that, that!

He strove—this man of many woes—
All men to satisfy;
But had a pimple on his nose—
A Cuba in his eye;
So, in his daily round of care,
Was not exactly "on the square,"
I swear!
Ha! ha! ho! ho! laugh and grow fat;
What a jocund President was that, that, that!

Small by degrees and less did grow
The glory of his reign,
The more he built that air *chateau*
Upon the isle of Spain,
Until, at last, one luckless day,
His public life slipped quite away,
They say!
Ho! ho! ha! ha! laugh and grow fat;
What a weary President was that, that, that!

Thus this great Light went out, for lack
Of Spanish *isle*, 'tis said;
But his dear people are not slack
In honoring the dead.
They daily pour unnumbered li-
Bations to J. B. in his high
"Old Rye."
Ho! ho! ha! ha! laugh and grow fat;
What a gay old President was that, that, that!

All Gas.

The famous terrestrial æronaut, Professor Lowe—Professor of Gas we suppose he must be—is at his tricks again. Here is the latest account of him:

Professor Lowe and his balloon.

Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 7, 1860.—Prof. Lowe has commenced the inflation of his mammoth balloon at the Philadelphia gas works, and starts on his proposed trip to Europe at half past three o'clock.

Later.—Mr. Lowe, as usual, did not ascend as promised. Reporters and citizens generally are indignant.

Whatever chance Mr. Lowe may have of figuring among the "eminent Americans" embalmed in Appleton's Cyclopedia, it is not probable that his name will be handed down to posterity in any future edition of "Men who have Risen."

BILLY OR NOT BILLY—THAT IS THE QUESTION.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair.

Sir:—Here's a go! For nearly half a century have I been an admirer of the late Mr Shakespeare. Though I may sometimes mention him with affectionate irreverence as Billy, upon my soul, I have always respected him. For his sake I have endured Macready's cracked voice, and Mr. Forrest's most irritating legs, and Matilda Heron's waving arms. The pleasure which I have taken in the smothering of Desdemona is beyond all expression. The rapture which I have have experienced at beholding the death of Richard III, at hearing his final, and witnessing his concluding flip-flap is unspeakable; and Romeo and Juliet I have regarded as the prettiest pair of corpses ever served up by Mistress Melpomene. Sir, I believed in Shakespeare to that extent, that in the moment of my severest squeezing at the pit-door, if any body had told me that Billy was not Billy, all I can say is, that I should have knocked that person's hat over his eyes with the satisfaction appertaining to a virtuous action, I should, Dear me! On returning from the theatre, how often have I, over a virtuous tumbler, meditated upon Billy and sweet Avon, and the poaching, and the flight to London, and the Mermaid and Mistress Hathaway! And behold Billy was nobody, after all!

For in the first place comes Mr. Payne Collier, and plays the very deuce with the old respectable established text, which we all liked so much the better because we could not always understand it. Devil take it, sir! Who wants to understand it all? We understand enough, I hope, sir! What will be left of the immortal dramatist, I should like to know if he is to be brought down to the comprehension of every green goose? And here is Mr. Collier slicing, splitting, erasing, interlining, twisting, conjecturing and transposing until all is as plain as a primer. That is my Staggerer No. I.

Then followed Miss Delia Bacon. Delia is a pretty name, if Bacon isn't. What does Delia do. Proves, 'pon my word, that Shakespeare never wrote a play in his life. He held horses—that's what he did. He is a Humbug—that's what he is. Didn't know how to read or write—he didn't. A confounded stick—that's what he was. That's my Staggerer No. II.

And now we have Mr. Charles Reade. Immense creature. Has written a little book to prove that he is a great man. Does prove that he is the Sophocles, Seneca, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Corneille, Addison, Sheridan of 1860. Sir, I have read that little book—"The Tenth Commandment," 'tis christened—through. How do I feel? As well, sir, as could be expected. I am getting my eyes open, sir! I have been a poor blind puppy all my life, but I begin to see. I have frequently fallen asleep over Mr. Charles Reade's plays, but I am wide-awake now, sir! Reade superior to Billy? I should think so; why when Charles Reade says that Charles Reade is, you had better believe Charles Reade, unless you want Charles Reade to write another book about Charles Reade, just to prove what Charles Reade is, and what you are, sir! I have risen from the perusal of that "Tenth Commandment" with my opinion of Charles Reade too high to be talked of to an incredulous world. And the more I think of Charles Reade, the less I think of Billy. Charles Reade is Staggerer No. III.

Sir, I am rather old, but now that the world—the knowing, sagacious, penetrating Present—has got its hand in, may I not have the pleasure of seeing a few more reputations smashed, before I go? Spencer didn't write Faery Queen. I suppose, Queen Elizabeth wrote it. Milton wrote Paradise Lost! stuff and nonsense! Oliver Cromwell was the author. Tom Jones was really the production of the Rev. John Wesley; and there is all the reason in the world for believing that Hannah Moore had a hand in Don Juan. Only one thing is certain. Charles Reade certainly wrote "The Tenth Commandment." Nobody will dispute that. He's safe—he is!

Yours in a muddle,

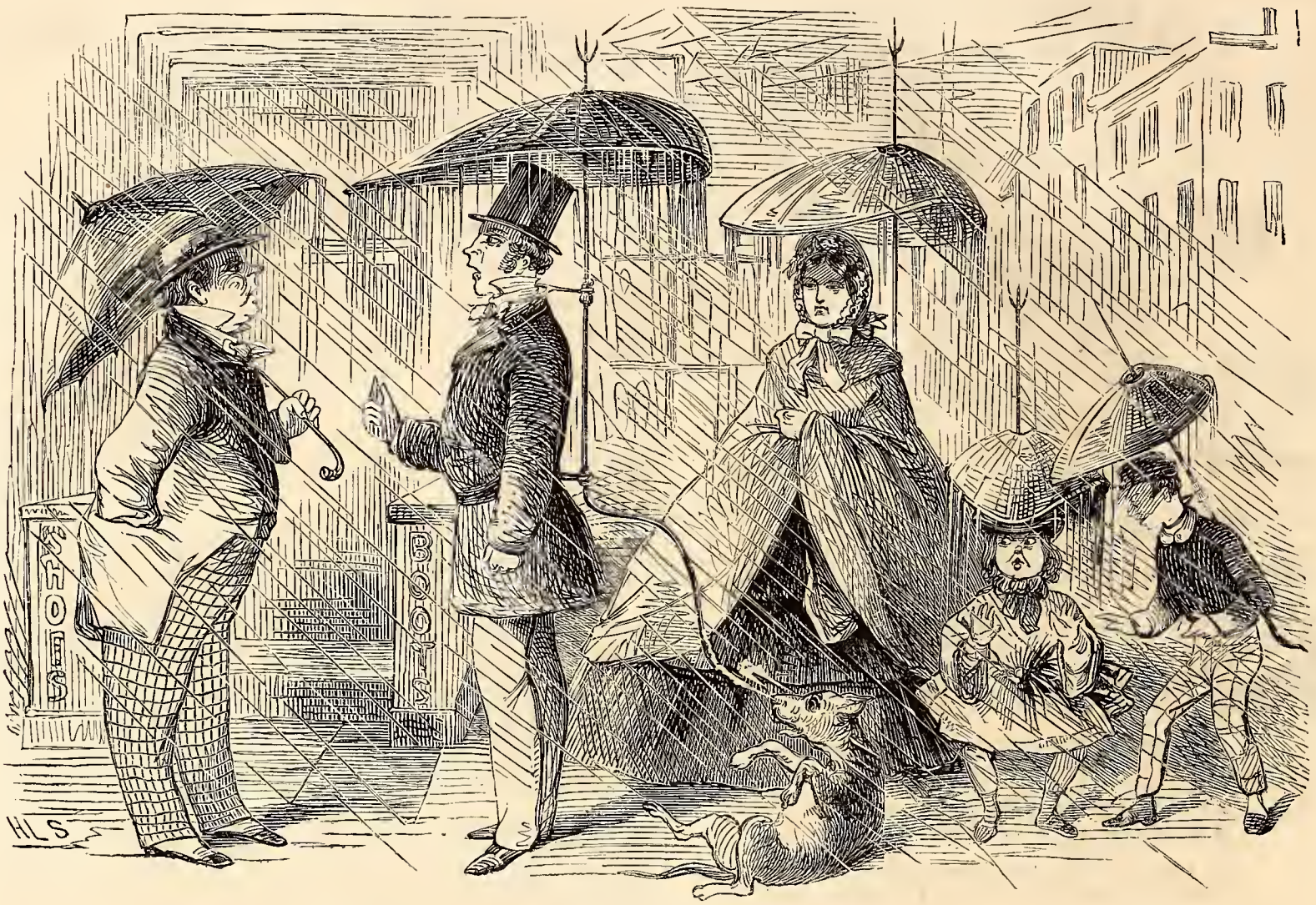
Peter Pantaloon.

The Eagle in Danger!

Our Democratic contributor says that the Republicans are trying to substitute for that noble but abused bird, the American Eagle, a Split Rail.

The true "Movement Cure."

A cure for the evils of the first of May.



OH, THUNDER!

SIMMONS EXPLAINS TO TIMMINS THE PRINCIPLE OF HIS MUCH-NEEDED "PROMENADE PARATONERRE" OR "THUNDER UMBRELLA," WHICH HAS BECOME QUITE A FAMILY NECESSITY, NOW HE SAYS, ON ACCOUNT OF THE INCREASING FREQUENCY OF "METEORS AND THINGS."

V. F. TO THE "BRITISH LION."

SMALL BRITISH ANIMAL.—We have had a good deal to say respecting the larcenies of the large British Lion, of late, but were not aware of your having been whelped into the world of journalism, until our attention was called to the fact by a well known literary detective, who notified us that you had, as it were, got into our larder through a breach in the lattice, and stolen a duck. In other words, Leo Minor, you, too, are larcenious; you have appropriated an article of property belonging to us, and have disposed of it for the inconsiderable sum of two cents, which proves how indifferently informed you are with regard to the value of exotic objects of *vertu*. In VANITY FAIR of the 19th of last May, there appeared an article, the illustration to which represented "French Pugilists engaged in le Boxe." In the *British Lion* of the 28th of July following, we perceive that you have done us the honor of reproducing the design referred to, under the caption—"The Noble Art, as practised in France." There is a slight, but unsuccessful attempt made to disguise the design—just as if you had stolen a good hat, and then sportively sat upon it, to make it look like your own. This, coupled with the fact of your having forgotten to credit the sketch to its right owner, sufficiently proves the theft, which lacerating though it is to our feelings to do so, we feel ourselves called upon thus to expose.

We could have been flattered by your imitation of us—but, two cents!!

And yet, Small Animal, to prove that we can forgive as well as censure, we shall be quite glad to present you with some of our old cuts for your columns—suggesting that, for the present, it might be as well for you to confine yourself to the reproduction of "The British Lion" in our number of the 19th of May, "More British Fair Play" in the 13th of August, and the present letter.

Yours watchfully,

Vanity Fair.

A Manager's most natural Exclamation.

"My Stars!"

JUDGE STEERS' NEW CODE.

The thieves of New-York, ought to get up a testimonial for Judge STEERS, of the court of Special Sessions. That learned functionary has established the most complete code for their protection that can be imagined. On the 28th ult., a thief of tender years was brought before him charged with having stolen some bank-bills from a woman whom he had found, a day or two before, lying on the sidewalk in a state of utter drunkenness. The Judge with great perspicacity remarked that "it was of no consequence whether the boy stole the money or not, for the woman would certainly have spent it for liquor, in the course of the day" (!) In consequence of which, this rising young pickpocket, was allowed to go forth in search of other victims.

We trust that the "profession" will testify their gratitude to Judge STEERS for the precedent that he has established. Certainly no one deserves better treatment at their hands than he.

A terrific Broil.

The London *Times* informs us that the "gridiron," at Milford Haven, for the beaching of the Great Eastern, is now nearly completed.

Now, considering the perpetual Broils in which the large, melancholy ship referred to has continually been involved, there would hardly appear to be any necessity for giving her another turn upon the Gridiron: while on the other hand, remembering the assiduity with which her directors have always kept her in Hot water, we should not have been in the least surprised to eventually learn that she had gone to Pot.

A Proposal from Jenks.

JENKS, observing the irrepressible state of the Canada *Orangemen* on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, proposes, in order to show that our country is still ahead, that when His Royal Highness arrives in New York, there shall be a similar, but more resolute, demonstration on the part of the *Orange women*. Females exclusively in the apple line cannot be permitted to join.

IN A MUDDLE.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.—"Bless me! My Boy—where's the shore—we're in a terrible pickle!

H. R. H.—Oh! But we CAN'T go ashore—the Orangemen, you know! And we can't go to sea. After all perhaps we'd better make for the Yankees. They'll treat us decently.

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.

FEW weeks since we saw in one of our illustrated journals a startling picture, representing a sea-serpent, of rather huge dimensions, engaged in refreshing himself leisurely with the jib-boom of an ill-fated British barque. With our usual benevolence and love for our species, we began to reflect whether such a vast power might not be utilized in some way; and after revolving the matter (45 turns a minute) in our own mind, and calling in the aid of "Tubal Cain," we have hit upon the following plan. It is proposed to try the experiment upon the Great Eastern, by stretching the monster along the upper deck, so that his head will be on the bow, and his tail will project over the stern. We learn from the most reliable authority (the journal aforesaid) that the dimensions of the monster are sufficient to allow for one-third of his entire length in the water astern, which is quite enough for purposes of propulsion. The body of the animal will be held in place by the weight of a pile of reports of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, while his tail, of course will be left perfectly free. When the power is to be used, the engineer will excite him by reciting, in a "laudable voice," a series of military leaders from the *Tribune*, which will cause his tail to lash the sea with great fury. We estimate the speed thus attained at from 20 to 35 knots, according to the quality of the reading matter furnished. Ever fertile in invention, we have discovered two methods of stopping the engine, each of which would prove effectual. In the first place, we propose to read half a column from the *World*, which will at once soothe the monster to repose; and, in the second place, to hypnotize him by holding some brilliant object, such as a STARR (GEORGE) before his eyes. The engines can be reversed by the beautifully simple process of turning the creature round, so that his head will be at the stern, and his tail over the bows, and proceeding as before.

The sea-serpent will require very little in the way of provision; merely a brace of aldermen a day, washed down with—say, ten thousand bottles of champagne, (Chateau Leland,) for the round trip, and an occasional dessert of jibbooms, or one of the yards of the ship, which will of course be of no further use. Perhaps it may seem to some people that there is some little difficulty in first catching your hare, *alias* sea-serpent; but we are confident that the giant mind which presided over the commissariat on the Cape May expedition would find this a *mer bagatelle*. We felt some delicacy in proclaiming this invention before the ship sailed, because the officers, after their unparalleled exertions in New York, would require some repose in the bosom of their native land before entering upon a new and untried field of enterprise.

Jenks on The Wizard.

JENKS, upon reading of the recent robbery committed by a domestic on Professor ANDERSON, exclaimed in a transport of indignant jocosity; "It was a piece of *black'arted* ingratitude!" and immediately fell asleep.

A Case of Melancholy Settled.

Nothing is more common than to read of people who, under certain conditions of grief, "bury their heads in their hands." This will account, we presume, for the large number of Grave faces that we see about us every day.

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

A little plain talk with Mr. Recorder Barnard, in the matter of Thomas J. Munday, Beast.

VANITY FAIR OFFICE, Sept. 8th, 1860.

SIR:—You are, we understand, a Judge upon the Bench in this city. Did it ever occur to you that the administering of justice comes within the functions of that office?

Taking as an example the case of THOMAS J. MUNDAY, we should say not.

Some time last Spring one of those creatures that put our modern civilization to the blush, was arrested for committing a series of outrages too disgusting to name. His victims were, for the most part, helpless young girls, whom he seized and abused as they were returning home from school. This brute is known to men as THOMAS J. MUNDAY. It is with reluctance that we state that he has been elevated to places of power and emolument by the citizens of New-York. Once he occupied a seat among the Legislators in our state capitol; once he was put forward as a fit candidate for the Senate; and now he enjoys the office of Clerk in a Civil District Court of this city, with salary and perquisites to the amount of $5,000 per annum.

When THOMAS J. MUNDAY was arraigned at the bar of public justice, the evidence against him was overwhelming. Not a doubt could exist as to the enormities he had committed. He pleaded guilty. The District Attorney placed the case on the calendar for trial, and, a fortnight afterward, ordered it to be called up. The District Attorney was then informed by you, Mr. Recorder BARNARD, that "MUNDAY's case was already disposed of." It seems that that Apostle of the cloven heel was a friend of yours. You cherished feelings of affection for him. You had, accordingly, followed the injunction of the song, and dealt with him kindly. You had accepted his plea of "Guilty" without sentencing him, You had said to him, actually or virtually, "TOMMY, my boy, you may go now; I'll send for you when I want you." And you had managed all this so cleverly and with so much secrecy, that the Clerk of Court knew nothing about it. He had no record of that plea or of that dismissal on his books. You did not intend that he should have.

Since then you have not "wanted" your goatish friend, nor have you sent for him. The beast is, consequently, as free as ever before to outrage all wives and daughters of men that may fall into his toils. And you, Mr. Recorder BARNARD, sanction these things!

As it is plain, sir, that you yourself are incapable of blushing, we blush for you. Furthermore, in the name of humanity and that you may be prevented from perpetuating these judgments worthy of a JEFFRIES, we sincerely trust that the men of New-York will avail themselves of their only means of punishment, by refusing to elect you to the post to which you now aspire—a Judgeship in the Supreme Court of this city. In which hope, sir, we subscribe ourselves, Yours indignantly,

Vanity Fair.

To GEORGE G. BARNARD, Esq.
Court of Sessions
New-York.

HOMES WORKED BY STEAM.

Dear Fair.—It is with inconceivable grief that I have seen of late in so many quarters, terrible indications that the merely Mechanical and Material is threatening to engulph our land, if not the age in one fell mass of Ruin.

Mechanics, Sir, threaten to invade every avenue of Thought. To save Labor is becoming the Problem of the Infant. Sir—I have seen sewing done by machinery—yes—I have even seen a mechanical Pumpkin Parer! Where will this end?

To show you where it *may* end, I have penned the following legend, in which the too zealous Inventor may trace a fearful warning. Yours truly,

Omega.

Um! exclaimed Mr. Cogwheels, "Hum! If it could be done!"—and then continued, reading aloud, "Mothers of rising families would then command much more leisure, for higher and nobler duties. The sciences, heretofore brought to bear only upon massive machinery, have already descended to aid woman in the thousand details of her dainty task-work. Philosophy and chemistry have come to our assistance in the preparation and preservation of food, etc., etc.—and, it only remains for me to crown the work totally; do away with cooks, chambermaids, and waiters; forever shut up those stupidity shops, called Intelligence Offices; and carn immortal praise from lovely woman!

"But," continued Mr. Cogwheels, there is one point on which hinge many of my most intricate calculations; and that is, how much horse power will work a small household? It may be safe to calculate the general run of domestics, a little less than "one horse"—using this theory for a basis, I can arrive at certain conclusions.

"Again, as we advance gas will be cheaper"—— here Mr. Cogwheels was interrupted by the exclamation of his friend Fifer who had so far maintained a dogged silence, and a segar in his mouth.

"Gas, won't be cheaper! You're eternally looking out for some kind of small Utopia; such things can't be, at any price. Now this idea of yours, about working a house by steam, is all humbug,—it's all fol de rol."

"Fifer, you are not an enthusiast! The world owes everything to enthusiasts—to one of them it will owe a Home Worked by Steam, the next thing you know. But all you can say will not have the least effect in changing my determination to carry out this idea. When I look over the length and breadth of this fair land, I see millions of immortal female souls cooking millions of indigestible meals, and entailing dyspepsia on millions of miserable mankind; I see these women, who, in early life formed the flower of the brave Amazonian regiment ever foremost in tea-fights, now dispirited and broken down; the noise of the piano is as if it had never been, and the fascination of the giddy dance ditto, the same. Shall these things be? No, Sir!"

"Well!" spoke Fifer, "we won't quarrel about it, only, when you have your plan in full operation, and your home under a full head of steam, don't forget to ask me to come and inspect it. I suppose you will get it under way before you are married?"

"Certainly," said Cogwheels, "it was at Clara's suggestion that I first determined to study out a plan by which we could go to house-keeping, or rather to a house that would keep itself, and the very day that it works successfully, she has promised to be Mrs. Cogwheels, for better than worse. We are to make a three months' tour to the lakes, and all that, and then return. But, hallo! one o'clock, and I must be at the Novelty Works in short order. Good bye."

Mr. Cogwheels, by enthusiastic perseverance and long suffering, perfected his steam invention, and after assuring Clara that he had now "a home without cares, and a household without Biddies," led that confiding woman up the broad aisle in shining white, and point lace and orange flowers, to his accompaniment of black broadcloth, patent-leathers, and his hands clothed in the skins of young rams:—to the tune of "Old Hundred—— Thousand," that being the amount of worldly goods with which he her endowed. Tears, kisses, hugs, a brave dinner, and off in the cars for Saratoga. Three months in getting over the excitement, and going into training for the matrimonial combat of life, and its realities—to be avoided by Mr. Cogwheels by steam—at least its domestic asperities.

Fifer duly received an invitation after Madame Cogwheels's return to town, to dine with Cogwheels and inspect the house. Fifer was a cautious man, and after accepting the dinner invitation, slipped round into Wall-street, and had his life insured for $30.000—in case of a "bust up" at Cogwheels. On the appointed day he Avenued it up to Twenty-First-street and then "lefting" it arrived at Cogwheels' "Home Worked by Steam." Previous to entering, he looked up for a smoke pipe, or walking beam, on top of the house—no sign; then he listened to hear the rattle of machinery—no go! "Low pressure," said Fifer, and pulled the bell. The door flew wide open.* "Well, this is one way," said Fifer, and he had hardly entered the vestibule, before the door closed behind him with a slam! grazing his coat tails. He now saw on the right and left hand of the inner door, two mouth-pieces, one marked Question, and the other Answer. He had no question to ask, and didn't require any answer, he only wanted to be announced. "I must suggest this to Cogwheels," said he, "an Announcer hole." He announced himself through the Question mouth-piece and the vestibule door flew open; forewarned of its shutting quickly by the front door, and not wanting to be knocked outside and have to again apply to the mouth-piece, he nimbly jumped in and simultaneously with the shutting of the door, a bronze hand with a card-receiver on it, flew out from the wall nearly striking Mr. Fifer in the epigastric region. "Now," reflected he, "is a chance to experiment; instead of a card, I'll put a half dollar there and see what the effect will be." Down went the half dollar into the receiver, it opened quickly, the money disappeared, and the next minute a rattling, jingling noise was heard running along through the wall, then several hearty peals of laughter, and a drawing-room door swung open wide. Entering quickly, (he didn't like the way the doors sprung to) he found Cogwheels advancing to greet him, and was soon in earnest conversation with Mrs. Cogwheels and several guests who had been invited to dine, and see the wonders of steam. The half dollar card had already apprized the company that Fifer was one who had some humor in him, so conversation rattled on as merrily as a bell until the sliding doors at the end of the drawing-room fell back, revealing a snug little dining-room with chairs duly arranged to face a table; but there was no table. Cogwheels, however, gallantly offered his arm to a pretty young lady. Fifer escorted Mrs. Cogwheels, and the other guests paired off and followed, all evidently "at sea" about future revelations. Taking seats, Fifer saw the lady of the house, press lightly a little knob with her foot, and lo! the floor for the space of some feet slid to one side, and up rose an oval table covered with damask, cut glass, silver, flowers, decanters, napkins, etc. Its centre was moveable, whirling around on an easy pivot, and on it were many dishes kept warm by chafing dishes and spirit lamps. After soup, Mr. Fifer requested to know if the soup plates were to be thrown on the floor or out of the window? Cogwheels told him to lift up the table-cloth and he would find shelves to put the plates on. Thus the soup plates were put away, and rows of clean plates were found piled up for each guest, in the shelf facing his seat. The centre of the table was then turned round, each guest helping himself to fish, and then spinning around the centre until the dish came to the next neighbor at table. By each dish were bottles of appropriate wine, to which the guest helped himself. After the different courses had been disposed of, Madame Cogwheels again pressed the knob of the spring on the floor, and the table descended to slow music. Another table in a few minutes ascended, bounte-

*At an Exhibition of Swiss Industry held at Berne in 1857, I noticed two doors which were self-opening, and self-shutting, a spring in a plank of the floor as you appeared being pressed by the foot, opened the door, and treading on another as you passed through, closed it.

ously laden with dessert and light wines. Conversation now was carried on in a very lively vein, there was a delightful rose-blush in the face of the young bride, owing (of course, to be sure, certainly, I am confident of it, it couldn't be anything *stronger*) to the sueeess with which the dinner was going off, in fact had gone off, leaving nothing but a light, fantastic dessert behind.

"Homes Worked by Steam" triumphed, and Cogwheels felt his brows bound with victorious patents from the Patent Office, Washington—after a due amount of dinners and jobbing, of course. His guests, one and all, gave judicious praise. Prof. B. Lowhard having nailed his audience, went into the history of housekeeping, from Noah and his Arkite attempts down to the House of Representatives, interrupted several times by Fifer with such frivolous questions, as to whether a digger Indian could live longest on Sanserit or Arabic roots? whether Noah had yet been proved to be an Irishman? and others equally foolish and void of anything but wit of the lowest order.

The company now adjourned to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Cogwheels' pretty foot again pressed a spring, and uprose a dainty little rose-wood table with coffee urn and liquors. Fifer duly took down his half cup of black eoffee, and then initiated the good Professor B. Lowhard into the manufacture of a *chasse café* (one third Absynthe and two thirds Maraschino de Zara) which raised him to a discourse on nectar, Amber Gods, and the Bacchae.

The eonversation among the ladies was now like the hum of Hyblean bees; through the open windows of the conservatory, the South wind brought on its gentle wings the perfume of rare exotics, while through the drawing-room windows the last rays of the setting sun gleamed glorious, illuminating the lovely faces of the bride and her three fair friends. In that hour was played the Triumphal March of Cogwheels! and he stood eonspicuous among men, a beacon over the stormy sea of turbulent domestics!

It was now that Cogwheels, feeling the power within him, arose: "Friends!" said he, in a full mellow voice, *â la* Badiali, "the hour has come when I must unfold to you the arcana of 'Homes Worked by Steam.' Clara!" said he to the partner of his victory, "Let us lead our friends to the inspection of our master-work!"

Fifer has since affirmed, on a City Directory, that at that moment Cogwheels had more soul beaming out of the end of his boots, than all the Marble Fauns Hawthorne eould knock down in eight years, eould dare to dream of having.

So great is the power of healthy imagination. Cogwheels pressed his hand on the head of a marble bust of Augustus Cæsar when he was a minor, (original in the first room of the Statue Gallery in the Vatican, right hand side, half way up, on a bracket among other busts?) and instantly a flood of soft light poured through alabaster shades on the intelligent faces of his guests, and Prof. B. Lowhard exclaimed, "Eureka!" undoubtedly referring to his snuff-box, which he had by good luck discovered in a forgotten breast pocket of his little-used state-garment.

The eompany at once descended to the basement, where they first inspected the stationary engine. This was tended by an intelligent American engineer, who, having lost both legs by the explosion of a boiler of a Mississippi steamer, whieh was conveying at the time more steam than two boilers could decently hold, determined him to tend after that, a stationary engine of the low pressure school of tactics. He cheerfully explained the application of the steam to the different branches of household employments. After this the company went to the kitchen where they found all the dishes washed up and put away, and two bronze hands busily knitting by a eheerful light (!) while a eopper tortoise-shell cat added to the domesticity of the scene. These bronze hands came out of a wall, and the inspection of them afforded much amusement to the guests. It required some time to explain the *rationale* of all the domestic operations, *because it was very hard to explain*, very!"

After the lower regions they ascended to the chambers, and while the guests were assembled in one room, inspecting the wonderful mechanism by which carpets were swept, beds made, and so forth, the master-spirit, Mr. Cogwheels took Fifer into a side room, and laughingly told him of the sudden fit of early rising he and his wife were seized with the first day they spent in their Steam Home—of his neglect to set the dial of the bed-makers, and its eonsequent action at four o'clock in the morning, throwing all hands and the eook overboard, and trying to spread his linen garment for a pillow-case, and insisting on appropriating Madame's robes for sheets, etc. Fifer had a hearty laugh over this, and they returned to the guests, who were in raptures at the many ingenious eontrivances of the steam chamber-maid.

On descending again to the drawing-room, they were regaled by singing and piano-playing. When Cogwheels, who evidently was bent on some great surprise, suddenly touched a spring, and instantly a grand steam orchestra commenced playing on wind instruments.

Concert—Overture by C. M. von Weber.

Sinfonie Nr. 9 (3 Säzte)—von L. Beethoven.

Symphony, D sharp (No. 6)—von Haydn,

and some other exquisite pieces, such as you may hear any summer afternoon at the *Sinfonie-Concert*, von Liebig, in Sommer's-Garten, at Berlin. *Anfang* 7 *Uhr. Entrée* 5 *Sgr.*! Drinking white-beer out of Titanic glasses.

In the midst of the D sharp Symphony of Haydn, there was a queer rumbling, grumbling, as of a lion aroused, succeeded by a rushing noise as of an approaching hurricane. Then Bang-whang! up jumped the table through the dining-room floor—up came another. Crash went the furniture up-stairs. Flippity bang! bang! went the doors opening and shutting with the swiftness of thought. Louder roared the hurricane. Whang! went the dining-room tables.

"Save yourselves, save yourselves, gentlemen and ladies, the whole concern is going ——wards!" roared the engineer, as he dashed past the drawing-room doors. (I forgot, in the confusion, he had no legs and couldn't run! No matter, I'm in a hurry, things are going to "bust." He run on his hands!) "Save yourselves! Out of the front windows!" Out they all tumbled, bride and bridegroom, one and all, pell mell.

It was well they did. As the last pair of legs cleared the area gate, there was a sound like thunder, and turning, they saw the whole house blow up in the air, with a noise like "a pent-up Utica," (whatever that is) and poor Cogwheels saw his fabric of boiled water a shapeless mass of brick and iron.

So our fading dreams depart, And the wishes of our heart, However brave and good they seem, End like households worked by steam!

A BOTTLE IMP.

If this is not the age of gymnastlcs, then is there no sense, to us, in the following scrap clipped from a daily paper:

An English Protestant Girl wishes a situation as NURSE. Can take charge of an infant, and bring it up upon a bottle if required.

There are some things connected with the bottle that are to us mysterious—a reel in a bottle, for instance. A reel *after* a bottle is more easily accounted for; we have known several persons who kept themselves in reels *that* way until they became "Tombs' Revolvers." But the worst puzzle about a bottle that has yet mystified us, is the allusion in the above quotation to bringing up a baby upon one. After much thought, however, it occurred to us, that the young person who advertises is anxious to meet with a family of "muscular Christians," to whom her services may be useful in teaching gymnastics to the babies, and the way "muscular Christians" should go.

Our artist has made an insane attempt to illustrate the feat of—

Bringing up a Baby upon a Bottle.

UNDER THE "VAGRANT ACT."

Officer.—"I ARREST YOU FOR A VAGRANT."
Astonished Celt.—"IS IT ARRIST ME YE'D BE DOING, AN' ME BROTHER AN ALDERMAN, AN' ME UNCLE A COONCILMAN, AN' ALL AV ME RELASHINS THE HOIGHTH OF THE RISPICTABLE?

Misrule in the Detroit Schools.

The Detroit, Mich., Board of Education have lately resolved—"That marriage on the part of any female teacher be tantamount to a resignation of her position as teacher." In other words, it is not a hit but a-Miss to be a school Mistress in Detroit. A fine distinction between "Mistress" and "Mrs."

Ornithological.

From a Western paper we learn that the Two *wings* of the Democratic party are in Wisconsin! Will some of our friends inform us where to find the *body* aud *head*?

Not by Jerrold.

We observe that in a course of lectures, on comparative anatomy to be delivered in Philadelphia, there will be one on the formation of tails. That is to say, Caudal lecture.

By a Drummer.

It may be true that the Chicago Zouaves do not "drink" while in the city; yet when in camp they invariably congregate at the *tap*.

A Rich Joke.

SAM HOUSTON, writing a long letter declining his chanc s (?) for the Presidency.

Physician's Prayer.

O' si sick omnes.

A Tool in the hands of Designing Men.
FABER, No. 3.

SOMETHING GORGEOUS.

Philadelphia triumphs. While we have believed her slumbering in Quaker meeting, she was in reality making the deepest calculations; and her eyes were closed only that she might, by meditation, attain the result now presented us. Philadelphia paid the bills for France in the Crimean war! Philadelphia gave material aid to France, and settled the Italian campaign; without her, Solferino and Magenta would have been defeats. She has given France one hundred millions of dollars per annum (!) "for some years back."

Poor DUMAS, what do you think of that? *colorado claro mio*—as the Habanera says to her mild Partagas. How about MONTE CRISTO? You will have to study the life of ELIAS HICKS, if you want to write a real romance. But to facts as they appear in the *Philadelphia Bulletin* in Golden Letter, to President BUCHANAN. The writer claims to have discovered in Africa, along the Kong Mountains "the richest gold deposits in the world:" in 1853 he made a proposition to our government to acquire and annex this same gold field; it was not accepted, and accordingly the writer offered it to LOUIS NAPOLEON, who jumped at it, grabbed the Kong Mountains, told the discoverer he should receive "for a term of years (discharged of the costs of the enterprise) one half the products of the mines, and some years back, exceeding one hundred millions of dollars per annum; a flood of munificence which I declined, from its very magnitude alone." The discoverer's modesty is not to be commended, he agreed to take five million dollars and say no more about it. But Empires are empirical, and so between LOUIS NAPOLEON and M. FOULD, the poor discoverer never received a dollar, and was driven away from Paris; he now asks from President BUCHANAN an appointment as attaché to the Legation of the United States at Paris, that he may reside there unmolested, and obtain his five million dollars from LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The letter reads as if written by King MIDAS. The French imports of gold (for the first nine months only, of 1858) *exceeded the imports* by three hundred and seventy-six millions (376,000,000) of francs!" ——"the Emperor has been coining annually, *in gold only*, over five hundred millions of francs! a sum greater than the aggregate gold coinage of the United States, Great Britain and Russia (all of which have affluent gold fields) and not only greater than that of Spain when carried by COLUMBUS to the culmination of power, but even greater than the antecedent coinage of any nation upon the globe!" Bravo Philadelphia!

"Sufficient of your PARISH."

Would that a New Yorker had been, and gone, and done as much; we would exalt his name above others, in golden letters—on a balloon.

Garibaldi as an Indian.

The Irish having been unable to clearly prove GARIBALDI'S descent from Ireland are quiet, after his descent on Sicily; not so the Canadians, for in *L' Oracle* a Montreal paper, the oracle declares him son of an Iroquois chief named GARRABALDEH, (signifying "Mighty in War," VANITY FAIR inclines towards Sir Oracle, for the way the "Mighty in War" drove the Neapolitans from Palermo was savage, very much so. The night before he takes Naples it will be more so—as thus—

To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)
Shall light us to the foe;
And we shall share—Calabrian boy!
The Bourbon's blood and Naples' joy.

Curious if True.

A young lady who graduated recently at an institute in Virginia, has been committed to the Insane Asylum at Raleigh. Her friends attribute her mental aberration to the reading of MILTON'S Paradise Lost.—*Exchange.*

Good gracious—what would have become of her had she read—say for instance WALT WHITMAN, or one of ISAAC ADAH MENKENS high pressure-isms?

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER XIII.

INTRODUCTION.

NEWPORT.

Getting late in the season. Not so many carriages out of afternoons, "visitors can be very comfortably accommodated at hotels," relish dinner uncommonly more than usual, Old Mill looks greyer and older and tells stranger stories about the Norsemen. For be it observed, for the benefit of all doubters, Old Mill as it is sacrilegiously called, *was* and is a Norse tower, and no records of its having been repaired by some colonist shall ever convince me of its having been built in good old Colony times. *Vlan!* A likely shape indeed for an old Puritan to build a mill in—that of a real eight-arched Odin-tower—I'd as soon expect LOUIS at DELMONICO'S to hand me a ham sandwich with gold-leaf on top.

Yet we could all live very comfortably here—all the way to winter. Had grand fish-breakfast at the MORRYLTON Cottage yesterday morning—where *the* big sea-bass figured which Captain DICK caught—performed at a fruit supper last night at VAN DYSEN'S Cottage, where the grandfather of all watermelons, was aided by fabulous peaches—sweet and glowing as a maiden's yearnings—and flanked by Sauterne which might have been the blood of Venus.

When I commenced this chapter, I little imagined what a tremendous ending 'twould have!

RIEND BROADWAY—MRS. FITZSPLENDID BUCKHORNE wants you this evening you remember," said CATALPA with a smile, one after dinner drive. "You must go, for she has informed me confidentially that you have been promoted out of her books."

"Out!"——

"Of one book into another. Don't you know she keeps a set of society books, and a party-and-visiting-clerk—I mean her daughter! Her list of friends, connections, and so on, is immense, requiring great management. So she has one book in which she enters the names of one set, another for another, and so on. There is the Family Friend book—the Twenty Streets Book—the Madison Book—the antique Book of Stuyvesant Square—and the Literary and Lion Book. She is very careful not to invite one of any one set to an entertainment, gotten up for the others—excepting always the "Literary and Lion" people, some of whom she brings in at all parties.

"With the lights, flowers and suppers."

"Well—you figured for some time in two books but have now been advanced to the literary party. Dear soul—she's very particular in arranging everything to please her friends. When she found that her daughter had secretly written and published something she at once put her in——"

"With me. *Muchas gracias.* We'll be there."

It's certainly true that while of all shabby, heated, miserable affairs, American watering place hops and balls are generally the mis'rablest, I must admit that on the other hand some of the cheerfullest, rosiest, merriest little muslin flutters, which I ever attended, have been at cottages at such places. *Sans gene, a votre aise, sans facon*—bundle out all your comfortable, well-bred French free and easy-isms—how is it that all of these express *ease* so respectably while in English, after all, an approach to it seems—never mind. Well, Mrs. BUCKHORNE has the art of making at home, and of conferring ease to perfection. Never mind the machinery which lies behind it all—'tis well invested, believe me oh Grumbler and Satirist—for it confers happiness. Not on *you* perhaps—but then you have your congenial dens—why not leave to the birds their leaved and flowering branches?

"Miss GOLDWYNNE! why where have you been all summer—Oh the old story, up at Tarrytown, and July here. Colonel who was that little Venus you were driving out yesterday? Come across the room and I'll introduce you to her—she's as perfect a Vanity Fairy as ever lived. Mr. SPUYTENTUYFEL at last! Do show me your RANDOLPH. He does look like a Virginian, certainly—do you know I thought he was a make-believe character. Dr. MORNENKAL—we had the pleasure of seeing your nieces at West Point." New faces, old friends, chatter and clatter, all merry too. "Stuff" is it. "Nothing in it." Just so sir, there's nothing in the tinkling of bells, but I should be sorry never to hear them.

Silence there—CATALPA is at the piano. She sings. "*Come è per me sereno.*" Ah—is *that* nothing? Forget everything—time—place, people. I can do it when *she* sings. 'Tis perfectly safe to applaud her Ma'am—ROSSINI has done so—to say nothing of one BEER surnamed MEYER.

The wild wave of song! I am lost again as in the water-fall, the rush of the foam and in listening all day to the sobbing waves. Mrs. FITZSPLENDID BUCKHORNE—I am indebted to you more than you dream of, much as you deserve, oh kind heart, and verily you have your reward if it can reward you to know that.

That superb institution is CATALPA. Isn't she delicious? Something on ice? On toast? With truffles? All to kill yet neither loud nor low. CAROLINE, CAROLINE, it is now the age of a young belle, in her first grande passion, since I nearly fell in love with you—and I've been falling in love with you every once in a while ever since. If I could only marry you occasionally, what a devoted husband I'd make. Ah—that fine night! As C. H. W. sings in the *Times:*

"She wore a robe of muslin,
The night when first we met;
Her little feet were mousing
Beneath her coatipet.
Her dress had all the lightness
Her air the stylish tone,
That mark a belle of—(say
Somewhere from fifteen to) twenty,
With a fortune all her own."

Two hundred and fifty thousand shiners, if its a dime. Acres round the Central Park. Miles up the river. By Jove—if the Jouvin had only been on 'tother hand, I'd have—no—not proposed—that's used up—we know one another too well for that; but I'd have suggested the wisdom of my keeping a coach to her grays, and asked her if the next time I dropped in at GIMBREDE'S I shouldn't have her name put down as "*née* CATALPA" with something before it? Why not. There's FLINDERS, spreading the entire honey of her newvijill affections on a midshipmanikin, or a cadet, or something in buttons—bless her let her go! Who was it advised *maison fait et femme à faire.* That may be his affair, not mine. Thunder! how CATALPA would come down with the devotion if she once started! I've half a mind to try it—'twould be a grand Imperial violet love—exploding a mine—opening a torrent of eternity full of solar systems of sympathetic worlds and coruscating with crackling comets of brilliant caprice.

By Jove! how well she looks. Superbia herself. What a bust, what a turn of the head, what a figure—Venus Callipyge is'nt it? no—that's too thin—Milos—no—that's a fraction too much up in muscle but it comes nearest to her.

She has been uncommonly kind of late to me—bah! she's always kind in that same sub-maternal, half-sisterly, second cousin,

devoted-young-aunt sort of way. Kind to everybody. Children. What a stunning mother she'd make to be sure! THORWALDSEN'S isn't it—would be nowhere. By Jove! I wonder if she'd pose, and let me have her photographed in the same position with the young ones—one knee up—h'm—this *is* getting along rather fast.

If I didn't know that CAROLINE CATALPA has been for so many years eating her own heart for want of better food, if I didn't know that the whole intensity of her passionate nature has been ripened instead of cooled by twenty, and a good mauy odd summers, I go straight to her and tell her what a train I've got on to-night, looking at her shoulders all the eveniug. That low-uecked-dress did it—I'll bet what you like. She's the most sensible person I know to talk over such a thing with. By Jove! I *did* do it once at Malag—no 'twas Madrid—when I thought I was in love, and she proved to me so conclusively that it was only the Sherry, with an illustrated Boccacio and the opera, that I was convinced, and went through the Escorial next morning, with her, cool as an iced melon. It takes me differently this time. I feel angry at fate, to see that splendid animal going without a buck through the forest of life. Fate! I feel grieved to see such a *reine d'amour* without a *roi* to concentrate on! I remember that sad, earnest word of hers last July at Cape May, wasn't it? When she spoke of dying with some *bon compagnon*—she meant me that's certain—and I do certainly feel as if those money, and that grey horses would do as well for me as any other man, *vlan!* If I heard to-morrow that CATALPA had lost every mortal copper, I hope I may be carried off, shrieking worse than Kansas, by fifteen hundred thousand cartloads of red imps with sky blue tails, if I wouldn't take my hat, go straight over the way and propose to her. Infernalize my future prospects if I wouldn't! Yes—I *am* getting steam up—heres the summer is gone and the harvest is ended, and I havn't got my corn in, and the sweet-potatoes are yet afield. Here goes!

O, Lady Reader, ar'nt you glad I've got to this point? Is'nt it delicious? Don't you wish you were I, or I you, or some of us somehow compounded or confounded into somebody else, *a la* RAFAELITA and MIGUEL. For I do solemnly assure you that if there ever was a man—or any other man—on the earth who enjoyed being in love all over a great deal and plenty of it, I am he. I enjoy all the tortures and scorchers which hurt common people so badly, just as HELOISE use to enjoy her whippings, St. LAWRENCE his gridiron, St. SEBASTIAN his arrows, St. FERREOL losing his geese, St. BYGOD his curses, and all the other saints each separately their beatific tortures and celestial agonies. By VENUS, Ma'am, if the saints knew their own, aud if bearing pain with a good grace were a free pass to a lieutenant colonelcy in Elysium, I should be canonized forthwith on the most canorous of principles—

Ut cantent cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic amatori.

I do not think that I ever felt so lordly elated—so superbly calm—so absolutely satisfied that I had done, and was going to do the best possible of all good and pious things, as I did when I wound my way across Mrs. BUCKHORNE'S parlor to CAROLINE CATALPA. I measured the distance before me with my eye, as MACREADY used to do before he marched up to an *effect*. "There," said I—for I love to talk to myself when I have time—" is just one rod between me and eternity—I mean paradise. Cross that Rubicon, leap that Barbican—and the fort becomes piano. Brown-stone double front with two undoubted Rembrandts in the front parlor—(KUGLER, PASSAVANT and WAAGEN have endorsed them)—a port-folio of Marc Antonios and Durers in the boudoir. Real Pompeii bronzes, real Etruscan vases, real Florentine ivory, real Faenza, real niéllo salvers and cups, and a library to take one's hair off! Armory, wine-cellar—and the whole concern after all only dust and trash compared to CATALPA herself.

As I stepped forward to where she sat, she without seeing me, she rose and went out on the balcony. It was a deliciously retired place, and I gave her five minutes of solitude to inhale melancholy and moonlight——

"And I will tell her when I bowed
My knee in other years,
I was not half so eloquent—
I could not speak for tears."

I could hardly speak for tears as it was, Madame, despite the profane brown-stone thoughts which had flitted through my mind an instant before. Bah!—to him or her who sees the world eagle-eyed from a high mountain, a glance takes in sweeping: sheep and castles, stumps and fair towns, butterflies and bridges—plain, valley, river. Only the short sight in the coal-pit sees only one thing at a time—admits but one range of thought. Add that in this thing CATALPA and I are more alike than any two mortals in existence—sinners that we are!

I sat down by her and saw that she was in heart tune for the touch. She made room in her own usual kindly manner—just then there came a slightly chilling breeze—one of the first delicate harbingers of autumn, and a light shudder—though hardly of cold—thrilled her. The last summer party—the Newport season over—the first breeze of winter——

Ah—*our* life summers will be so soon over—no provision made yet for love, that great want of life. I saw all that in that first shiver. Oh Pride, oh Marble, oh World, oh Society, oh Litany of all that petrifies, ye tremble at a breeze, and are ashes before one spark of nature.

"I have brought you a shawl," I said. "It's growing cool."

"A shawl! Where?"

"I speak in parables. I have been keeping it for you—all summer."

She was quiet and I went on.

"Do you remember the other day—when the summer was young—proposing to pass away quietly into death—and the—Final? *You* know that when I descend to my earnest, real vein, I am in earnest and act on it. I am there now."

She looked at me as if grateful for the sympathy.

"But there is one better thing than death. And only one. That is Love. *Do* give me the one or the other. No one else can, I'm weary and lost. Ah—you never thought it—but there are really more fine days in Autumn than in summer—when one has a shawl after dark!"

"BROADWAY—this is one of your old freaks."

"It's on a grand and sorrowful scale then. I've been hard at work now for seven years, getting tired of everybody and everything except you. The butterflies flit away—the waves roll back—you only remain. Oh, for God's sake do marry me now, just to save doing it twenty years hence—unless you prefer the horribly romantic alternative of death. Oh Queen—come down from your throne of sorrow—love is the only true life of a woman—and I really cannot endure seeing you so alone—so alone. I'm lonely myself—I."

I had become confused—awkward—but that helps sometimes more than eloquence. And the Queen took me very kindly by the hand—always as a queen though, and as a tender favor proudly given. She did not know that I saw a tear on her cheek.

Signed and sealed. But don't think it odd of us when I say that for several days we said little or nothing to one another of our future. Went riding with her, played the cavalier, took supper there much as usual, but kept quiet. There's an intolerable affectation sometimes, of this sort of thing among very young people—with us there was good reason for it. When two propose to change the entire conditions of a friendship which has lasted many years and taken in common all the leading scene of life—as we did—it is apt to astonish them. I was awfully astonished the next morning about three minutes after awaking while thinking carelessly about CATALPA to suddenly remember that—— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——we were engaged!!! "She is not so young?" By all that ever thrilled, piquanted or piqued my blood! by all that is delicious, dear and dainty! by all that is fine, fair and flavorous, by all that is exquisite, elegant and extra, by the whole morning service and by this and by that, belles celestial and belles terrestial, I swear that *that* point of delectable maturity is to me the richest, lusciousest, ambrosialest, nectarest taste of savory raciness in the whole morsel. *Ah che gusto!* Think of Balzac (*Sancta Venus, ora pro nobis!*) Of Fan—no matter. But ye, Masters and Mistresses of Arts, who have taken the highest grades—who are truly adepts and wear the Rosie Crosse—know that love between US is the bearded CUPID of the Grecian gem. To IT, maturity of mind and physique brings something so pungent, sharp, highly-rough, bitiug, mordant, spicy, seasony, hot, peppery, twangy and capsicomical, yet withal so sweet, so honeyed, so caramelled, so orange-candid, so dulcet fragrant and odorous, that

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Tit for Tat.

According to a report in the *St. Louis Express*, there is a man now lying under sentence of death in Camden, Arkansas, for the heinous crime of circulating the *N. Y. Tribune*. The *Tribune*, in its remarks upon the matter, attributes its meagre circulation in the Slave States to pleasing little incidents of this sort, and says, "the "people want the *Tribune*, are willing to pay for it; but where the "penalty of buying it is death by strangulation, they very natu-"rally hang back."

Our worthy contemporary here makes a very curious mis-statement. Doesn't it see that if the people only *would* "hang back"—retaliate, that is, and not let all the strangling be done on one side—a stop would very soon be put to these fanatical proceedings?

A hint to the Editor of the World.

"THE GREAT AWAKENING:" The Wide Awakening.

An "Old Saw" Reversed.

The adage saith: "Take care of the *pence* and the *pounds* will take care of themselves." JENKS thinks they don't know this saw in Carmansville, as they have just appointed an Ex-congressman Pound-keeper. Perhaps the Ex-congressman may have shown his dexterity in keeping the people's pence, when in office, and thus feels gratified to keep the pound on the very ground of the adage—that "pounds will take care of themselves."

Poor Fellow!

We met JONES the other day, on his way down town to pay a "little bill" of Mrs. JONES' at STEWART'S. JONES clutched the occasion to confide to us his ideas on matrimony. JONES has tried matrimony and knows. Said JONES: "Before marriage billing and cooing is all very fine, but I tell you, sir, that after a man has entered into the bonds, the cooing loses its charm, and as for the Billing it becomes positively insufferable."

An Original.

A Mr. COPPIA recently, though unsuccessfully, attempted to ascend from Jones' Wood in a balloon *of paper*. He is called upon to change his name, we think, without delay, since this mad feat stamps him a *copier* no more. JENKS adds in a whisper, that if the æronaut had only made his balloon of certain newspapers in this city (such as the ——, the ——, etc.) there would have been no need of further gas inflation.

Cartomantic.

Trumps after Tricks, as the Wizard said to his Musician.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Amiable and clean-shaved North German to Yankee Card-Writer.—YOU SKRIBE ME MINE NAME. ON LIDDLE PITS OF CARTS. GOOT. I DAKES DWO BACKS—VIFTY CENTS. NOW BOOT IT TOWN HEINRICH DIETRICH LOBSCAUSEN VON SCHLACHTENSCHLOGENFELDSCHWEINIGELSCHWINDELSTEIN-EISENBUMMERSPRINGARUMERHINKELEI—"

Card-Writer.—LOOK A HERE, MISTER—TAKE MY HAT IF YOU WANT IT—BUT I CAN'T GET NO SUCH NAME AS THAT DOWN AT THE PRICE. WHY, THE CARD WON'T HOLD IT!

THE TWO SPIRITS.

A green Island in a golden sea, and a purple sky that hung above it, like a dream of love over a sleeping maiden. Far inland, the enchanted forests gloomed and darkened, and from their deep recesses came the murmur of the pines. Sweet fragrance breathed from the hills, and along the shore the waves broke in music. Beneath a little bush, all starred with crimson and azure, slept a little fairy, like a small white cloud dropped from the heavens above. When he shook his golden curls the sun shone brighter, when his breathing stirred the flowers, the music was as that of a wind-harp, and when at last his blue eyes slowly opened in delight, the blue air swam in deeper lustre. Beautiful and happy was the Fairy in his solitude, but on his parted lips, slept the sweet sadness of his bliss.

Now the sun was sinking in a mist of spray, circling within arches over arches of splendor. The Fairy moved his snowy wings, reposing on the air like a swan upon the buoyant wave. He saw the glorious path sparkling over the sea, far away to the wondrous temple, that the spirits of light and air build up as a beautiful dream. He saw the sunset temple rise, as of old enchanted islands rose, then sank again forever. And the vision became dim, as the face beloved too well, seen through tears, is dim, and faded away from the sky, and melted into the sea, and over it, the star of the evening trembled in sorrow.

And far out at sea, the Fairy sought the place where the glory had been, but was not. Then the North frowned, and muttered, and hissed out of darkness, a storm swept the ocean, whirled the waves into mountains, and caught the Fairy in his arms, tossed him to the skies, and dashed him downward to the roaring gulfs. Past affrighted ships, fleeting like ghosts, past ships struggling with the whirlpools that dragged them down; the storm sped on, and the Fairy was the sport of his wrath, until at last, like a giant exhausted of his own strength, prone upon the ocean he had maddened, fell the storm, and like a leaf torn from a tree, the Fairy fluttered feebly on a rock-bound shore.

And at red dawn, upon the brown and barren strand, the fisher maidens found him lying among the wrecks of great ships, and standing apart, said, in low whispers, "Lo! it is the spirit of the Beautiful." But as the first rays of the sun touched him, the Fairy rose, and fearing the storm, fled far from the shore. So it was that the spirit of Beauty left his solitude and wandered away into the world.

At night he heard the roar of a great city, and saw, like the light of a furnace, its fierce illumination kindled on the misty darkness. and he passed through long streets, in which the people struggled like surging waters, and dark alleys in which fear lurked and hid. Rude noises, shocks, and cries rushed by, and forms like those of evil goblins glared at each other as he passed. And his heart sank within him, and he would have fled anew, but behold, even there in toil and woe, he saw suddenly, a brother Fairy, whose wand was tipped with fire, and shone like a star in the darkness.

And he saw that where the light of the wand fell, all things changed and brightened. Upon all ugliness it worked fantastic spells. In its many-colored gleam, mean hovels were as happy homes. Men greeted men with smiles, wan and withered figures were transformed, and the merry voices of the the children rang out like the chime of bells. Music and song and laughter pursued the Fairy as he moved. In the wondrous shadow of the wand, the city seemed no longer wretched, for where the darkness was deepest, there the star shone most brightly.

"Who art thou, brother?" thus spake the spirit of Beauty, in wonder, and the Fairy still waving his wand, replied, "I am he that is called the Spirit of Fun, and I dwell in the cities and the homes of men. With the power to me given, I charm their weary lives. Without me, what would their toil be but sorrow, with neither blessing nor repose. For thee, have I long waited; for behold brother," and the Spirit of Fun pointing with his wand, his smile was even sadder than the other's, "is there not need of both of us?" And the Spirit of the Beautiful, embraced the Spirit of Fun, and together they passed away into the gloom.

And now forever they move throughout the world, blessing with equal power, the children of earth, and he who finds not the one need search no longer for the other.

The Hue and Cry in Canada.

"Orange," and "No Surrender."

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

It is to be presumed that all the readers of VANITY FAIR, have heard of the death of THEODORE PARKER of Boston. But with the exception of the small number who read *The Congregational Herald*, and the larger number who take in the *Tribune* with their other slices of reading, they may not be aware, to use the words of the latter, that the late lamented PARKER "did not die a natural death through the ordinary processes of disease, but was prayed to death, by a praying circle of ladies," held in the parlor of a prominent citizen of Boston. Yes—incredible, horrible, diabolical as it may seem, we are told that certain hags under the monstrous delusion, that they were performing a *religious* rite, actually *prayed* for the death of a fellow creature, and the *Congregational Herald* exults over the fact, avowing its belief that their prayer was approved, exclaiming with joy: "Was not this one among the numerous answers which God gives to secret prayer?"

To which VANITY FAIR takes the liberty of replying, that no true Christian in existence believes in anything of the kind, and that if such murderous prayers could be answered supernaturally, they certainly would not be by the GOD OF LOVE. We have said enough however to communicate the "awful particulars," and to prevent the reader from forming any misconception of the true spirit of the following lyric:

THE FATAL SISTERS.

N the grandest of parlors in fair Boston town
Met nightly a circle of pious renown,
Whose devout intercessions, 'tis commonly said;
Put Theodore Parker to rest with the dead.

When first 'twas proposed by this excellent mode,
To shorten the journey adown the broad road,
And by dint of stout praying, thro' all sorts of weather,
To stop a man's breath and his "errors" together,
The assembly who longed to have wickedness checked,
Was made up of some ten or a dozen "elect."
Three elderly virgins of aspect severe—
A widow or two, well-advanced in "the sear,"
With several serious matrons who left
Their husbands and children entirely bereft
Of their presence or care, while they knelt to fulfil
This duty delightful, with holy good-will.

'Twas a beautiful sight when they all were convened;
The light of the burners was tenderly screened.
The lustre fell mildly on tables and chairs
And all sorts of marble and china affairs;
It beamed on Miss —— as she slowly uprose,
And softened the curves of her fine Roman nose,
As she opened the meeting with earnest petition
That Parker be hurried forthwith to perdition.
'Twas touching to hear her; such fervor! such unction!
No weak hesitation, no silly compunction,
No poor shilly-shally, or tedious delay,
But "stop him, Lord! stop him! and that right away!"

The petition concluded there followed some more—
Perhaps half-a-dozen, perhaps half-a-score,
Who improved the occasion to gently suggest
What mode of removal would be for the best.
One mentioned a fall from some terrible height,
And one a mis-step from the ferry at night;
Some thought the *lock-jaw* an appropriate way,
While some were for having a little delay,
And spoke of the liver as good to attack,
Or wished a bad cold and a slow, wearing hack,
One thought a brain-fever an excellent thing,
One asked a decline, finished off in the spring.
The result of the conclave we all of us know—
Poor Parker, so prayed at, at last had to go.

Now these amiable females, on finding their prayers
So signally useful in human affairs,
Began, as became them, to cast their eyes round
For such other business as next could be found,
And to see what odd jobs in this planet benighted,
Needed their interference and prayers to be righted.
Some fathers of families soon were discerned,
Who objected to spend every cent that they earned,
Who grumbled most vilely at milliner's bills
And thought watering-places unbearable ills.
A hint to Miss —— a few powerful petitions,
And Greenwood received them in spite of physicians.
A lovely young wife next demanded their cares,
Chained to an old husband with gout and gray hairs,
To whom she was married some three years before
In the happy belief he could not reach fourscore;
But that limit was passed, and the wretched old fellow
Though frightfully wrinkled and dismally yellow,
Seemed good for another ten years at the least—
Insisted on going to opera and feast,
Had an eye like a hawk for a bit of flirtation,
And a tongue always ready with coarse condemnation.
What benevolent eye that peruses my ditty,
Could refuse to this sad case the warm tear of pity?
The heart of the pray-ers grew soft with compassion,
And they proved it at once in acceptable fashion.
A will first secured, leaving all his possessions
To his relict, Miss —— then commenced intercessions,
And succeeded so well, that before a week passed
The troublesome husband had scolded his last.

These, and some other cases, too num'rous to mention
Attracted, ere long, the kind public attention,
And the means and the objects becoming well-known
Devout ones poured in from each part of our zone.
Husbands petitioning for short'ning the lives
Of their partners—and then, vice versa, the wives,
Dashing young dandies with governors close,
Who considered a prayer as more safe than a dose,
Mothers of troublesome babies, who asked
Rest and relief for their frames overtasked,
Rival practitioners, praying removal
Of those who divided the public approval—
Ill-paid navy-captains who languished for more,
Imploring the death of some old Commodore.
Besides crowds of poor common creatures who prayed
For bread and for shelter, and all sorts of aid;
Such a scene of confusion as shortly ensued
Must be witnessed in order to be understood.
Rival petitions together ascending—
All sorts of hopes and anxieties blending—
Making up such a season, Miss —— was afraid,
That their time would be lost and their usefulness stayed.
Thereupon 'twas agreed to form a committee
Of the saintliest of the Athenian city,

The Spirit of the Times,

After citing an extraordinary match that was to come off between Capt. TRAVIS and another pistol shooter, adds the following :

"This king of marksmen, not satisfied with the host of victories he has achieved, now offers to wager $250 that he can hit a mark without seeing it, and that the mark shall be behind a tree. He says : 'The judges shall select a tree not less than six feet in circumference. A board target, six by five inches in size, shall be be placed behind a tree, at a distance of thirty yards from my position. I shall not see the target, but with my pistol will shoot around the tree, and out of twenty shots will hit the target fifteen times at least, making the ball go around the tree before striking the target. The match to come off within twenty days from this (25th) in Arkansas, within three miles of the city of Memphis ; the place to be selected by the judges.'"

VANITY FAIR takes the bet! We once did something similar, namely, hit a mark behind a tree, by firing at a spot in the curve of a ploughshare beside it, but then our bullet only went half around the tree. If Capt. JOHN can make his go all around it, he can take our money.

On a well-known Political Editor.

BY A SPITEFUL DEMOCRAT.

If,—as the scholars say,—in mere *surprise*
The real pith of wit and humor lies ;
There's not a joke that Pr-n-t-ce ever cracked,
One half so good as when he states *a fact !*

How to prevent our municipal brigands from running up another carriage bill—
Make them Foot it.

EXPERIMENTAL.

FREDERICK, WHO IS FASCINATED BY THE MAGNETIC TRICKS OF PROFESSOR ANDERSON, PROCEEDS TO INFLUENCE THE "GOVERNOR" BY HITTING HIM A SMART RAP OVER THE HEAD WITH A HORSESHOE WHICH IS THE NEAREST THING TO THE PROFESSOR'S MAGNET HE CAN OBTAIN.

Who should take it in turn to offer petition
For people of every sort and condition.
On every successful prayer that was made
To charge 5 per ct. (as is usual in trade)—
For they justly remarked "If the thing is worth *praying* for,
It is, or it ought to be, surely worth *paying* for.
And if interests clash, as will sometimes take place,
The best-paying parties should carry their case."

On this basis they started ; and business flowed in
With such wond'rous profusion, such oceans of "tin,"
That a pent-up back parlor could hold them no more.
They took the whole house—then the building next door—
And at last—so did wants and petitions flock—
Engaged for their use a whole six-story block.
Their stock, which at first was but ninety a share,
Has gone up at last to I—cannot say where,
And the shareholders in the investment so grand
Are living like nabobs all over the land.

All sorts of requests are sent in from outside.
People accustomed to have their hair dyed
Pray to get back the original hue ;
Ladies with green eyes petition for blue,
Some are desirous of brilliant complexions,
Some to get rid of their vulgar connections,
Candidates beg to carry elections,
School-girls to prosper in their affections,
Poor country parsons send in their desire
For sal'ries to keep them in clothing and fire ;
A certain great publishing-house (where 'tis said
Some hundreds of hard-working folks get their bread,
And 'tis probably true, for we all of us know
If *bread* is not kept there, there's plenty of *dough*)
Offer prayers day and night, by letter and mouth,
For increased circulation through all the broad South.

Controversialists beg to silence objectors—
BELL & EVERETT hanker for fifteen electors—
And some politicians waste all their chink, on
Prayers for the defeat of "honest ABE LINCOLN ;"
But the case of all others of which I have heard,
Most ludicrous, painful and highly absurd,
Was one that came in from the Chief of the Nation,
Who submitted a very decayed reputation,
With prayers most excessive in fervor and dolor
To restore it to some sort of soundness and color.
Miss —— looked the article carefully over,
And (nose buried in handkerchief) tried to discover
Some hope for the patient, but soon had to own,
The best could be done was to let it alone.

But this is, of course, an exceptional case,
And need not discourage the rest of our race.
So let all who are vex'd with misfortune or grief
Send in their petitions and hope for relief.
The business is managed with care and precision,
And Miss —— gives the whole concern strict supervision.

Jenks still on the Central Park.

After his immense display of wit on the "Tipperary Road" (as previously recorded) JENKS had a sporadic attack of joke. He said he considered it fortunate that the Park Police, at least, were dressed in gray. We asked, why? He replied, because it was the *only quiet shade* he saw there. Then he asked a person, evidently from Gosport, whether he had seen the man who was *ducked* a short time previous?" The Gosporter answered "N-n-o ! who was ducked ?" To which JENKS solemnly responded "Aqua*duct*," and suddenly disappeared in the "Ramble."

"In the Bonds."

From a recent police-report we take the following toothsome bit :

"A man named JOHN HANEN were yesterday arrested for committing a brutal assault upon his wife. She stated that he had kicked her in the mouth, and knocked out three of her teeth. HANEN was held to bail in bonds to the amount of $500."

Our Cynical Man, who won't be married at any price, wants to know if the bonds here mentioned, are not the "holy bonds of matrimony" that he hears so much about.

Anxious Father.—CHARLES MY DEAR BOY, YOU REALLY MUST NOT SLEEP WITH YOUR WINDOW OPEN. YOUR EYES LOOK TERRIBLY THIS MORNING.

[FOR FULL EXPLANATION OF THE CAUSE OF THE DISORDERED OPTICS, CONSULT THE OTHER SIDE OF CHARLES' NIGHT KEY.]

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

VANITY FAIR OFFICE, Sept. 17th, 1860.

VANITY FAIR presents his compliments to the Noble Army of Punsters and would respectfully inform them, that during the engagement of Mr. EDWIN FORREST at NIBLO'S Garden, all collocations of the names of the great tragedian, and our Cyclopean mayor for the purposes of a sylvan quip will be by him (VANITY FAIR) firmly rejected.

Allusions to the future tense of the verb "will," as "FORREST *would* etc.," or to the green deciduous part of a tree, as "FORREST *leaves*, etc.," will meet with a like fate.

P. S.—Any one of the Noble Army, having on hand a new joke on the Prince of Wales, one that neither suggests wailing, nor is cetaceous in its tendency, is requested to send it in before the 11th of October, as, after that date, there will be no demand for the article.

P. P. S.—A merry quirk on "When is a door not a door?" is in active preparation, and will be produced at an early date.

To the Noble Army of Punsters.

On a Poet turned Critic.

MAT plays the poet's and the critic's part,
And serves the public with a double art;
For what is *best* the *critic's* pen invites;
To find the *worst*, read what the *Poet* writes.

A SINGULAR CRAFT.

Some unctuous missionary writes a letter about the *Morning Star* (not Venus of that name, for it is well known that clergymen never have any dealings with that goddess, but)—a small brig that the Sunday School children built with five-cent bits, and sent to the Pacific where she rotted directly. Hear this missionary:

"Her white sails are like the wings of a dove, and her flag is an olive leaf. Everywhere in this ocean she has a name and a prestige; everywhere she is the guest of the heathen tribes; and everywhere the shield of heaven covers her, and everywhere the light of heaven shines upon her."

VANITY FAIR submits that this must be a peculiarly unsafe craft. "Sails like the wings of a dove" wouldn't hold in a stiff Norther; nor would an "olive-leaf" flag be so substantial a sign of nationality as one made of bunting from a sail-loft in South-street. It is gratifying, however, to know that this pious vessel has "everywhere a name;" but it is not so singular a phenomenon as it might be that "the shield of heaven covers her," or that "the light of heaven shines upon her." The shield aforesaid is popularly supposed to cover even the ships of that wicked man, GEORGE LAW, and Commodore VANDERBILT'S old tubs over in the Pacific get pretty much the same kind of "light" that the *Morning Star* does.

The V. F. is impelled to inquire why certain (not all) clerical gentlemen *will* persist in canting? *Can't* they get along without Cant?

A Train off the Track.

Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN in his recent speech at Birkenhead, England, on the occasion of the inauguration of a street railway in that city, queried this query;

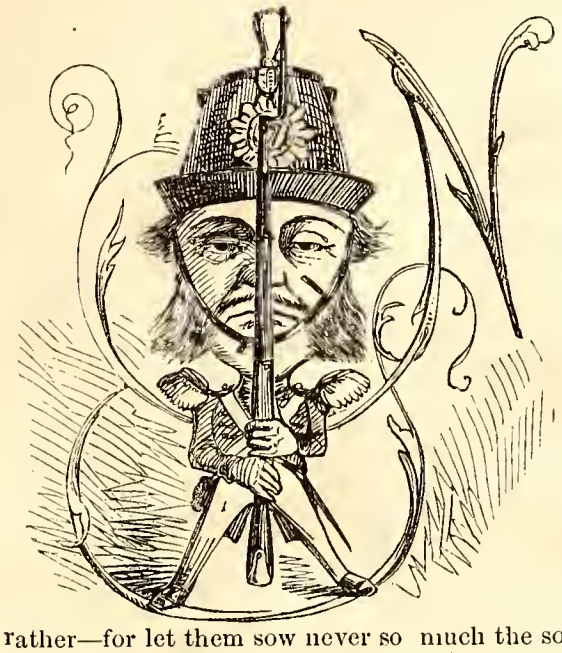
Who ever heard of an American's running any risk in placing unbounded confidence in an Englishman's sense of justice. (Great applause.)"

We don't wish to be unkind in answering Mr. TRAIN where he looked for no answer, or we should certainly suggest the name of one JOHN C. HEENAN, in this connection.

AMINADAB SLEEK AT JONES' WOOD.

"My friends, there is no patriotic duty on earth more gratifying to my feelings than to make a speech over Mr. Lincoln's political grave. [Loud cheers.] I do not make this remark out of any unkindness to Mr. Lincoln, but I believe that the good of his own country requires it."—*Douglas's Speech, Wednesday, September 12th*, 1860.

PRINCE-OF-WALESIANA.



OW it was said that when the party arrived at Kingston, in Canada, the Duke of Newcastle decided not to land, on account of certain party demonstrations insisted on by sectarians of that piggish little place.

"And what manner of people be they who thus kick up a shindy?" asked the Prince of his attendants.

"Orangemen, an it please your Royal Highness," quoth one.

"Orangemen!" cried the Prince. "Say Applemen, rather—for let them sow never so much the soil with Orange Pippins, the Apple of Discord will ever thence up-spring."

The Prince had just been reading a report of the proceedings of the New York Committee for his reception, when the conversation turned upon the number of royal personages by whom the United States have from time to time been visited. Lord MULGRAVE, at the request of the Prince, enumerated several of these august visitors, including the late LOUIS PHILLIPPE, the present Emperor of the French, King KAMEHAMEHA, and others.

"Yea," rejoined the Prince, "and more—for I find here," said he, unfolding a newspaper, "the name of one who seemeth also to be of kingly house."

"And who may that be, Prince, if I may make so bold?" asked the Lord of MULGRAVE.

"Royal PHELPS," replied the Prince.

"What is the opinion of your Royal Highness about affairs in general?" asked Sir EDMUND HEAD, suddenly waking up from a nap.

"Like your own nose Governor, too much color," replied the Prince, shying the butt end of his cigar at Sir EDMUND's proboscis. "Too much color the world over," continued he; "and I'll tell you how: Black is trying to split the United States, while Orange is doing the same for Canada. *Nimium ne crede colori.*"

The main difficulty at Kingston was the erection of arches by the Orangemen—a feature to which the Duke of NEWCASTLE expressed his very decided objection.

"Did you notice NEWCASTLE last evening?" asked the Prince, addressing General BRUCE: "He has such a horror of an arch with Orange in it, that he wouldn't come on deck that time we all ran up to look at the rainbow."

PRIVATE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our first article on Dr. WYNNE's elegant but inaccurate volume having made a sensation among the *Literati* of New York, we resume the theme in our present number.

The science of Bibliography, to which we and Dr. WYNNE are devoted, is new in this country, only dating back to the introduction of gas; but it has flourished time out of mind in the Old World, especially in England. One of its greatest professors there was the Rev. THOMAS DIBDIN—"Poor TOM," SHAKSPEARE calls him—the author of "All in the Downs," (a gay ballad) "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea," (written for a singer named BARRY, a native of Cornwall,) and other sailor songs too numerous to mention, except to the marines! He was brought up to the Law, studying in the office of Mr. MONTAGUE, the husband of Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, the correspondent of POPE, and the inventor of vaccination. Mr. MONTAGUE was a writer of some note in the last century, the author of a poem entitled "The Pot of Basil," frequently printed in the works of KEATS and BOCCACIO. The celebrity which this poem conferred upon him caused him to be called Basil MONTAGUE, as the curious reader may see for himself, in any Biographical Dictionary. From this gentleman young DIBDEN derived his fondness for books.

Heber was another famous bibliopole; he was the Bishop of Calcutta, and wrote the beautiful sacred poem "Palestine," commencing,

"Jordan is a hard road to travel."

It is to him that we owe the hymn,

"From Greenland's sunny fountains."

A third collector was Sir MARK SYKES, a Baronet, who got into difficulties about a bill, from which he was called BILL SYKES. He was hanged for murdering his housekeeper, NANCY. (See "Oliver Twist.")

But enough at present of distinguished professors of bibliography. This noble art, as we observed before, is young in this country; but young as it is, it has many ardent admirers, as Dr. WYNNE's book testifies. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the nature of the pursuit, for, between ourselves, dear readers of VANITY FAIR, the bibliopole seldom gets beyond the cover of his books. To do more than this is to become a reader, which your true bibliopole never is. It is enough for him to know the sizes of volumes, quarto, folio, octavo, twelvemo, etc.: to prate glibly of their bindings, Russia, Turkey, original calf, half-bound, uncut, etc.; to mention the different editions and dates, (a fig for dates is never his motto!) in short to know the outside of his books.

This superficial knowledge being all that is necessary to create a library, and to criticise it, is it wonderful, we ask, that our merchants and bankers have Libraries, and that our doctors criticise them? There are, however, critics of another stamp. We have one such in our eye now, (perhaps we write before a mirror,) a gentleman of elegant leisure and "curious learning," who has written largely, and bids fair, it is reported—but modesty forbids our saying more. Who he is, is no business of the reader: what he is, in criticism, will be seen in this article, which ought to make Dr. WYNNE tremble in his gaiters.

We spoke in our last of several prominent collectors, whose libraries are not even alluded to by Dr. WYNNE. We shall now refresh his memory with one or two more, well known to fame, if not to him.

First on our list is DELMONICO, every body's DELMONICO. This gentleman has two libraries, one at the corner of South William street and Exchange Place, the other at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street. The latter is what was formerly called the Irving House, the city residence of WASHINGTON IRVING, the distinguished author of "Sunny Side." Among the rarities in Mr. DELMONICO's collection, are the well-known Latin treatise, *De Gustibus non est Disputandum*, 1st edition, edited by Mrs. GLASS; and ALLISON's Essay on Taste. This celebrated work is by Sir ARCHIBALD ALLISON, author of the History of Europe, from the commencement of the Revolution, (American?) to the Restoration of the BOURBONS. His mother was a sweetheart of the poet BURNS, who wrote a song in her praise,

"Bonny PEGGY ALLISON."

Mr. DELMONICO has a copy of PEASE on the Five Points Mission. [*Nota Bene*: This work is bound up with the Essays of ELIA, and lettered "LAMB and PEASE."] He has also the best editions of the following volumes: COOK's Work, with a Table and Plates. The History of the Sandwich Tongue. Tarts: By a Tartar. *Paté de fois gras:* By a Good Liver. (Portrait of PATTI.) BACON, (uncut.) Claret and Olives. A cut of FRONT DE BŒUF, (rare.) The Apparition of Mrs. VEAL, (full calf.) The Desert. The old romance of Sir LOIN, (very rare.) The unique Provençal romaunt, *Maitre d'hotel*: Pome. (DETERRE.) CARVER's Travels. BUTLER's Analogy. Sauce: By ANN CHOVIE, (piquant.) JELLABY on Jellies, a current work. PARTRIDGE's Almanac. LETTICE ARNOLD. Salad for the Solitary. [This copy formerly belonged to SALADIN, who was no chicken.] CRABB's Synonymes. *Revenons a nos Moutons*, (*nice*); and High Bred: By a Master of the Rolls.

The next collector on our list is JACOB LITTLE, Esq., the well-known financier. [Mr. LITTLE, we may remark, *en passant*, is a son of the poet LITTLE, an early friend of THOMAS MOORE.] His collection is not a large one, but many of his volumes are curious, and exceedingly scarce. Among these are the following contributions to Natural History. The History of Bears: By Major URSA. Bears and their Leaders, a posthumous work of Old ADAMS. Miss EDGEWORTH's Irish Bulls, and a complete file of John Bull, (HORNE's set.) He has a unique copy of BRUMMELL on Stocks. Also, The Proper Diet for Horses, with a dissertation on shorts. LONG and SHORT on Time. MERCHANTS on Change. BARBER on Shaving: (notes.) BURDETT's Two per cent. a Month. BILLS on Protest. BAXTER's Call. FLYER on the Kite, (good paper.) SKINNER's Interest Tables. Remarks on Falling Dew, (Mr. LITTLE's notes.) The Advantages of Reading, (wide margin.)

The Library of GEORGE LAW was purchased, we understand, at contract. It has nothing worthy of remark, except the following volumes. STORY on Precedents, (with portraits of several disappointed candidates, among others, that of Mr. LAW himself.) HAWKS on the Quarry. The works of BRIDGES, (Sir. EGERTON?) The Bridge of Sighs, (with a sketch of the High Bridge at Harlem.)

Bubble and Squeak, the gift of Mr. LAW's father, JOHN LAW, the author of the Mississippi Bubble. The Works of HOOK. The Plays of STEELE, etc. Mr. LAW has two or three MSS curiositics, such as the holograph of the old songs, "Riding on a Rail," "She sat in the low-backed car," and "Poor old horse, let him die," Mr. LAW's favorite song is BOKER's "Ferry me over the ferry."

The last bibliopolist on our list is F. S. COZZENS, Esq., not F. W. COZZENS, as Dr. WYNNE erroneously styles him. [Did Dr. WYNNE ever read "The Initials?" If not we beg to recommend it to him before he writes another work on libraries.] Mr. COZZENS, who, by the way, is a son of COUSIN, the Philosopher, is the proprietor of the West Point Hotel, a favorite summer resort; for a description of which see APPLETONS' New American Cyclopædia. He is said to be the Prince of good fellows, and has a large circle of friends, chief of these are CHARLEY ELLIOTT, LEWIS CLARKE, and SPUYTENTUYFEL, LELAND. Elliott, commonly called "The Indian Apostle," is known by his translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue; Clarke by his bulky Commentary, and his Travels in the West with Lewis; and Spuytentuyfel, by a spicy work on Mace.

But to Mr. Cozzens's books. His collection, Dr. Wynne informs us, is rich in treatise on wines, and works relating to the war in Columbia. He mentions some of the latter, but omits the most important—BARLOW's Columbiad, and the famous patriotic song, "Hail, Columbia." Of the former, viz: the treatise on wines—he gives no specimens—a deficiency in his volume, which we propose to remedy. Here are a few of Mr. Cozzens's rarities; LONGWORTH'S Dictionary of Wines. HEADSICK on Sham Pains. The History of Djinns, including the Cotton Gin, and London Club House. *Hinc illa Lacrymæ*, (CHRISTY's copy.) A Winter in Madeira, DIX. [The early productions of this author, who is our present Post Master, stamp him as a man of letters. We wish we could say the same of his late efforts!) The History of London Docks, (port.) LAFITTE, or the Pirate of the Gulf. The Genealogy of the BOURBONS, particularly Bourbon Whiskey. Popular Antiquities. Brands'. [There are many brands, we forget how many, having lent our Allibone—but Mr. Cozzens, we are sure, has the choicest!] The Case of Catawba, (sparkling.) The Chateaus of France, with a sketch of Chateau Margôt.

Mr. Cozzens, who is constantly on the watch, has a number of curious seals, particularly the Green Seal of Clicquot, which he values highly. He has also a rare cabinet, of which we shall say nothing. (Mumm's the word!) Besides this he owns that (according to Dibdin) never-enough-to-be coveted treasure of a great collector—a press of his own. (The Wine Press.)

A few titles from his miscellaneous collection, and we have done to-day.

Northern Antiquities. MALLETT. (COOPER's Copy.) CARPENTER'S Works. (boards.) JUNKIN on the Oath. (Demi-octavo.) MARTINGALE on Horses. HURD'S Works. (Deaf BURK's copy.) CHAUCER'S Plug. COMBE on the Head. TARTAR on the Teeth. HOOD on Hawks and Monks. Pickens of Fat Offices. The Gallic Cock. (FAWCETTE's copy.) Tenderlines, By A. BUTCHER. SMITH on Forgery. The Sharp Blade, HONE. Mother CARY'S Chickens, (with portraits of ALICE and PHŒBE.) PHŒNIX On Ashes. NOYES On the Still, (with a portrait of the author, Dr. J. G. NOYES, *ci-devant* editor of the *Knickerbocker*, now emphatically on the still!) SCREWS in Cork. (Drawings.) FISH on Net Profits. The Rod of AARON. BIRCH. The Spouter's Friend, SIMPSON. TAYLOR'S Suits, (hot pressed.)

P. S. If sufficient encouragement shall be given, this series of articles will be continued *ad nauseam*, *ad infinitum*, and afterwards collected into a volume, like Dr. WYNNE's. It will be entitled,

"*The Very Private Libraries of New York.*"

Subscriptions received (invariably in advance) at the office of VANITY FAIR.

A Pretty Critic!

That extraordinary creature, the *Herald's* Prince of Wales reporter, had, in a recent letter, the following self-complacent paragraph:

"The London *Times'* letters describing the Prince's progress have at length reached Canada, and are displayed in every reading room. They provoke much laughter, not less by their tardiness than by the inaccuracies which they display in statements about the habits of the people, the geography of the country and even the most common statistics."

If we thought the *Herald* man could by any possibility understand us, we should tell him that ignorance as to geography or even statistics is not so gross an offence as an utter lack of all decent and manly spirit, such for instance, as has been exhibited in his own snobbish and illiterate correspondence. But as these things are far past the comprehension of the Satanic reporter, we refrain.

THE INDEPENDENT INDEPENDENT.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair.

MIABLE VANITY:—I am a subscriber to *The Independent* newspaper. How could I go and do it? I didn't go and do it, a man in a black coat and green spectacles, came and did me. Said 'twas a Christian paper. Said 'twas a family paper. (He was right, though I did not so understand him. He meant, I suppose, a BEECHER-family paper.) Said 'twas the best paper in the world. Should he put me down? Oh yes! And he did put me down.

The consequence is, sir, that I have formed a most intimate acquaintance with the BEECHER family. Also with THEODORE, surnamed TILTON, but he isn't of much account. There's old Mr. BEECHER, I have the pleasure of hearing from him occasionally. There's Brooklyn BEECHER, otherwise called HENRY WARD BEECHER, when he walks or rides, or drives, or lectures, or catches fish, or has the meals in his family, or receive a gift from a shop-keeping parishioner, or refuse the degree of Doctor of Divinity, or misses a railway train, or takes cold, I know it by the next *Independent*. There's Mrs. BEECHER STOWE, she is in Italy, and prints me a letter to assure me of the fact. There's Conflict-of-ages BEECHER, he turns up occasionally conflicting with something. I know all the friends of the family. I know all the enemies of the family. I have the pleasureable pain of seeing some reverend gentleman smashed in every number. If they don't smash a man they smash a society. This, with Mr. ALLEN BUTLER'S humorous articles and Mr. HORACE GREELEY'S political articles, renders my Sunday reading most virtuously melancholy; and when I come to the funny commercial gent. who does the markets, I am in the last stages of despair, for he is the most dismally droll and ungrammatical commercial gent. of my acquaintance.

Under these disheartening circumstances, I do not wonder that the managers of *The Independent* have made a successful effort to be spicy and wicked. We have all heard of M. MIRABEAU, an eloquent French gentleman, he was, much given to rhetoric and violations of most of the Ten Commandments, and of one of them in particular. Had a habit (as *The Independent* gently expresses it) of "forming tender relations of one sort or another." Formed a tender relation with Marchioness SOPHIE DE MONNIER, who (says the virtuous *Independent*) was "wearied to death by her husband," "MIRABEAU" (says the considerate *Independent*)" was susceptible. SOPHIE'S "charms" (according to the critical *Independent*) "were of no ordinary character." *The Independent* dwells with delight upon her eyes, her nose, and her hair. *The Independent* dilates upon the details of her elopement for the benefit of young and discontented wives in general. *The Independent* tells us (pious *Independent*) that "God gave them a child to purify their intimacy." *The Independent* sentimentally relates the pathetic tale of their separation, and just hinting that SOPHIE, with her fine nose, eyes and hair,

found new lovers after rather a miscellaneous fashion, tells how she finally charcoaled herself into eternity.

And this is the stuff that the religious *Independent* sends to me, to be read by my little girl. Here is a nice, pure, unspotted family newspaper for you! How would Mr. Beecher like it, I wonder, if I should introduce, under religious pretences, into *his* family: The Private Life of Madame Pompadour, The Novels of Aphra Behn, The Memoirs of Count de Grammont, or Life of Harriet Wilson? These are all celebrated, important, historical characters. Will Mr. Park Godwin continue in *The Independent* the Scandalous Chronicle which he has so well begun? New Year's Day is approaching. Suppose, upon that happy anniversary, that I should present to Mr. Beecher's daughter—if he has any—copies of Ernest Maltravers and Alice, with two or three other "extra volumes" as Mr. John calls them? Wouldn't there be a row in the Beecher household! Suppose the Rev. Mr. Beecher should find that I had sent his little flock Count Hamilton's Fairy Tales! Wouldn't there be a confiscation and a conflagration? And yet it is all right for Mr. Beecher to send the Memoirs of Mirabeau's Mistress into my household! Very good! We shall have the confessions of J. J. Rousseau in *The Independent* next.

What, my dear V. F., is a religious newspaper? Leaving you to ponder this puzzling question, I remain,

Yours in disgust,
Peter Pantaloon.

Which?

One of the Philadelphia papers says that that town is "a type of the better land." Aboriginal copper-faced, like printers', or brass?

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES.

The dear old lady—she can't, for her life, see how it is that people make out to tell the time by these dials, though she has studied one over this half hour!

N. B.—It will be observed that the D. O. L. referred to, has kept her umbrella up, during the investigation.

TOUCHSTONE IN THE TABERNACLE.

As extremes are said to meet, so the Evangelical Church would appear to be upon the eve of reviving "The Monks of Old," in all the historic hilarity of their lightsome laughing "Ha! ha!" It is but a few weeks since an advertisement appeared in all the daily journals, underlining a comic parson whose experiences were "nightly received with roars of laughter," in Hope Chapel or some other bower of eglantine where the comic muse divides the hour with religion. Could more than this have been said of Sam Cowell? Over there in London, our dreary young friend the Rev. Spurgeon has lately been tumbling for coppers in a structure called the "Metropolitan Tabernacle," conveniently situated hard by the Elephant and Castle in Southwark. We have just been reading a report of the Rev. Spurgeon's performance on the occasion referred to. It was very funny.

The Rev. person opened his remarks by an allusion to the ground upon which the Tabernacle stands, asserting that it—the ground—"had been as much given to them by the Lord as if an angel had come down from heaven and cleared it." The fun of this may not be obvious at first sight—indeed some people would never see it. It consists in the speaker's familiarity with sacred things, by which a being with wings, but otherwise rigged out in the equipments proper to a backwoodsman, is conjured up to the imagination of the audience as occupied in removing the primeval forest from a wild lot in the heart of London without any trees upon it.

This sally of tabernacular humor was so well received by the intelligent hearers, that the Rev. performer began to see his value, and declined doing any more tricks until the comparatively insignificant sum of one thousand pounds sterling, had been deposited in his hat. He subsequently relented, however, and compromised the matter for nine sixty, which amount was raised by those who were anxious to see the fun out—and the performance went on.

"A few rough sketches" of his recent continental tour formed the principal feature of the Rev. young man's entertainment. The sketches were very rough—shark's hide might have been as velvet compared with them. What struck him most on the passage to Antwerp was a detachment of recruits for the Pope's Irish brigade. These, quoth Rev. Spurgeon, "were the most irregular-looking brutes he ever saw, and the captain said they were not fit to cut up for mops—among the whole lot there was not more than one pocket-handkerchief and some cold potatoes." Mark the humor of the alliteration in the words "pocket-handkerchief" and "potatoes:" also the sparkling character given to the *tableau* by the culpable poverty of the accursed brigadiers. The grammar, to be sure, is not very precise—"not more than some cold potatoes" being vague and unsatisfactory: but that, like the fun, is of the tabernacle tabernacular.

After this, as we are told, "Mr. Spurgeon proceeded to give cursory notes of the chief points of interest in his tour, many of his remarks exciting loud laughter." Talking of Antwerp, Rev. young man said—"He saw articles for sale there that were horribly indecent and vulgar. He blushed to recollect them." The humor of this was that there were a great many ladies present, and the delicate allusion to things unmentionable must have been highly gratifying to them. Rev. Spurgeon did not explain what the "vulgar articles" alluded to by him were: but it is just possible that one of them might have been revealed to him while he was shaving.

In Belgium the Rev. humorist waxed indignant because the women do more work than the men. Rev. young man waxed muscular, even, and said that were he—Spurgeon—a strapping Belgian female, wouldn't he wallop his—Spurgeon's—husband; that's all!

We are glad that the Rev. Spurgeon is not a strapping Belgian female; because, judging from his portrait, we should not think him calculated to look lovely in the feminine garb.

A Joke for our Paris Subscribers.

Whenever a revolution takes place in France, the Emperor may depend, at least upon one portion of the community remaining his Liege subjects. We refer to the cork-cutters.

Artistic effect in Central Park.

The commingling of Swan White with Lake.

WEISS-BIER.

EVERY poet has praised his wine,
Each has a tipple he calls divine,
But mine has no song, though 'tis fine and clear
So here's for the German, cool Weiss-bier.

He who has been in the Prussian land,
Where the Spree goes wandering slow through sand,
In the city where Art is of great account,
But where other ideas to nothing amount,
Has stared in awe when he saw appear
A stunning "seidel" of cold *Weiss-bier*.

Beautiful beer! how it foams and creams!
Like liquid amber then rolls in streams;
Know you the Saxon maids divine,
Or "the braided locks of girls of Rhine,"
In this beer the hue of their curls is seen
So they call it, in glasses, a cool Blondine.

The tower-like glasses—how proudly they rise
From the table level—from breast to eyes,
Unchanged in shape since that early day,
When they heard the lute of old Luther play
As he sang that man without women and song,
Remains a driveller, life along.

Cool Blondine! They may call thee weak,
And few in thy praise may sing or speak;
True thou wantest the Southern fire,
And yet a blondine may awake desire,
And surely there's something warmer than ice
In the genial atmosphere of *Weiss*.
Be that as it may, while I live here
I'll sing of my amber blonde, white beer.

PERENNIAL JOKES.

When we look calmly down from our elevation, and survey mankind with extended views, what restlessness, what discontent do we not find. What feverish longing for change, what a seeking out of new inventions! We behold—but stop—this is not what we mean—we are opening in rather too lofty a style, and find ourselves in danger of getting profound and philosophical. We merely wish to make a few remarks in relation to the lighter and more sportive walks of literature—in short, to Jokes. We would respectfully ask, why cannot people be comfortable and conservative? Wherefore should we undergo such throes and pangs, such parturient perturbations, with such *mus*-cular results merely for the sake of a quaint conceit or a creaking pun which at best only flashes like a meteor for an instant, and then vanishes for ever? Why not be contented with the good old fruity jokes, which have stood the test of time, and grown mellower with each revolving year? We propose to mention a few which have done the state some service, and are still in the prime of life.

In the first place, we find that exquisite little pleasantry which supposes New Jersey to be a foreign clime, and suggests annexing it to the United States—a right merry jest my masters! How often has it brightened the domestic hearth and rendered sportive—not to say frisky, even the ponderous columns of the solemn dailies. How often on the stage has it brought down the house, and brought up the ingenious playwright who has the wit to use it. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety, and yet the great originator of this solace to mankind, sleeps in a nameless grave, instead of a monument of enduring brass.

Verily there is such a wealth of illustrations of our subject, that we scarcely know which to select from the shining array.

Let us take the dignified and exemplary female upon the City Hall, who if not exactly a "little joker," herself; has been from time immemorial an occasion of jokes in others. In fact to such an extent has this practice been carried, that we are tempted to follow the fashion and exclaim (antiquely enough) Fie—at Justitia!

Then there is His Excelleney, our noble mayor, that Christian Polyphemus, even he has his little one-idea joke, which

> Like the memory of the just
> Will flourish when he sleeps in dust.

There is an immense joke about Boston of which some of our readers may have heard with many ramifications—such as—Modern Athens—Village Common—State House—Frog-pond—Hub of the Universe etc. This has been a very hard working joke, and is now in its old age, "frosty, but kindly," and long may it wave!

Boston reminds us of EVERETT, and the much enduring jokes about him and his connection with the *Ledger*, which furnish half the capital of certain journals of our time. Who was the sacrilegious individual who first made a pun upon the august name of the respectable EDWARD? We fear that his organ of reverence must have been dreadfully collapsed.

The newspapers also have their general utility jokes, some of which have attained to a high degree of excellence. The *Times* had one a year or two ago, which promised exceedingly well, but at present it is so out at "elbows," that we refrain from alluding to it further. We also spare the infant *World* and its newly fledged jokelings, and earnestly hope they may flourish and grow in grace.

The *Tribune* has a magnificently developed joke which consists of a grave preface, or caveat, whenever it fills a page or two with a full report of any particularly wicked transaction, in which preface it deplores the exceeding sinfulness of mankind, and states that it wishes the world were better; but since such things exist, it is clearly a duty to its fellow creatures to show them up, and thus proclaim the hideousness of vice; that the thing carries its own moral with it, but nevertheless, to be on the safe side, it (*The Tribune*) will furnish another moral *gratis*, that in short, it wishes to show that when people sin Nemesis is immediately after them with the sharpest of sticks, etc. The exemplary Mr. PECKSNIFF, after eating and digesting a good dinner, was wont to reflect that he had set in motion a set of beautiful machinery, thus showing the wisdom and goodness of God, and by this means conferred a benefit upon his fellow creatures. In like manner the *Tribune* publishes in full the spicy details with an attractive heading, which creates a demand for the paper, (always with the wholesome warning) and then consider that it has proved a blessing to its race, and thanks God that it is not as other men who print the same details, but without any moral to deodorize them. We are inclined to give this joke precedence even over that about New Jersey. It is more "solemn like," and solemnity in a joke is one of the chief requisites for enduring fame.

We find that individuals have their permanent and working jokes, as distinguished from their sporadic and fugitive efforts. Thus Mr. KEITT when making a speech always jumps into the ring and requests to be furnished with the Federal edifice, that he may raze it from turret to foundation. The illustrious and hot-headed sage of Accomac formerly possessed a pet joke, which consisted in proposing to seize the arsenals and archives of government, and slope with the Custom House, but of late years it has grown decrepid as things are apt to do in the Old Dominion. Well! as MRS. HARRIS justly observes "such is life, which likewise is the bend of all things."

But we have neither time nor space to pursue this fertile theme. We trust that our moral is short, and easy to remember, merely that we have a great deal to be thankful for, and we conclude as we commenced by asking, why cannot people be contented and take the jokes the Gods provide, instead of racking their brains and fashing their beards in the wild pursuit of useless fancies.

In Aurea Sæculo.

The "World" before it took Theatrical advertisements.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR
OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL
AND HIS COUSIN,
PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER XIV.
NEW-YORK.

VANITY, dainty Sprite of merry mischief—Thou who hast inspired these pages, and followed us the summer long, from one haunt of pleasure to another, tormenting maidens and men alike—thy reign is nearly at an end. We are back in town—we are home again—new life opens on the friends and fortunes of BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL, whilome MEISTER KARL—good fellow reader, you are in no wise angered, I am right sure, to see Phorcyas lay aside the cloak and reveal the familiar old Mephistophiles to your vision. For many and pleasant have been the greetings, as I travelled along from chapter to chapter, from those who knew me not at first under the new dress—from genial Grahamites and jolly Knickerbockers, but who at last recognized their good Diabolus—unchanged as when he figured in BUNYAN'S Vanity Fair of old. Strangely amazed doubtless—as much as the people of Brittany were once, when they saw in ST. IVES a lawyer and an honest man!

> 'Sanctus Ivo erat Brito,
> Advocatus et non latro;
> Res miranda populo,"

JOHN G. SAXE of Burlington, Vermont—permit me to remind you in this connection, that it is ST. IVES and *not* the devil (as you, doubtless in entire faith assert) who is the patron saint of yon lawyers. To be sure any of you are free to choose your own if ST. IVES isn't congenial! Thus endeth the sixth lesson.

Wonderful fine thing to get back to town, after summer campaigning—specially when town's New-York. Wonderfully nice do parlors with high ceilings and deep carpets—when the house has been readied for winter, or matting when it hasn't—contrast with even the costliest of cottages, and the steepest priced rooms of Ocean and Bellevue and similar inns of court-ing. Superbly first rate do the lounges in the library seem, lordly jolly are the reliable rocking chairs, seraphically bully are the first notes of the faintly renaissancing opera, where rural strangers and demi-rep demoiselles study the librettos and leer at "us youth," with inaugural bore-ism. The old-novelty of all things is refreshing—Ma'am—'tis as good as a bran-New Year, without calls or bills. If you arn't past all sensations, don't neglect for the first few days to keep up vividly the sense of transition from sea or shore to town.

At the hotels in this season, all is lively enough, and an investigation of these grand American monasteries by any stranger would reveal a peculiar phase of our socialty, which to an intelligent ethnograppling Englishman would reveal many marvels. My Lord RENFREW—if you care for such matters—you could amuse yourself marvellously by going a little Hur'oon al Rashly about, through these caravanserails in real mufti, disguised in a railroad conductor's gold chain, gift book shirt studs, and an un-find-out-able incog-nomen. It is a great and curious fact this, of scores of families, hundreds of men, living together, rooming under one roof, table d'hôting in one dining room, all as sociable as you please. Sir, it is a grand fact—a republican fact—and one intimately connected with the peculiar national habits, developed by our glorious institutions. Some people pretend to say that at our hotels, there isn't much sociability. Isn't there! Like doesn't find there, I suppose, and visit and send wine and salads, and know all about the other people, and what rooms they've got! I'll tell you where it doesn't though—not the first imparticular fraction—and that's in the Hotels de Russie, de France and d'Angleterre and Cours de Bade, and d'Hollande and Meurices and Drei Mohrens, and all that sort of thing sprinkled over Europe. *There*, truly you *arn't* acquainted not the first smite with Gold Split Goose with armorial fixings on the second story, or *première étage* front. If you *do* collide or lude with him, you're in pious ignorame of those small, calm Christians—the SLOES of Pittsburg, who domiciliate up stairs and go with letters of introduction and a commissionaire to hunt up M. MONOD or D'AUBIGNÉ or BUNSEN, or whoever the big local evangelical lion may be—the only lions they ever meet. If you are in the last party the chances are remarkably strong against your mingling much with BIANCA LAMA, and her sisters and mother—the angels!—who have the next suite and are altogether the most delightful and companionable family now travelling in Europe. People don't live much in the regular hotels in Europe; rank drives the wedge still further—*sapristi!* didn't MME YEUXNOIRS live four years in the Hotel Bourbon, next door to her own brother and never know it! It is different with us, simply because there is such a wide range of "nice people" in the United States, who either know each other, or each others' friends—the result of which is the stupendous amount of acquaintances which every respectable man and woman of the world boasts in America. Nothing like it in Europe, for the simple reason that no one strata of society there, corresponds in extent to that of the "nice people," whom one may venture to know, in this country. For this reason such of our first class hotels and boarding-houses as are kept with some degree of moral exclusiveness, present many curious places of life. We are a giving way, and an accommodating people Sir—we don't quarrel for precedential seats at the dining-table, as I have seen two infuriated Dutch fiddlers do, nor do we institute those aquafortissime fights, which English ladies of the same rank get up about rooms and servants and furniture, at their own and foreign watering places. While there are chickens and beef-steaks for all, we get along in a good-natured, easy way utterly unknown to Europeans. I've tried the thing on a wide range, and I know.

Very first rate it is to meet cheerfully of an evening at the house of Mrs. WILLABY—WILLY'S aunt—where that erratic young WIDOW subsides with marvellous art, from a wandering semi-emancipated she Arab on a summer bender, to a "quiet lively" little body, in remarkably pretty head-dresses with a bit of lace, and small plaid silks. We are generally rather happy up there. We don't know whether they're receptions or not—but once or twice a week a choice circle gathers there from the time that Fall peaches come in, until Spring oysters go out. We have music too—uncommonly good sometimes—and the most cordial welcome from the WILLABYS. Just at present we also possess Captain DICK. As principal living relative, the Captain puts on an immensely paternal and possessive air at the WILLABY'S. Something of the style of EDWARD CUTTLE, Mariner, when that gentleman assumed the character of a shopkeeper, is to be sure, visible in the Captain—but his vast enjoyment of a patriarchal position, and his conviction that he is doing it in something more than a high pressure perfectionated manner are exquisite. The stupendous efforts of condescending courtesy, indicating giant-like sagacity, with which he brings himself to bear on questions of cups and saucers, and bath room pipes to be mended, are overwhelming beyond belief. To be consulted on groceries, affords him seraphic delight, while to be asked an opinion on a milliner's bill is a real blessing. On these occasions, the knowing look and the official-important, head-of-a-family solemn-air which DAMBANGER piles up, are indeed edifying. His Importance being well sustained by Experience. "How much a pound did you say, for brown sugar," quoth DICK—"h'm! (I once won a thousand arrobas of sugar at one turn of monté from DON CRISTO AL GARCIA.) Overseed a sugar plantation once myself—know all about it—don't you pay him any such price my dear—*I* advise you not to. *Rice!* Yes—I should think I *did* know something about rice. I'm in town on rice. Fitted out a vessel for the Guinea trade once, and bought all the rice and stores myself. Your man (graciously) "gives you very fair rice indeed, to be sure, not equal to the Imperial sort we used to have in China. *Coffee*—h'm!" (a long solemn pause, a pursing up of lips, and a strange series of nods of the Lord BURLEIGH build.) "Coffee That's what I shot DON PEDRO CARRERA, for in San Juan—calling me a coffee thief, because I seized his for a debt—he owed me for twenty-seven *bozals*

—the Spanish beggar! Certainly my dear—I'm posted on coffee—I know the Mocha too—was on board an Arabian coffee coaster once, bound for Aden—was taken by pirate—very nice fellow he was, SHAITAN EBLIS—killed all my friends, but took a fancy to me, and made me a present of their coffee. You should always buy Mocha my dear—it's cheapest and best."

So we are all cheerful up at WILLABY'S. CAROLINE allows me about one evening in the week out—and I spend it there. Needless to say that my engagement furnishes Captain DICK with a fund of anecdote relative to the subject of love. However vast a man's experiences may have been, it will generally be found that they diminish to nothing when compared to his love adventures.

"Mr. SPUYTENTUYFEL," quoth Captain DICK, at our *rèunion*. "I am informed that it is my duty to congratulate you on your engagement to that beautiful woman, who showed us so much hospitality at Newport. Sir—I could have found it in my heart to have sailed in myself, to such a port."

"There's a rival for you, brother BROADWAY!" quoth WILLY.

"Ah!" said DAMBANGER, shaking his head portentously—don't you say too much about my being a rival. There are men living—I mean dead—who if they could re-consider the subject, wouldn't go into the rival business again against Captain DICK."

"Hear Don GIOVANNI!" quoth BLANCHE.

"Don GIOVANITY I should say," slid in WILLY.

"My first rival was floored," quoth RICHARD in a very peculiar manner. You must excuse the circumstances—they wer'nt of my making—any more than the fact that the young man was some sort of a quadroonatic Martinique, yellow maple colored, young gentlemanl He was *there*, and *I* couldn't help it.

"The fact is that I was about sixteen years old, and with the quadroon boy, was under care of a tutor in Lyons in France. Next door to our old house was an old cloister which had been turned into a girl's boarding-school. Well—my fellow student and I discovered in a remote part of the institution a forgotten door. Of course we opened it and formed a very general acquaintance with a very susceptible lot of black-eyed damsels. Well—they *were* a sweet pack to be sure!

"Now it was very mortifying to me, to be taken down by a Martinique nigger, but such is life in France, and I had to realize the or-raful fact, that I couldn't shine when that curly-headed PIERRE RACQUETTE was around. They called him in their heathen ignorace of niggers, "the handsome Creole," and petted him almost to death. Just fancy—one hundred and fifty young girls—most of 'em noble, and all pretty—lionizing, adoring, caressing, kissing, and cher-ami-ing a mere five hundred dollar nigger, when a young American gentleman couldn't get a show. Thorns—rankling envy—I had sense enough, however, to find that licking him didn't help a mite.

"All at once a lucky idea took me. One day I saw Mademoiselle HORTENSIA the finest girl in school, displaying a lock of the "Creole's" wool to her friends.

"Mademoiselle," quoth I, "has that hair actually been cut?"

"Certainly Monsieur RICHARD."

"But why didn't you *draw* it out," quoth I. Don't you know that negro hair always *has two ends to it*. We Americans all know that. You may have to pull very hard, but if you only take hold of a good sized lock and give it a tremendous twitch you'll find that the middle of each hair is in the head, and that as the two ends are outside, it will come out at once."

"The news of this great marvel flew like wildfire. Next afternoon at recreation there was an awful crowd at our secluded little rendezvous PIERRE RACQUETTE had got himself up steep, with his curly mop entirely on end. There was one rush at him and twenty young hands went into his wool. Maybe he didn't squeal—and then got mad! It didn't help. Every day a new batch sailed in—for of the whole school there wasn't one who wasn't determined to have a twitch at it. You remember the Drummer's Wife and her anxiety to test the nose of SLAWKENBERGIUS? Lord bless you—her curiosity was milk and water, compared to that of those girls. They were rabid, Sir—perfectly rabid to satisfy themselves as to whether a darkey's hair had *two ends to it*. The more PIERRE denied it, the more they wouldn't believe. Finally he quarrelled, and the girls got to quarrelling among themselves and then PETER went below par. He became a nasty nigger from that time forth, and I reigned in his stead."

"Or any other man."

"Exactly."

"Well Captain D.," quoth WILLY boy, as she took his arm to the dining-room where a mild spread of fruit and biscuit, sherry and scuppernong awaited us—"AMBANGER—considering what a pious bringing up you had in your early youth, it's really wonderful that you haven't turned out churchier in your old age. I've known men to become Zealous on half your opportunities and Gifts."

"Or any other man," I suggested. "God keep our cloaks from the reach of a praying young man," say the Spaniards. Certainly the Captain wasn't given to stealing in his youthful days"

And the knife went into the lordly melons—and we passed the cut peaches, and the wine was relished—and there was a lofty time generally speaking that evening in "Chateau Willaby."

"There are two lodged together.
One cried *God bless us!* and *Amen* the other."

MACBETH.

I am writing in the Catalpan library. Alone with my *fiancée*. When I look at her at times I feel restless—almost nervous—with a great sense of happiness. It seems well-nigh sinful to love any earthly object as I have learned to love CAROLINE. Everything great and noble and beautiful, which ever crossed the vista of my mind in by-gone years, seems again revived and concentrated on that woman. Oh, the tremendous conquering thought of *that* love! And something based on deep truths, tells me that in future years, I shall bow before this Queen, worshipping then as now her glorious soul. And I could—I *did*—walk for years near her, without knowing what a treasure awaited me!

Strange that so short a season of love should change us both so much. Chilling dignity, sad sorrow, mist-cloudy reserve—all are gone from CAROLINE—a youthful genial tenderness, a rose-aurora of winning cheerfulness, almost playful, have taken their place—oh, I knew that there would be a May Spring of new life, when that heart once expanded to the sun. And I have become more earnest—"braver and graver, *mon ami*" says CAROLINE. It is all well—we enter on a new life. I have made one curious discovery though, in it all: Romances, poetry, all the imagings of Art cannot convey an impression of the tremendous dramatic force, the awful reality latent in love. It whirls up the stupendous elements of the soul—we are astounded at learning what there is in self—by Heaven, I believe that the Hindoo fable of the Ocean, churned by demons with Mount Meru, and the priceless jewels, and the Amreeta cup immortality which they stirred from its depths, is only a myth of great congenial hearts stirred by deep love. So I walk in wonder—and think how strange it is that I am I, and that this Enchantress, this marvel, this dear love, is the same CAROLINE whom I used to escort about, and who has been a very intimate old friend for so many years.

The humorous gleam in it is but faint—it's sinful to call it funny—but I smile a little at CAROLINE's excessive, motherly care, and hen-with-one-chicken manner of looking after me. It's so new to her to have something to regularly care for—the woman nature and instincts and all being with her so unusually powerful and so long pent up. By Jove Sir—I laughed and my eyes moistened with tears together this morning, at finding in her stable a horse which I admired once and couldn't afford—as I suppose she had learned in some round about way. And the perfectly serious, undoubting way with which CATALPA pursues this new, high mission—verily when I *am* married, I shall be tremendously married—a great deal married to very much wife indeed.

The summer is over! You, dear friends, who have, far and wide, followed me in these eccentric vagaries—really gentle and truly loved readers, if you have followed me with good will, even though you may be unknown to me—the time has come to say good bye. Should I learn that any of you miss me I may come again. Meanwhile BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL as EDITOR at least, if no longer travelling Telegraph Correspondent trusts that all these kind and genial friends will continue to find in our grotesque and merry VANITY FAIR pleasant hours, piquant changes, and many wild variations on the old tune whose melody runs,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

A "New Little Story" by Mr. Dickens.

The enterprise of that palladium of newspapers—need we say that we refer to THE *Herald*? was, perhaps, never more apparent than in the matter of the following item which appeared in its "Art, Literature, and Science" column of the 20th inst:

"Mr. Dickens' new little story, which is exciting great interest, "Hunted Down," will appear almost simultaneously in England and America."

One has to be acquainted with the fact that this "new little story;" "Hunted Down" was printed in IT, (Mr. BONNER'S *Ledger* we mean, of course,) in the Spring of the year 1859, to fully realize the startling novelty of the *Herald* announcement.

Ralugnis Yrev.

The following is quoted from Forbes Winslow's new work on Nascent Insanity :—

A gentleman, after an attack of paralysis, when attempting to pronounce words, always transposed the letters. For example, in endeavoring to say the word "flute," he said "etulf," "pue" for "cup," "gum" instead of "mug."—*Boston Advertiser, Sept.* 20.

And suppose he were reading aloud one of the Magician Anderson's show-bills, how would he pronounce the title of Miss Lizzie—the "Youthful Mnemosyne or Retro-reme-niscent Orthographist!" Just think of it!

Balmy.

The editor of a certain paper in this city, whose name, from motives of benevolence, we refrain from mentioning, took occasion last week to write a paragraph about a complimentary supper, which recently came off at a well-known restaurant in Broadway. The paragraph in question has to us all the fragrant freshness of new-mown hay. This is the paragraph, or rather an extract from it:

"The entertainment was a pleasant one, though not *graced by the superior members of the Press. We regret that we were unable to accept an invitation.*"

"Where all is so good it would be invidious to particularize," as the critics say.

Extract from our Washington Correspondence.

"Most men, when anything disagreeable happens, make wry faces. J. B. being more philosophical, does just the contrary; he Faces the Rye.

Philadelphian.

The medical light of other days—Rush.

A TAIL FOR THE TIMES.

MISS MOWZLEY'S MACAW, WHICH HAS BEEN VERY MUCH EXCITED LATTERLY, HAS JUST MOULTED AWAY HIS TAIL IN THE FORM OF A PRINCE OF WALES' PLUME.

LADIES ATTENTION!

"By request of numerous friends, including several families of respectability," we—no—we don't appeal for a poor widow burnt out, or for subscriptions to buy the *World* a French dictionary, but we do cut the following from that medium of immaculate young matrimonialists The *N. Y. Herald.*

AN ITALIAN YOUNG GENTLEMAN WISHES to form the acquaintance of a Protestant young lady, with a view to matrimony. She must be well educated, of refined tastes, possess some means, used to high life, and move in the best society. Those *that answer* for fun or have not the above qualifications are requested *not to answer*. Address, either in French or English. CACTUS DI TANCREDI.

Now for it!

Firstly. CACTUS DI TANCREDI!!

Secondly. CACTUS not only wishes her to be used to "high life" but also—the exacting wretch!—to move in the best society *Tutte le Due!*

Thirdly. CACTUS requests those who answer for fun not to answer at all!

Fourthly. CACTUS is an Italian, but wishes to be addressed either in French or English. No desire to see the soft syllables of his native tongue is manifested by him.

Who wouldn't write at once to such a winning advertisement? Ladies—you especially who possess some means—loose no time in sending in your billets to Mister O'CACTUS. But rimimber that yees dont forget darlints, that the bastes who write for fun, bedad, are not to answer at all.

From our abandoned Contributor.

In recording the career of WALKER—filibuster, not dictionary man—the papers tell us that he came on one occasion to a place called Limar, and found "abandoned mahogany works."

We did not feel comfortable at the idea of abandoned mahogany, which would seem to be a prosaic paraphrase of Moore's melancholy "banquet hall deserted." We don't abandon the mahogany so long as there's anything on it—*we* don't. Our uneasiness on the subject, therefore, led us to consult a distinguished *ébeniste* of this city, who informs us that abandoned mahogany is the wood of which gaming tables are made.

A MISSILE FROM THE ORIGINAL JENKS.

JENKSBURG, September 25, 1860.

Editors of Vanity Fair:

GENTS: It aint me! Some one has been a using of my name to jokes and cetra in your paper (which I take regular) without my permission. I never made no such jokes as them. When I begin to make jokes for you, look out for snakes, that's all! They'll be bulgers, and no mistake! Who could'nt make such a joke! that about my immediately falling asleep? If it was a joke, I cannot see the point. Besides I never do fall asleep immediately. It takes me a thundering long while to get to sleep, always. Especially when I aint sleepy. And why should I be sleepy after making a joke? Everybody that knowed me, knowed right away when they read that about my "falling asleep immediately," that I never did no such thing, and so they knowed it wasn't mine at once. I suppose the man that did them jokes, is a very young man without no name of his own of any account, so he borrowed mine. I wouldn't mind it so much after all, perhaps, if he hadn't said I fell asleep immediately, which is what I repeat I never do, and I demand him to take it back, or I'll sue him for libel. That I will, as soon as you tell me what his name is, which please do me by return mail.

By the way, if you want some jokes from the *real* JENKS, that is me, I don't know but I'll do you some if you pay smart enough, which please say how much, and oblige yours respectfully,

LEMUEL JENKS.

N. B.—I've got some first-rate jokes ready made on hand, all in a book, and which I can let you have a bargain. I've had them these fifteen years, and have tried 'em.

Which will create the greatest Stir?

Webs*ter* or Worces*ter*.

PRINCE-OF-WALESIANA.

OATS, and their sportive offspring so widely connected with the glove business, are one of the features of the grassy rampart of Quebec.

"Newcastle," said the Prince, gloomily, as if he had just been bored by an augur, "I saw a goat upon the ramparts to-day—three goats—nine."

"Did your Royal Highness see nine goats?" exclaimed the Duke, with a slightly agitated manner, as if the great meteor of the twentieth of July had suddenly reappeared and fallen into his trousers pocket."

"Yes," replied the Prince; "nine goats driven by a wierd-looking old woman with a long white wand."

"Dear me!" said the Duke.

"One of the goats, diverging from the path," continued the Prince, "struck by the old woman with her wand, and instantly turned——to what, do you suppose?"

"A boot-jack," replied the Duke, promptly.

"Pshaw! no," exclaimed the Prince; "it turned to *butt-her*. And what did the old woman turn to, think you?"

"A butterfly," replied the Duke, confidently.

"No she didn't," said the Prince, "she turned to run."

Driving out upon the St. Louis road the Prince observed some men at work repairing the telegraph wires, the poles of which had been blown down for some distance.

"We shan't get much information out of *those* wires for a while," remarked the Prince quietly.

"And wherefore not, your Royal Highness?" asked an eminent member of the suite.

"Because they're so badly posted up," replied the Prince.

"Where on earth can the Prince have picked up his Americanisms?" said the Duke of Newcastle to Lord St. Germains, in a desponding tone.

"I hardly know, my lord," replied the latter, "unless indeed, he gets them from the VANITY FAIR man, whom he will scarcely let out of his sight for a moment, as you may perceive."

"Ah! that's it!" exclaimed the Duke; "but the V. F. man is irrepressible, you know!"

As the royal party approached Stratford on their way to London in Canada West, the Prince pointed out to his attendants the house in which SHAKSPEARE was born. Here the inhabitants, being destitute of regular artillery, fired a salute at the Prince out of hollow trees, which are very plentiful in that neighborhood in proportion to the population—about thirty thousand acres of trees to every inhabitant.

"Ah!" cried the Prince, if her colonies are the armies of England, Canada is a wooden one, and it is good for her to have timber artillery. We are a great people, we *are*—wooden walls, wooden arms and wooden guns. If the trees here were boot-trees we should have wooden legs, also."

There are two things by which the Prince has been sorely tried during his tour through Canada—the weather and the deputations. One very wet day, when sorely bored by a prolix address from one of the latter calamities, H. R. H. turned to a confidential member of his suite, and said with a malicious smile:

"I wish the weather and the speaker would both take the same course."

"And what might that be, your Royal Highness?" asked the gentleman addressed.

"DRY UP!" said the Prince.

THE WORLD'S LATEST "KINK."

That eminently lamb-like journal, the *World*, after quoting in its issue of last Thursday, a howling dervish sort of paragraph, from the correspondence of a Southern paper, makes this stinging comment:

"The——are not all dead yet, it seems."

The perfection of mildness is here, we think, fully reached. Expletives of profane nature, it is the custom in newspaperdom to cover up with the cloak of a dash, but to the *World* is due the credit of first tabooing that vicious word "fools," and of keeping it from ears polite. When the *World* has perfected its system, we need no longer hope to read in its police reports, that a desperate scoundrel has fallen into the hands of justice; rather shall such paragraphs be tempered to the shorn reader somewhat after this fashion:

ARREST OF A NOTORIOUS——.

"Late on Saturday night officer Blank of the 8th precinct, succeeded in arresting a —— who has long eluded the searches of the police. The real name of this character is John Smith, though he is better known by his several aliases, such as "Corkey Jack," "—— Bill," "——," &c. It is only last week that Smith, in company with two or three fellow ——, —— assaulted a man in Water street, and, after having robbed him of his valuables, left him in a dying condition. It is to be hoped that this desperate —— will be dealt with according to his deserts. Such —— is of too common occurrence in our midst."

The great moral lesson that this reticence cannot fail to inculcate, will be of the greatest benefit to mankind. When we have said this, we know that we have said enough to induce the conductors of the *World* to adopt it at once.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The body politic of France has long desired a new alimentary canal, Mons. de Lesseps arrived in Paris on Sunday from Alexandria, Egypt, gives out that he is altogether satisfied with having made arrangements for one that will prove worthy of Fr-r-rr-ance! In noticing the prodigious rapidity with which the works on this Canal of Suez are advancing, he mentions that "a place called Port Said which a year ago was a bare desert, is now a town, and will become a city before another year expires."

It will become a city—a City of the Dead—long before another year expires; populated with thousands on thousands of Fellahs who will expire before the year. Does M. Lesseps (with a de——) know how many lives it cost to construct the Mahmondieh canal from Alexandria? How many to build that nuisance at the Barrage? Port Said, enough said.

As for the Canal of Suez we would suggest to France the erection of a monument at its entrance with that sentence slightly altered, the death-rattle sentence we mean.

To All The Fellahs Dead For France.
(A Tous Les Fellahs Morts Pour La France!)

In Re Recorder.

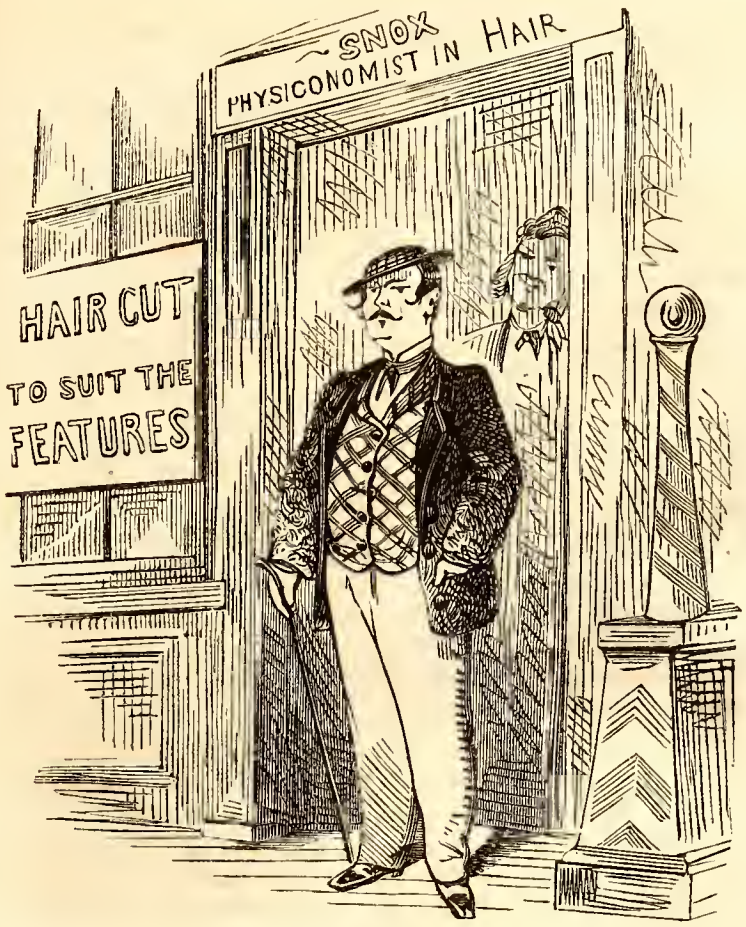
Last Thursday, the Tammany Hall City and County Convention met at the "old wigwam," and nominated GEORGE G. BARNARD, for the judgeship of the Supreme Court of this city.

We can scarce express the pleasure that it gives us to record this fact. The claims of MR. BARNARD upon the suffrages of our citizens are manifold. Those who, unacquainted with the stern integrity of the man, desire to know his qualifications for the post to which he aspires, may be referred, we think, with safety to the last number but one of VANITY FAIR, in which some mention was made of his decision in the case of that refined and gentlemanly person, THOMAS J. MUNDAY.

A friend at our elbow suggests that the nearest approach that BARNARD will make to the Bench (of the S. C.) will be after election, when with political "little bills" pouring upon him he Comes to Settle. But our friend doesn't know how we reward merit of the BARNARD order in New York.

The Light Fantastic.

What all the world (including the denizens of New Jersey and Emigrant Irishmen) want to "tread on." Musqui*toes*.



BEEN AND WENT AND HAD IT DONE.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND PERFECTLY ORIGINAL AMERICAN COMEDY;

OR A RESTORATION OF SHAKESPEARE. JUST AS THE PUBLIC OR THE MANAGER PLEASE.

THE VENETIAN MOOR.

(Copyright applied for.)

[The following admirable scene from the new Comedy of THE VENETIAN MOOR has been kindly furnished to VANITY FAIR, by a Prompter who was under some bibulous obligation— it may be thus algebraically expressed, $\frac{1}{2}$x$\frac{1}{2}$—to our Convivial Editor. The play will be produced at a new theatre room to be built in this city, and called THE BACK GARDEN.]

ACT V.

SCENE XXXVIII. *A Dormitory in the Chateau de Noir—Mrs. Gen. O. De Brabantio couchant and dormant.*

Enter OTHELLONIO, with a Camphene Lamp.

Oth. My soul! the cause! it most certainly is the cause, my soul! In fact there can be no doubt about it. You will excuse me for not mentioning all the circumstances to you. O virtuous luminaries! but the cause it most decidedly is. And yet it is not my intention to bleed her; nor will I disfigure her cuticular beauty, of snowy spotlessness, and polished like an alabaster monument. Yet must she expire; or there will be more green young gentlemen in difficulties. Ha! ha! Extinguish the glim and then—— Extinguish the glim? Suppose I do douse thee thou patent illuminator! Cannot I light thee again, if I wish to? Of course, I can! But once douse thy glim, O Mrs. O.!—And thou hast been a very fine woman in thy day—and all the American Friction Match Company cannot light thee again. When I have picked my pretty Camelia, it must fade in the course of time. Therefore, before I pick, I'll sniff it. [*Sniffs.*] O odoriferous exhalation! Almost am I inclined to give it up so! [*Sniffs.*] If thou art only thus when thou art no more, I shall have murdered thee without the slightest diminution of affection. Positively the last. [*Sniffs.*] Hold! no! yes! ah! oh! Mrs. O. De B. seems to be stirring.

Mrs. O. Who's there? Is that you, *mon General?*

Oth. Yours respectfully. Did you attend to your devotions this evening?

Mrs. O. Of course I did.

Oth. If you think of anything in the devotional line which would be comfortable, [*takes up the bolster*] I advise you, my dear, [*smothers her*] to avail yourself of it.

[BRIDGET O'BRIEN knocks.]

Oth. Enter, Bridget.

[BRIDGET enters.]

Oth. Leave the room, Bridget!

[Exit BRIDGET.]

Mrs. O. (*reviving.*) O!

Oth. Come back, Bridget.

[Enter BRIDGET.]

Mrs. O. (*Dying.*) O!

Brid. By the blessed St. Patrick, and havn't ye gone and done it now? Sure, she's kilt intirely. Murther! murther! murther! mur-ther! m-u-r-t-h-e-r!

[Enter POLICEMAN 106 and OLD IAGO.]

Pol. 106. Hillo, my coveys! what's the row now?

Brid. Murther's the row, ye materpollytan spalpeen! He done it!

Pol. 106. Who done it?

Brid. He!

Pol. 106. Who?

Brid. He!

Pol. 106. Ah! [*Draws his locust.*] General! this is an unpleasant business. You must with us.

Oth. Hold hard a moment—hold! Let me consider whether it is preferable in the mind to suffer the cocktails and darts of cantankerous luck, or by opposition finish them! [*Draws his sword.*] Down (*stabs himself*) to hell, (*stabs himself*) and say (*stabs himself*) I sent (*stabs himself*) thee thither (*stabs himself*).

Pol. 106. This did I fear, and now he's gone and done it.

Old Iago. Angels and graceful ministers, defend us! (*Stabs Bridget.*)

Pol. 106. Is that thy game? (*Stabs Iago.*) I cannot bear this disagreeable sight. The act shows grim, but 'tis the last. (*Stabs himself.*)

Enter two Coroners.

1st Coroner. This is my case!

2nd Coroner. You lie!

1st Coroner. Take that. (*Stabs 2nd Coroner.*)

2nd Coroner. Ah! (*Dies.*)

1st Coroner. What have I done? Remorse! What have I done? (*Stabs himself.*)

(*The curtain falls.*)

A Cow on the Track.

There is a story about a bull running, full butt, tail on end, into a locomotive—a story of which we were just now reminded, by reading some resolutions set forth by a society called the Milk Producers' Association. The grievance complained of by the members of this association, is the hardness of the Harlem Railroad in its dealings with them, and they have incorporated themselves for the purpose of bringing the Railroad Company down to a reasonable standard, for the transport of milk. The Milk Producers' Association is not a herd of cows, as might be supposed from its designation. It is composed of respectable farmers from the lacteal districts on the line of the Harlem Road. They threaten to "strike," and turn their milk into another channel, unless the tariff of transport is reduced. Let them remember the fate of the bull, and respect the rush of the locomotive. The managers of the railroad on the other hand hold out, and stick by their tariff. Let them in turn remember railroad history, and the trains that have been thrown off and sent to smash by a Cow on the Track.

Flowery Writing.

The horticultural man of the *World* gave a tremendous account, lately, of a row between some flower merchants and the authorities of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He says:

"Four of the flower men were immersed in the station house for the night, and on Sunday morning were taken before Justice CONNOLLY."

Now, if these hapless flower merchants were "immersed" in a station house, it is natural to infer that they must have been arrested by the Water Police—a strange and anomalous proceeding, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that it was authorised by a warrant from the Fire Marshal.

The only Schism V. F. is guilty of.

Witti-cism.

THE RENFREW SPRIG.

Extatic Salesman.—There's a neat thing in shawls, ma'am—the Renfrew Sprig. We have had a great variety of Sprigs this season, but the Renfrew is the largest yet, and will be tremendous run after

FRIGHTFUL ASTUTENESS OF OUR POLICE.

The sharpness of our new Police has become, like M. F. Tupper's philosophy, "proverbial." And for about the same reasons. The latest instance of their immense shrewdness is recorded in a late *N. Y. Herald.* Two of these Metropolitan *Badgers* found a man getting surreptitiously into a basement restaurant at a mystic hour of the night. With a brilliant quickness of perception, they instantly asked him "what he wanted there." He replied mildly, that "he wanted to go in," and requested them as a favor to "hold on till he came back." With their accustomed urbanity, they complied, and "held on" for a period—or at least a colon of time, when it suddenly occurred to them (and here in above all, is their wondrous fertility of resource displayed) that perhaps he wasn't coming back; that perhaps he was a dishonest person; that perhaps they had better go in too and look for him. Which they proceeded to do with such Dogberrian alertness that they discovered, almost immediately—that he had gone.

This heroic and intellectual exploit seems to us, if possible, even more sublime than that daring feat of a body of the same "great spirits" recently, when, to quote "*Hohenlinden*" (slightly improved)

> In badge and truncheon all a "*raid*,"
> Each warrior nipped an errant blade,
> And furious, all entreaty *nayd.*

To let the innocent victims pursue the every tenor of their virtuous way, or join their festive revelry.

The decayed Belle and the Photographer.

> "How ugly!" cried Kate—little thinking the strieture
> Was cutting herself rather more than her picture;
> "Perhaps," quoth the artist, "the fact may be so;
> "The *likeness* is all that I warrant, you know."

THE DEAD MARCH.

The drummer boy of the Milwaukee Light Guard was on board the ill-fated steamer Lady Elgin, and was saved by means of his drum. He had presence of mind sufficient to whittle a plug and close the air vent, then lashing the drum to his shoulders he trusted himself to the waves." *Exchange Paper.*

> There are shrieks and groans and screams!
> Three hundred souls are drowning—
> On whom for this reckless loss of life
> Do you think that God is frowning?
> Where were the boats to save?
> Stowed away in somebody's pocket;—
> And as long as the steamboat was fully insured—
> For the Public—one may mock it!
> The angry waves are beating
> The Dead March on his drum,
> As the drummer boy is passing
> Those who are hastening Home!
> Come, Come! waves on the drum
> Rattle and rumble,
> "Death to the dumb!
> Dumb Public, public dumb!"

A Foolish Move.

The Governor of Massachusetts has committed an error in going to Chicago. He will certainly lose thereby all his Eastern popularity, as Yankees are a little too knowing to imagine Banks Out West can be depended on.

Why Brown wont vote for Lincoln.

Because he thinks if elected, the Presidential office would be probably Abe-used.

SCAN. MAG. AT WASHINGTON.

Miss J. B. to Nancy, of Alabama.—"Yes my dear, and they do say, Steve Douglas is going to sell out to Old Abe, and Old Abe's to give him ever so much money and quicksilver, besides the whole town of Chicago. But I wouldn't mention it for anything."—(*Telegraphic Dispatch, Washington Sep.* 20)

A LETTER FROM THE HERMIT AT NIXON'S.

SOME evenings ago, as a pretty one paused for a moment in front of my picturesque dwelling, she exclaimed:

"Poor, solitary old anchorite, with his one great book! — no wonder his hair is white, reading the same story always, as he does. I'm sure now a run in the Astor Library would make him young again; and O! how romantic that would be, how like an Arabian Night's tale!"

"More like an Arabian horse's tail, it seems to me," rejoined the vulgar male person by whom the pretty one was accompanied—"nothing to be seen of him but a cataract of water-colored hair, switching wavily in the wind of the passing crinolines."

"Ah! but if he had had more books and nicer ones," said the pretty one—"then he might have been a laughing philosopher, you know, and they are the only sages worth following."

My dear, I have more books than you would guess, and you are one of them. Hundreds of such blue-and-gold volumes pass before my grotto every night, reading themselves out loud as they go. Hundreds not in blue-and-gold, but in calf, with rough edges, go by also; for my library is a circulating one, and therefore miscellaneous. If there are butterflies in some books of it, there are beasts in others.

Of my books, too, are the aquaria—those diaphanous fish-ponds on stilts of which so many are tastefully arranged in these portal corridors and cool, dew-faced retreats. Am I, then, a Fin-lander, you may ask, that I profess acquaintance with the language of these? Not so. On these sheets of framed water, and on the black board of some pedant who filleth the sonorous Halls of Cooper with superficial howls of science, are written, doubtless, many strange things: from them gasp nightly the wonders of the Deep, gaping with responsive gulps at the wonders of the Shallow. From them may be culled many a gentle precept, many a stern truth. To despise mere wealth, as the plain catfish evidently does when he whisks his tail in the gills of the vain golden carp. To wait patiently for any change that may be coming to us, as the progressive tadpole in the shadow of the stone does for his tail to slough away. To appreciate the sweet *libertad* of the poet, as we continuously contemplate the above-mentioned incarcerated native of the free puddle, until we cry—"Alas! poor captive—for thee, tadpole, shall no *libertad* pole take the shine out of the telegraph posts now or ever." *Nil admirari*—to wonder at nothing—like the serene bull-finch, who sits, serene as a Naiad, in the centre of a glass globe, with "water, water, everywhere," and fishes wriggling about in it. From the book of the aquarium, O Pretty One, you, or I, may glean all these things and more, and that *sans Fin*, as the French tersely express it.

And yet, as an illiterate person cannot take up a printed, paper book, without degrading it to dog-ears or polluting its lily margin with unclean thumb, so there come dozens of strange people here, every night, who rudely violate the decencies by taking improper liberties with these water-books of yours and mine, O Pretty One.

Lonely, still, is the Fountain of the Dead Seal, whose late mild-eyed tenant fell undoubtedly a victim to the vulgar intrusion of his thoughtless visitors. Once, on a calm summer night, I saw from my cell-window a person who represents one of the city wards eject from his foul mouth a stream of noxious tobacco-juice into the mild face of the tenant of the fountain. How I burned to see Mr. William Moore appear, and, laying about him with a stable fork, or some such instrument proper to the object, fell the caitiff Councilman to the clay of which I regret to think that we are alike composed—Councilman and Hermit.

I wish I had the address of that quackery, shakery old person—of Peoria, Illinois, he may be or he may not—who, on one occasion, diminished the immediate popularity of Mr. Joseph Pentland, Clown, by the boisterous manner in which he acted with regard to the eel and other residents of the extreme eastern aquarium of the series. Should this meet the eye of the old dotard, I hope it will affect him as unpleasantly as the point of his umbrella did the fishes, when he poked it down among them "to make 'em squirm," as he explained.

And even you, O Pretty One, gentle as you are, I more than once detected you in knocking the little lady-bird turtles off their miniature rock, just for the pleasure of witnessing their struggles in trying to scramble on again. I will admit that the goodness of your heart prompted you to aid their endeavors by gently touching them up gently with the point of your delicate parasol—but repose is essential to the testudinal constitution, my duck, and you must not do it again.

THE HERMIT.

DE MORTUIS.

In common with the rest of the world, VANITY FAIR has heard of the death of WILLIAM WALKER.

VANITY FAIR has not grieved over the probable execution of the Filibuster.

But VANITY FAIR has seen with sincere grief that disapproval of the politics of WALKER has made by far too many of our cotemporaries forget that the man was sincere in his views, such as they were, and that his bravery, however misapplied, certainly *was* bravery.

No one who has followed for years past, the accounts of WILLIAM WALKER'S raids and battles, can truthfully deny that he had good, plain, savage, cool pluck in abundance. Brave as a bull dog, fearless as a grizzly bear.

VANITY FAIR therefore suggests to all papers, Celtic or American, who comment on the now probably late WILLIAM WALKER, that such terms as "sneaking coward" are not only false, but in eminently bad taste when applied to the subject in question.

It is true that there are errors of judgment, errors of all kinds. But when the solemn mystery of Death closes over them, it is well to forget them all. And it would certainly be also well in this weak-jointed age if, when a man has shown *pluck*, brutal and misapplied though it may have been, those who comment on, or even condemn him, would give him credit for its possession.

Stop Him!

Mr. FORREST has been and gone and done it. He has altered the accepted text of *Hamlet* and given us his own reading instead. On the night of Monday, the 17th of September, in Niblo's Garden of this city, we heard him distinctly say to Mr. HARKINS, who made believe he was *Horatio* on this occasion, though every one could see that it was a mere hollow pretence on his part, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your *philosophy*." Thus again, in the "To be, or not to be" soliloquy, he would have it that a man takes arms against a "*siege* of troubles," and not against "a *sea*."

We really wish you would'nt do such things, EDWIN, you know. Those people who have taken the late W. SHAKSPEARE under their especial protection, are not the kind of men to stand anything of this sort, you know. A dreadful controversy impends over our innocent heads, you know. For as sure as you continue, the columns of the *Evening Post* will be filled with a soul-harrowing list of communications from the pundits, no one of whom will let up until, by detailing every incident in the Bard's life, he has shown why the metaphor of a "sea of troubles" would be more likely to occur to him than that of a "sea" of the same. Pleasing, though by this time elegantly monotonous allusions to the mulberry tree, to mistress ANN HATHAWAY, to the evenings at the Mermaid, etc., will be indulged in to an inordinate extent. Then, to crown all, you may draw down upon us the opinions of that distinguished SHAKSPEARIAN scholar," Mr. RICHARD DON BLANC—but here the picture becomes too horrible for contemplation.

So, Great American Tragedian, please don't do it any more!

Ornithological Transmigration.

A Reed bird when cooked becomes a Swallow.

Something for Cincinnati.

The German for Porkopolis. Hamburg.

THE WIDE AWAKES.

O The Editor of Vanity Fair:—You are noted for your sympathy with Victims. Sir, I am a Victim. I have been a Living Sacrifice to political associations. I have been Wide Awaked awoke or awaken—whatever d'ye call 'em. I have been Democ Ratted and Bell-Wetheretted. Therefore, sir, or whoever you are, I am Down on Political Associations. Sir, they are *all* sons of Malta in another form, and a great deal more so. The Maltese are a very good lot indeed when you're once put through. The Politicians, sir, when they get such a man as I, who can't kill from the shoulder or halloo like Stentor, or Boanerges, or Boole, keep on tormenting him. All of them, sir, without exception.

Firstly, I joined the Wide Awakes. With Cap, Cape and Torch-My experience has been a sad one. That I may be the means of preserving others from the tortures that I have been compelled to undergo, I will commit my narrative to writing. Read, oh! young men, and be wise.

It was Jones that seduced me into joining. "So exciting," he said, "so amusing; besides its being so much for the Good of the Party." So I joined, deposited my quarter eagle with the Secretary, attended drills, and one fatal evening prepared to parade.

Oh! would that I had the pen of a —— or a ——, that I might portray in fitting terms the miseries I suffered. But even as I am, I will do my best.

Firstly, then, my boots being in a negative condition, I was compelled to don a light pair of gaiters, and with these and a pair of five dollar cassimeres and other garments "to correspond," I proceeded to our rendezvous. Here I obtained my uniform, consisting of a cape a good deal too large, and a cap a good deal too small for me. Then I was ordered to march up stairs, and in the operation was twice slapped in the face by a lamp in the hands of a huge fellow in front of me, liberally besprinkled with Kerosene oil each time. Got mad, swore, big fellow threatened to mash my jaw, and advised me to "cork up." Metaphorically speaking, I obeyed his injunction.

Well, it was not long ere we fell into line, nearly every man of us bearing a torch weighing some ten pounds. Captain came along, observed that my hand was not exactly *en regle*—struck said hand a severe blow with his staff—maledicted considerable, got laughed at—delay of half-an-hour—ordered to march. Did so for half-a-block. "Halt." Did so for half-an-hour. "March." Another half-block. Grumbled, but was consoled by Jones' observation that it was all for the Good of the Party. Then I lighted a segar—Captain came along, and said, "No smoking in the ranks;" Jones got off a tepid joke about the torches all smoking. Denounced J. as a villain.

Finally, we got under way, and marched down and up, across and right and left, until at the expiration of two hours I found myself in the principal city of New Jersey; Never until that time have I realized to its full extent the terrible agonies, the excruciating torments that attend upon thirst. [There's a touch of S.Cobb.] I was thirsty—dry, but na'ry a drink could I get—Asked the lieutenant to let me off; he remarked that "he'd see me a D.D. first." Of course I growled, but was informed by Jones "that it was all for the Good of the Party.

Discovered about this time that my lamp was leaking and that a stream of warm oil was streaming down into my neck. Shifted my torch so as to carry it at an "ease arms," when I received a look of thunder from lieut, and the information couched in no gentle terms that he had given no orders for an ease. Informed him of my peculiar perplexity when was relieved by the information that it was all for the Good of the Party.

I will not, oh, VANITARIANS, enter into long details, descriptive of my terrible march through the Jerseys, of the mud, the slime, the dirt I waded through. I will not tell you how they dragged us far up into the square, immediately upon entering which, every man of us was immediately brought to his knees, such unusual devotion in politicians, being caused by a huge ditch purposely left open; I will not narrate, my friends, the story of the march home, of the weary tramp and the many mishaps to which I was subjected, but gentle reader, read this bill and then, even though it be for the Good of the Party keep forever clear of that misguided band of poor sleepy fellows who rejoice in the cognomen of the Wide Awakes.

"The Party"

To "ARCHER" Dr.

To Time spent, 6 hours, *a* $1,	$6 00
" Loss of Ticket for Opera,	3 00
" One coat ruined by oil,	10 00
" " pair unmentionables,	7 00
" Blowing up from Mrs. ARCHER,	100 00
" Black and Blue Shoulder,	10 00
" General Wear and Tear,	50 00
Total,	$186 00

and that's what I got for turning out with the Wide Awakes.

"Never mind," says Jones, peering over my shoulder, "its all for the Good of the Party."

Meanwhile, oh VANITY FAIR—who ever you are—or any other man—please allow me to go out of this singing. On the other tack. I'm a Vaudeville, I am, and always enforce the Moral with the Lyrical.

The Song of the Barbecue.

NOT BY WALT WHITMAN, NOR PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

I sing not of the cue of PHELAN,
I sing not of the actor's cue,
I sing not of the Roman Q,
I sing not of the cu-rious,
I sing of the Barbe-cue.

Held in the Wood of Jones,
Gathered there the rag-tail,
Bob-tail also of the demies,
Waiting for the ox to bake,
Waiting for the cracker.

Sensual am I, full of feeling
Hungry I get, at Meridian,
When the sun is high above,
Stomach shrieketh for victuals,
Thus I felt in Wood of Jones.

Soon the ox came, Libertad!
I sing of the fatted ox,
I sing of the ancient ox,
I sing of the smelling ox,
I sing of the bloody ox.

Ax inserted in his haunches,
Libertad! how it squelched.
Crowds crowd close around the tables,
Bread-trays wander to the crowd,
Small boys carry aforesaid Bread-trays.

Jerk it off from sirloin, rump,
Ribs or shoulder, haunch or quarter,
Throw it to the starving crowd,
Bloody, half-cooked, though it may be
Each Bite is a Bite for DOUGLAS!

Libertad! Redad! Whitead! Bluead!
I sing of DOUGLAS, little giant—
Travelling Duggy from the prairies
Ever shouting, ever bawling
"Tell me, pray thee, where's my mother!"

Now he speaketh—mouths are stilled,
Jaws suspended in operation;

TOMARTYRED.

DISGUST OF MR. BLAFFORD AT SEEING HIS COUNTRY COUSIN EAT WHAT HE (BLAFFORD) CALLS "A WAW TOMARTO"—IN THE OPERA.

Something New in "Virtues."

Singular as it may appear, the *Herald* had an editorial the other day about the Prince of Wales. The producer of this startling novelty was good enough to inform H. R. H. beforehand of the sort of the reception he might expect in this "land of the free and home of the, etc." Also of what the Star Spangled Bannerets would say about his Ma. Listen:

"They will speak of her maternal example, of her exemplary Christian faith, and *of the virtues of woman which coruscate around her brow.*"

"Virtues" that "coruscate" must be rather good things to have, almost as good, for instance, as the rhetorical abilities that prance about the pen of the *Herald* writer. The *Herald* need hardly have assured us however, that our countrymen would "speak' about these coruscating virtues of the Queen. There is not the slightest danger of their passing such extraordinary things by in silence.

Let 'er Rip.

Why are operatives on single-thread sewing machines like prudent husbandmen?

Because they may expect to *Rip* where they have *Sewed.*

Rem Ague Tetigit.

We are told that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts lately divorced a wife from her husband because she was a Shaker.

Horological.

Our needy contributor's ejaculation after spouting his watch. "Time's up."

More meat cut up, more meat wasted,
That Poverty would gladly smell of,
Than I can tell thee in my poem.

I sing to thee of fools,
I sing to thee of apes,
I sing to thee of idiots,
I sing to thee of knaves—
Managers of the Barbecue.

Meat was stale, order not kept;
Roughs were bosses, chiefs and all,
And the only calves and pigs,
Also sheep who were to be there,
Were low-legged, in shoes and shirts.

Lets no more of all this nonsense;
No more sad and sick'ning scenes,
No more beef, fat beef, wasted,
No more speeches from our DUGGY,
No more cursed Barbecues.

GIRLS OR BOLSTERS—WHICH.

To the mind of the realistic reader, grave doubts will arise on perusing the following paragraph, which has been going the rounds of the morning papers:

"The aurists have decided that the unusual number of cases of deafness among our female population brought before their attention, is attributable to the prevailing fashion of dressing the hair. The ear is covered and loaded with 'a mass of bandoline, horsehair, wool, and other articles,' by which the free current of air indispensable to the healthy action of the auricle is impeded, and at last deafness is produced."

There is an old song which begins by addressing the "Wide, wide world," with the somewhat puzzling query, "What are little girls made of?" to which Echo, after tauntingly repeating the words "made of?" gallantly replies, "Sugar and spice, And all things nice, Such are little girls made of."

In the days when Echo gave the above formula, the composition of the young and lovlier portion of the feminine sex, groceries and confectionary were evidently the standard of delight. The "girls" of those days were nicer, spicier, and more saccharine than the "young ladies" of ours, it seems; while on the other hand, with us upholstery appears to predominate over both groceries and confectionary, if we are to believe the assertions made in the quoted paragraph, which leads us to infer that the *élégantes* of our time are horschairier, woolier, and more bandoliner, as well as crinoliner, than their predecessors. The subject is one demanding thorough investigation, from those who are equal to the task—a category upon which, we feel bound to confess, it would be mendacious of us to inscribe our autograph.

By those who, bolder than ourselves, may hereafter be induced to inquire into this interesting subject, however, one great difficulty must necessarily be encountered—the impossibility of obtaining from Echo, herself a feminine entity, anything like a candid reply to the query respecting the ingredients that go to the composition of the modern "young lady." As Echo always has the last word, any attempt to argue the point with her, would be worse that useless, and the inquirer would probably be settled summarily as follows. We will suppose the investigator to be a mild, elderly gentleman, of a Pickwickian and inquiring turn of mind.

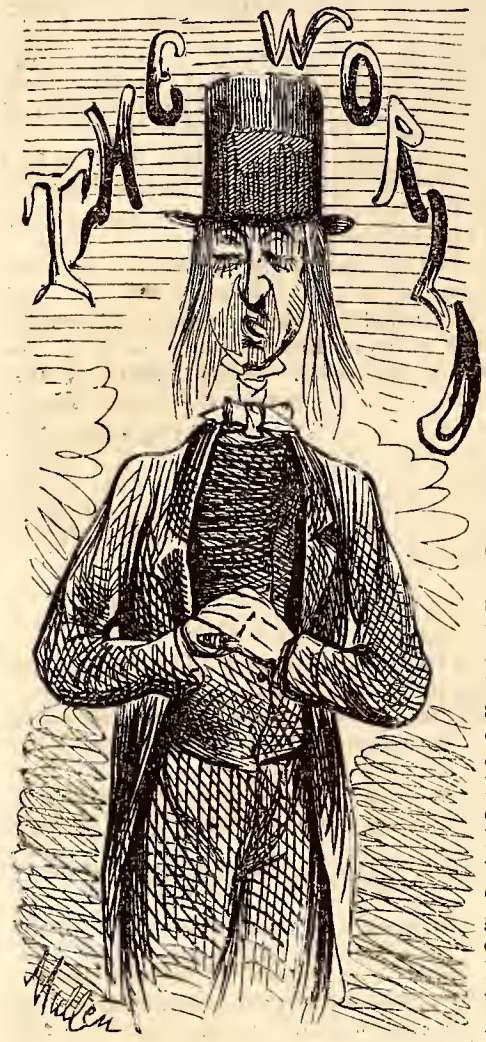
Old Gent.—"What are young ladies made of?"

Echo—"Made of?
You dreadful old muff,
Are you silly enough
To suppose I would tell,
Though I know very well
The *chiffons* young ladies are made of?"

"Poor Jack" Indeed.

The *Herald* contained an editorial the other day, in which it endeavored to explain why there is such a lamentable scarcity of American seamen. VANITY FAIR craves permission to suggest that decisions like that rendered last Thursday, by United States Commissioner BRIDGHAM, who fully acquitted SEYMOUR W. BENEDICT, and DAVID FURGUSON, first and second mates of the ship *Fidelia* after it had been proven that they, by their brutal treatment, caused the death of one of the crew on board that ship, decisions like this, V. F. repeats may have something to do with the solution of the question raised by the *Herald.*

ALMOST WE FORGIVE THE WORLD.



CALLS again to us. We have had many causes of complaint against that immaculate paper, but we feel inclined to lay our hands upon its head, and forgive it all for the service it has done in presenting to an American public, from the London *Times*, an outline of the address of that Pecksniff of the pulpit, SPURGEON, on his return from the late begging tour to the continent. We especially desire that the American people should understand this wretched and arrogant humbug, so that on the day said SPURGEON shall direct his saintly footsteps to our soil, which he assuredly will do when played out at home, he will be received with that scorn and derision that such disgracers of the sacred profession deserve. There is nothing like the truth to open the eyes of fanatics, and if the listening to and reading the addresses, we will not call them sermons, of Spurgeon, does not open the eyes of the poor fools who have put together $100,000 to enable him to give forth his ribald vulgarities in a temple of his own then nothing on earth will make them see. We thank the *World*, and believe it has done the people good service.

THE FINE YOUNG CUBAN GENTLEMAN.

The Senor Don Fernando Esteban San Salvador
Had dwelt in Cuba for some five and twenty years or more,
And he was known by every one within that sunny clime
As a fine young Cuban gentleman, all of the modern time.
A fine young Cuban gentleman
All of the modern time.

Until at last, though strange to tell, the feeling altered quite,
And folks began to whisper 'Don Fernando isn't right'
Because he took in politics the democratic side,
And the Governor General wouldn't stand it, and to send Don Fernando Esteban San Salvador to Coventry he tried,
This fine young Cuban gentleman
All of the modern time.

But though he didn't quite succeed in sending him out there,
He did expatriate the Don, and he had to go elsewhere:
So he turned his property to gold, and stuck it in his belt,
And jumped on board the steamer where he immediately went below and drank a good stiff horn of brandy, just to show himself, how very bad he felt,
Did this fine young Cuban &c.

Now when the steamer left the land, and started out to sea,
Don Fernando set himself to work to write his pedigree,
For he thought it might be useful when he got again on shore,
For well he knew how much the Yankees thought of Counts, Barons, Marquises and so forth, and he therefore could trace his descent in a direct line from some five and twenty Spa grandees, and if necessary a very great many more.
Could this fine young Cuban &c.

And when propitious winds and waves had wafted him to land,
He stood and gazed in wonder at the hackman on each hand,
Who cursed and swore with gesture wild, in many a foreign tongue,
Until young Don Fernando wished that he was safely back in Cuba, or else that some benevolent minion of the government would suddenly appear, and order every one of these miscreants to prepare immediately for being hung,
Did this fine young Cuban &c.

At length his trials and his troubles all were safely past,
And he was comfortably fixed in a fine hotel at last,
So when he got his sea-legs off, he started down Broadway
And dropped him into Tiffany's where he invested largely in jewelry of all kinds, and nearly sacked that establishment, after which he appeared at the dinner-table, with all his new purchases upon his person at once—just to see what folks would say,
About this fine young Cuban &c.

Now Don Fernando can be seen each afternoon at four,
With every aid that credit adds, to a figure good before,
For all his gold with judgment spent, in credit pays him back,
And he has not the slightest trouble in borrowing any amount of money he wants, on the longest kind of paper, and no security, while his tailor's bills never come in, and his landlady would commit *Hari Kari* sooner than charge him any board, and besides he always drums up plenty of boarders for her when business is slack,
Does this fine young Cuban &c.

So down Broadway he lounges each pleasant afternoon
From the middle of September, to the end of sunny June,
When he packs his trunk and starts for Saratoga or Cape May,
Where his knowledge of society, and all the scandal, intrigue, and other little pecadillos of his many friends, enable him to carry things through without having a cent in his pocket, and all just in the same way,
Like a fine young Cuban &c.

But when the Winter season comes, and folks return to town,
And girls who left the city, blondes—come back a ruddy brown,
And when the Opera birds begin to pipe their roundelays,
Upon the 'Academy' stage, Don F. not only always has free seats himself, but accommodates his tailor, and his hair-dresser, and his shoemaker, and all his Castilian friends into the bargain, with an amount of generous assiduity deserving of all praise,
Does this fine young Cuban &c.

And so through life he ambles on, a dressing, dancing man
He captivates the ladies as a Cuban only can,
Perchance at last he marries some title-hunting dame,
And they only wake to discover that he hasn't got any title, and she hasn't got any money and there is the deuce to pay generally, and the feeling on both sides finally becomes so strong that it quite extinguishes their flame
And this fine young Cuban &c.

Now what becomes of Cubans I really do not know,
For no matter when you see them, they always look just so,
Their hair is just as black, their whiskers just as nicely curled,
And they never seem to grow any older, but always have the same appearance that they had when I first saw them, and I believe they have always looked the same, ever since they first entered this unfortunate world,
These fine young Cuban gentlemen
All of the modern time.

The best Article for the Purpose.

Many suggestions are thrown out, daily, with regard to the best means for destroying the eggs about this time deposited upon our park trees by the progenitors of those nasty midsummer pests known as "measuring worms." One is, to use a strong brush of iron wire for the purpose. Other kinds of brushes have been proposed. Our private opinion is that the best kind of brush for getting rid of a nuisance is such a brush as Garibaldi had with Bomba's troops. That brush has taken Bomba pretty well down from his tree, preventing that particularly disgusting measuring worm from carrying out his atrocious measures. That's the brush for our money.

No doubt of it.

The splendid Scottish regiment lately inaugurated in New York claims that all its "Sandies" are "clear Grit."

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

RS LONGA VITA BREVIS.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

So says St. Jerome, in his Life of Governor Hancock, and so says the Bibliographical Editor of Vanity Fair. It is not his fault—if it be a fault—that its readers are now perusing a third article from him, on the important subject of Bibliography, but that of his admirers, whose name, he is informed, is Legion. He was about to sheathe the stylus forever, or, speaking less classically, to lay down his pen, when he received a note from the editors of V. F., requesting him to continue the series, as he had promised to do in his last. The promise was a joke on his part, and he presumes the readers of V. F. understood it, but the editors did'nt somehow see it in that light, so he felt bound to comply with their request. There was another reason for this decision, (if the truth must be told) and that was a temporary want of what Stedman calls "the current of the realm," meaning thereby gold, silver, bank-notes, or approved paper with a good endorser. Added to this was a number of other reasons, in the shape of complimentary letters from the admirers already spoken of. "I have read your two first articles," wrote one young gentleman, of a literary turn of mind, "and they have given me the greatest satisfaction." (We trust we shall always be ready to give any gentleman satisfaction!) "You have mentioned the names of many authors and works, not noticed in Lowndes and Brunet. (The critic of the *Tribune*, I see, calls the last named Bibliographer, Burnet!) which convinces me that they are what I have always understood them to be—very imperfect." We disclaimed the young gentleman's compliments, in our modest way, and told him that there were hundreds, possibly thousands of authors and books, with which we were unacquainted. We were familiar, we confessed, with the best Libraries of Europe and America, especially the private ones—but still we had much to learn. He would not allow this for a moment, but maintained that we were the greatest of bibliographers. This rather lengthy paragraph leads us back to our starting point, and shows the fitness of our quotation from St. Augustine, that, "Some have greatness thrust upon them." We have had greatness thrust upon us, and as Richard the 2d said when the crown of Jerusalem was offered to him, (see Shakspeare's Plays.)

"We must have patience to endure the load."

We shall drop Dr. Wynne, for we consider any further criticism upon him as lost time, (we write for pastime,) and glance at Burton's Library, the sale of which is soon to come off. We have gone through the Catalogue carefully, and we must say it is very badly done. What, for instance, are we to think of an auctioneer—for we presume the auctioneer manufactured the Catalogue—who writes in this peremptory manner? (Lot 160.) Purchas, His Pilgrimage. In the first place we go to a sale, Mr. Sabin, to purchase what we please, not what you tell us to. In the second place we should like to know whose pilgrimage it is that we are to purchase. You say His: but who is the *stat nominis umbra* behind that very indefinite pronoun? Is it Burton? The books are, or rather were, his; is, or was, the pilgrimage his also? Pilgrimage—to what place? And how did he travel—on his muscle? But you need'nt answer, sir. You may sell the volume if you can, but you shall not sell us. We'll none of your purchases.

Among the volumes on American Poetry (lots 235—338) we find Butler, Nothing to Wear. Butler, with nothing to wear, may be a nice man for a Catalogue, but he wont be likely to wait on any table hereabouts, except a table of contents.

264. Fairfield (Sum. L.) This author is, or rather was, for we believe he is now deceased, the father of James Fairfield; but the son took it into his head one day that the old gentleman was'nt doing the fair thing by him, so he dropped the first half of his name, which suited him to a T, and called himself James T. Field, by which name he is more generally known. He is the junior member of the firm of Ticknor & Fields, publishers, Boston, and has published a small volume of poems, *not* to be found in Burton's Catalogue, which, we scarcely need say, is very imperfect! Mr. Fairfield (we beg pardon, Mr. Field) travelled in Europe last summer, which led our pious cotemporary, *The Saturday Press*, to chronicle him in this fashion:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

272. Kettel, (S.) Specimens of American Poetry. (This copy of Kettel formerly belonged to Dr. Potts!)

296. Morris, (G. P.) The Deserted Bride. The binding of this work, cloth, is wrongly described. The Deserted Bride is in sheets!

313. Pray, (Isaac C.) Poems of. This author is a member of the firm of Watch & Pray. Isaac has his readers, but we don't see Isaac!

334 Wakondah, The Moth of Life. (Our copy reads The Master of Life, but as Burton's formerly belonged to Willis, (Nat.) it may be Moth, after all!)

336. Weeke's Poems, 12mo. (This edition was confined to 52 copies, all in 12mos.)

352. Colman. There is no author of this name; it is merely the *nom de plume* of Collier, the Shakspeare commentator.

355. Douglas, (James.) Travelling Anecdotes through various parts of Europe. This curious volume will soon be completed by the author's brother, S. A. Douglas, who is now travelling through various parts of America, ostensibly looking for his mother, but really to see if he can not get into the White House.

426. Weever, (John) Ancient Funeral Monuments, etc. The fame of this author looms above that of his contemporaries. Burton's copy is a little warped. It formerly belonged to Webb.

889. Brewer, (Anthony) The Love Sick King, etc. Brewer was a small-beer dramatist of the time of Charles the First. His best work, (we quote the old spelling) "Ye Risinge of the Yeaste," made him a Master of the Rolls.

970. Congreve, (William) The Mourning Bride, a Tragedy. This lively dramatist, who was the friend of Pope, Swift, and Steele, was the inventor of the rocket which bears his name. The premature explosion of one of these deadly missiles in his honey moon, made his bride, the Duchess of Marlborough, a Mourning Bride.

1105. Field, (Nathaniel) A Woman is a Weathercock. ("Woman, don't be vain!" is the touching remark of Hazlitt on this play.)

1207. Home, (John) Dramatic Pieces. This volume was the favorite reading of the late John Howard Payne, who celebrated its author in his famous song,

"Home, sweet home."

1374. Nabbes. This copy was once the property of Sheriff, the actress. It was bound by Constable.

1638. Southerne, (Thomas) Plays. The dramas of this author are obsolete. One of them is, however, worthy of preservation, and we advise some of our patriotic managers to produce it as a set off to "The Octoroon." We allude to the farce, "Sound on the Goose." It will delight a Southern audience, in fact almost any audience, if brought out at the right time—say at Christmas, when we are all sound on the goose. (Our copy is bound in Turkey!)

But enough for the present of Burton's Library. (We may report the Sale.)

Among the very private Libraries of New York and its vicinity, we may mention that of P. T. Barnum. Mr. Barnum, the reader knows, is the Proprietor of the Moral Museum, and is celebrated in both Hemispheres as the greatest showman alive. He is also—but for further information consult his Life, copies of which may be found at the book stalls, with other rarities, labeled "25 Cents Each." Mr. Barnum's collection is too large to be described in detail. Here are some of its curiosities. Wool on the Horse, (Fremont's copy.) The Works of Sam Slick, the Clock-maker.

(Mr. BARNUM considers these the costliest works in his Library. Many notes are attached!) GOLDSMITH'S Animated Nature. (JENNY LIND'S copy.) DIDDLER on the Art of Raising the Wind. (Dr. BELLOWS' copy.) BELL'S Anatomy. (A present from the Living Skeleton.) SUET'S History of Greece. (Fat Boy's copy.) FEE GEE on Mermaids. The Everlasting Nigger. (Portrait of JOYCE HETH.)

HORACE: Opera. (Bought by JENNY LIND, under the impression that it was a musical production by some unknown composer!) The Gull's Horn Book. CARLYLE on Shams. (Said to be PETER the Great's copy: at any rate it is bound in Petersham!) WHITE on Albinos. Dunder and Blitzen. (Signor BLITZ's copy.) Lives of celebrated Guys, including GUY FAUX, and GUY of Warwick. BURNHAM'S Hen Fever, With a View of Shanghae.

A correspondent sends us a list of books, but omits to state in whose Libraries they are found. We give the names of some of the best. A Critique on Impossibilities. By EMMANUEL KANT. [This work must belong to the editor in chief of the *World*; for, judging by his articles, we should say he was filled with Cant!] JACK TAR'S Song of a dolorous Pitch. (In the Library of Dr. CAULKINS?) The New Creation; By an OLD MAID. (Is not this an effort of Suckling?) SHREWS on Railways, and The LAW of Battery, An enlargement from the original. (Evidently in Mr. LAW'S Collection.) Essay on Roofing; By A. TYLER. Platitudes of a Chamberlain; By an Artisan. (Bank's copy?) Deleterious effects of Soda Water; FOUNTAIN. LANDSEER on Surveying. Survey of Porte: HART. (This last volume is in the Custom House Library, where may be found the Habits of the Oyster: Shell. (Mr. SHELL, we may remark *en passant* is *the* collector of New York.) The Tragedies of Rowe, (mus.) FLINT on Locks. (HOBBES' copy?) The End of Mormonism: HYDE. A treatise on the Adder, By the Lightning Calculator. CHESTERFIELD on Bows, (A few leaves wanting.) The works of DYCE. (RAFFLE'S copy.)

We have just received a circular from an enterprising New York publisher, calling attention to his novel wares. He is the originator of a new idea in Literature, which is the publishing of a series of novels with taking titles, at One Dime each. Having made a ten strike so far, he announces the following works, as being in Press, in Dime-ond editions. His list is alphabetically arranged, the reader will observe.

Adeline, and the Alguazil.	Opulent Orangeman.
Bugler of Bagdad.	Perjured Pretzel.
Cornet of Cappadocia.	Querelous Quaker.
Devout Dragoon.	Robber of Rahway.
Exasperated Emeline.	Sanctified Suliote.
George, the Grocer.	Treacherous Tartar.
Humane Hangman.	Uxorious Uncle.
Insolvent Inquisitor,	Verbena, the Vegetarian.
Jester of Jersey.	Werner, the Wagoner.
Kauser, the Koniacker.	Xerxes, the Xypoid.
Lofty Lamprey.	Yusef, the Yeoman.
Merciful Magdalen.	Zephyr and the Zebra.
Nathan, the Norman.	

Send in your orders at once. Large discount to the trade.

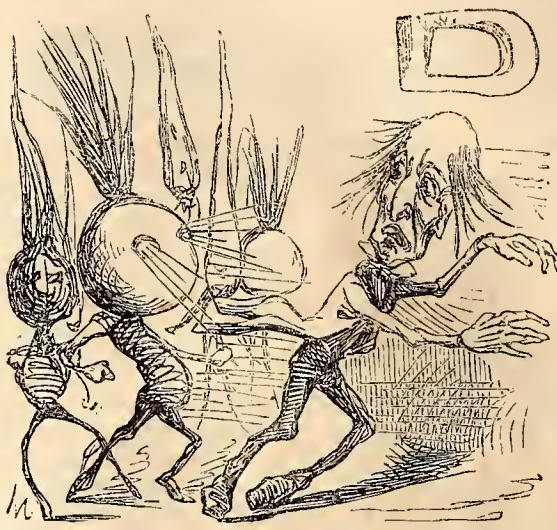
IMPORTED DOGS.

The Mayor's Marshal complains that impositions have been practiced on the dog-pound institution, by bringing over dogs from New Jersey and elsewhere, and he intends submitting an ordinance to the Common Council, to prevent such importation. We will admit, now, that hardly anything could be more reprehensible than the importation of a Jersey dog; but on reading the following paragraph, taken from a late number of the Galveston *Daily Civilian*, we could not help thinking that the South might supply us with something in the canine way that might be useful to us in more ways than one, setting the pound question aside, altogether.

Edward Sydnor, of Hanover, Va., has two pointer dogs, which can worm more tobacco in a day, than any two hands he owns. The dogs run along the furrows and show the greatest sagacity in detecting worms, finding them by the scent and eye. They never injure the plant, and where the field hands overlook the insects the dogs are sure to find them.

As prevention is better than cure, would it not be well to import a number of pointers of the Hanover, Va., breed, for the purpose of "worming" our city parks in the early Spring time, ere the young and toddling "geometer worms" have yet acquired strength enough to ascend the trees? Nay, the Hanoverian pointers might discharge a higher mission than this. They might be induced to "worm" the tobacco sodden plants known as the Common Council, so as to worm out the secret of such diseases as the Japanese Swindle. Should these valuable pointers be tried then, and prove themselves capable of thus pointing a moral, we will undertake to adorn their tails at our own private expense.

THE VEGETARIANS.



EAR Editor of Vanity Fair:—Suffering as I now am from inflictions heaped on my plate three times a day by my cabbage headed husband, I have determined to appeal to you for sympathy, and advice; understanding you give away vast amounts of the latter to all applicants. About a week since my husband went over to that wretched Philadelphia, as he said, on business. I have since learned it was only to attend The Eleventh Anniversary of the American Vegetarian Society, and to cram his head with nonsensical ideas about beans, and potatoes, and cold water. He tells me that among the resolutions adopted by the Society was this:

"That facts well established, abundantly prove that those who live exclusively on a vegetable diet *can* and *do* endure the extreme of heat and cold, hard and long continuous toil and exposure, and long continued privation, better than those who live on a flesh or mixed diet."

And a truer resolution never was offered, for since my husband has turned vegetarian "facts well established prove that those who live exclusively on vegetable diet *can and do endure long continued privation!*" and I am a living proof of the same; and expect to have to endure all the other sufferings mentioned in the resolution, solely from having a potatoe eating, cold-water drinking, slim stick of a husband. It is enough to make one cry, to find at breakfast instead of a good cup of warm coffee and boiling milk, nothing but a large pitcher of *cold*-ice-water! Then for dinner instead of roast beef or chickens, a plate of cold-boiled-beans! And at tea time instead of the warm comfort of a cup of good black tea, a fiendish red radish, and a cold-white-potatoe! Ugh!

I will sue for a divorce from this garden bed and vegetable bored life, that I will! I won't stand it, I can't stand it. I am so weak I have to sit down to write this, all from his odious vegetarian diet, which is not meet for me to eat, and is only fit for an old cow, instead of the graceful but half starved

JULIA BEFEETER.

Brooklyn, Sep. 25, 1860.

D AND THE D.

"The wit and humor of Judge DOUGLAS" says a Buffalo-ly paper "*is* as irresistible as his argument." In proof whereof the said meek and lowly cotemporary proceeds to tell us the story somewhat as follows: When the train stopped at a little town in Vermont, during his recent mother hunting tour through that State, Judge DOUGLAS stepped upon the rear platform, and said a few kind words to the crowd who insisted upon seeing and hearing him Some enthusiastic Republican proposed three cheers for LINCOLN, which were heartily given, when Judge DOUGLAS smilingly turned to the crowd and said: "Fellow-citizens: In his absence I feel called upon to respond to that compliment to my friend LINCOLN. Whatever of credit is due to him I feel a right to claim an interest in it, for he and I belong to the same State. I am his friend, and he is my friend; and you, the partisans of Mr. LINCOLN, should be my friends, for if it had not been for me you never would have known him as a candidate for the Presidency." The effect of this happy turn was electrical, and called forth rapturous applause, the Republicans joining loudly in it.

All very pleasant indeed—first rate—jolly companions every one. DOUGLAS—v'ry goo—f'lo—LINK'N firs' rate f'lo—hip-hip—*hurrah!* A merry jest my masters, an excellent jest! But not altogether bran-new; with all respect to the jolly Judge be it said. After the Arch Enemy had been cast out of heaven, say the Talmudists or Arabs or some sort of Orientals, and when he was reviled by the angels he turned to MICHAEL and said, "when were you heard of till you became great by conquering me? You should hold me for your best friend." And to AZRAEL, the Angel of Death he said, "where were *you* before I brought Death into the world. Who has been more your friend than I?" And the angels were silenced—even as the Republicans were corked up, occluded and operculated at "the little town in Vermont.

TROUBLE AGAIN AT THE CENTRAL PARK.

Rural Friend.—"CAN THEE TELL ME WHY THOSE SWANS ARE SO CONTENTIOUS; BATHING AND SPLASHING SO FURIOUSLY!"

Policeman.—"NATURAL DIFFICULTY, SIR. ENGLISH SWANS JUST ARRIVE. ONE ON 'EM SAID 'AMBURG—ON WHICH A GENTLEMAN SWAN DOVE DOWN FOR THE LOST H, AND THEY'VE BIN A FIGHTIN' ABOUT IN EVER SINCE!"

A Nice Mercantile Question.

In looking over the list of Officers of the great Union Meeting at the Cooper Institute, V. F. recognizing some names that were very blatant for FREMONT in 1860, wishes to ask the following question:

If in 1856, JONES, was an irrepressible Free Soiler because his business was with that section of country where such sentiments "did most preponderate," and therefore was an ardent supporter of FREMONT, Woolly Horse and all, and if JONES is non-cultivating "the Southern Trade," which JONES, BROWN and ROBINSON, have discovered to be more advantageous to their Bank account, and if the said JONES is therefore found figuring as a Vice at this Union Meeting, is this conversion a matter of "principle," or one of "interest?"

Will some of the patriotic Broadway merchants respond?

From our own Lunatic.

Q. What place of public entertainment do a couple of goats, with their horns in a position of defence, remind one of?

A. Nibblers Guarding.

A person experienced in the care of lunatics informs us that NIBLO'S GARDEN is probably the place alluded to in in the answer, as above.

A Word for Master Brooks.

The *Express* warns his friends not to vote for the Black Republicans, in the following dreadful English: "They are preparing to re-do the coming winter just what they *done* last winter." Surely thee ditor should have wound up such a paragraph with, "It can't be *did*. Nothing could have been more appositely ungrammatical.

"FARMERS" ATTENTION!

NEW-YORK, September 20th, 1860.

Editor of Vanity Fair.

SIR:—I have read Mr. JEDEDIAH FARMER'S rejoinder to my letter of Aug. 16th and, sir, to the indignation I before experienced is now superadded an amount of contempt sufficiently prodigious to embrace ten acres of such specimens of humanity. In fact I am disgusted with J. F. Why don't he show himself to be a man—a whole man, and not depend, as he seems to do, for the very breath he draws, on his JERUSHA and SARAH JANE!

He says he was not frightened by my letter. Well of course he wasn't frightened; I couldn't expect him to be; he evidently hadn't anything to do it with. It takes a man of parts to be frightened in these days. However, I accept his apology. But I tremble, Mr. Editor, when I think of what might have happened if he *had* been frightened! What a catastrophically calamitous disaster that would have been!

Then he attemps to be severe. He calls me an "*individual!*" not even qualified by an adjective! in a manner, too, which he undoubtedly intended should irrecoverably disturb my equanimity, and blast my prospects of bliss for all time to come! Cruel, relentless JEDEDIAH! How could he do it! Do you think, Mr. Editor, that he will keep on doing it? Sir, Jersey's soil could'nt be anything *but* red—she couldn't help *blushing forty feet deep* at the thought of rearing and feeding such scalawags; such miserable, lean, lank, slow, slab-sided, awkward, chicken-livered contemptibilities as this person FARMER! I feel for poor Jersey! my very sole cries out! but still, "blessed are the uses of adversity," so Jersey, keep a good heart.

I do not hesitate to declare to you, Mr. Editor, my firm conviction and belief that JEDEDIAH FARMER is, after all, only a mass of heterogeneous particles, endowed with vitality and instinct, *quantum suff*, to keep him from starving to death. I do not believe he is even a *vertebrate!* I give him credit for knowing about as much as my four year old brother does in a minute, but then it takes him a week to do it. And what *does* the man mean by "*easy* Jersey mud?" I have once or twice been—to my sorrow—in that country, but I must say I never found any there that was "easy."

He goes on to say that he "never sends *old* berries or corn to market," when he knows that he sends them just as old as possible to be at all fit to eat. He would'nt dare to send 'em any older. (By the way, if he will take the trouble to send that "*old saw*" which talks in such a knowing way about "bread and butter" to BARNUM, he might make a good thing out of it.)

As to my assertion about the numbers of eyes mutilated by his umbrellas, he has not one word to say: glad to see it: shows that he has been to our city often enough to pick up a little decency. And then, how comforting to find that at least one man born in Jersey, the *Musical World* man has been brought—perhaps he came without any bringing—to see the error of his ways; to cry O! the difference between BOONTON and BON TON! and take the next train for New-York. Sir, I once knew a man who had an uncle—perfectly sane man except on one point: he wanted to turn his back on civilization and go into Jersey! He went. *He died in six weeks!!* and I cannot blame the poor man. Indeed I think it would be a work of mercy to exterminate, blot out, eradicate and utterly annihilate the whole race of raw unmitigated Jersey JEDEDIAHS, for to be anywhere within telegraph shot of one of them is —CR-R-RÉ DIEU! it is enough to annoy, pester, molest, bother, trouble, disturb, tease, worry, tantalize, aggravate, distract, exasperate, provoke, irritate, torment, harass, enrage, and eventually prepare any man of sensibility to enjoy rather than otherwise a state of complete moral, physical, mental and intellectual eternal, endless everlasting misery and perdition *in Sæcula Sæculorum.*

Yours mildly,

COSMOPOLITE.

Gospel Light in Illinois.

Those who walked in darkness near Mount Vernon, Ill., saw a great light some days since, when they burned up the Sunday school library there. The books were regarded as containing incendiary doctrines, and Ill o'Noise men quietly made light of them. From which we learn that, as of old, *Vernon semper viret.*

Tow vs. Toe.

If King BOMBALINO was not literally Kicked out of Naples by GARIBALDI, it is at least certain that he was Towed out of the bay the day he absconded.

PRINCE-OF-WALESIANA.

WHILE in Montreal, the Prince more than once displayed his familiarity with the history of that city. Observing that General BRUCE invariably declined to partake of eggs during the sojourn of the royal party there, H. R. H. said to him one morning, at breakfast:

"You were here when your noble brother governed the colony, BRUCE?"

"Yes, may it please your Royal Highness," replied the General; "I was here with ELGIN, from first to last."

"Eggs were plenty, here, in those days—eh?" said the Prince.

"They were very plenty, sir."

"And as to quality?"

"Bad, please your Royal Highness."

"And they pelted your noble brother with them?"

"They did, sir."

"And yourself?"

"Me, too, sir."

"Now that is very interesting!" cried the Prince; "I should like to hear all about it from one who was present. 'Ask, inquire, ask those who know,' as the quack doctors say in the newspapers. Tell us all about it, BRUCE."

And then the General, with a spasmodic smile, narrated to the young Prince the events of that day in the summer of 1849, when the city of Montreal stood out like a great basket of bad eggs, and the people of Montreal stood by it like one big man and drove the Earl of ELGIN ignominiously from the city, amid a hurtling volley of the disgusting missiles.

"I never saw eggs go like those, before or since," said the General, "and if they didn't hit us, they flew over us like a stream of wild pigeons, so that, indeed, the carriage in which we made our escape whirled along beneath a perfect tunnel of them, for more than a mile."

"Then your victors treated you as the ancient Romans served their prisoners of war?" remarked the Prince.

"And how was that, may it please your Royal Highness?"

"Sent you *sub jugo*—under the yoke: o, l, k, yoke, you know," said the Prince.

"They did *that*," rejoined the General, with a retrospective wince, which imparted a slightly collapsed expression to his features.

"Never mind, BRUCE," continued the Prince, good-naturedly, observing the shudder: "but think of the Greek proverb, *kakou korakos kakon oon*—'bad crow never laid good egg'—and be sure there must have been something rotten in the state of things that produced such unpalatable results."

"That's jolly for old BRUCE!" whispered the small English midshipman to ELLIOT of the Guards—"his brother was Governor of Canada, then, you know, and the Prince must mean him when he talks about the crow that produced the bad egg."

The official appointment held by General BRUCE is that of tutor to the Prince of Wales—a capacity in which, however, the gallant guardsman is not expected to display any familiarity with the dead languages. Nevertheless the Prince, who is fresh from Oxford, delights in perplexing him with classical quips and queries.

"I am getting rusty in my classics, already, BRUCE," said the Prince, one day: "SANDERSON has been posting me up in Americanisms, and that has put the Greek and Latin out of my head, I think. Now here's an American *carte* he's just been showing me—bill of fare at one of their slap-up hotels, you know—and there's one item in it I must have the Latin of, but can't think of it for the life of me."

"And what may that be, your Royal Highness," inquired the tutor, respectfully.

"A 'squab on toast,'" replied the Prince.

In the physical sciences, too, the prince is sometimes teasingly exacting towards his tutor—for example in Zoology, in which H. R. H. takes an intense interest, losing no opportunity of extending his acquaintance with the fur, fin, and feather of our continent.

During the sojourn of the royal party at Niagara Falls, Lord HINCHINGBROOKE came galloping up to Clifton Lodge in a great state of excitement, saying that a most interesting event had just transpired by the roadside, near Queenston Heights—a rattlesnake had swallowed a raccoon.

The Prince, with his suite, immediately proceeded to the spot, where the serpent, torpid since his deglutition of a somewhat stoutish quadruped, lay bloated and languid in the yellow dust of the road.

Looking around for a seat, from which to contemplate the spectacle at his ease, the Prince could see nothing better than a rail of the fence, on which he sat, accordingly, the members of his staff standing in the field behind him, at a respectful distance.

"Now, BRUCE," said the Prince, "tell us something about it—these rattlesnakes are queer customers: don't they live with other animals, sometimes—with wolves, or prairie hens, or something?"

"They have been known to reside with prairie dogs, not hens, may it please your Royal Highness," replied the tutor.

"And with birds?" proceeded the Prince.

"With burrowing owls, we are told, sir," said the tutor.

"And with any other creatures?"

"Not that I know of, please your Royal Highness," replied the tutor.

"I don't think you know much about it, BRUCE," continued the Prince. "Rattlesnakes undoubtedly associate with other animals besides prairie dogs and owls. This fellow does at any rate."

"And how is that, your Royal Highness?" inquired the tutor.

"He seems very thick with a 'coon, just now," replied the Prince.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

OFFICE OF THE WORLD, September 28, 1860.

Dear Vanity:

Why is the *Tribune* like a very mellow pear? It's soft To Centre. (Two Cent-er.) Groans from Kansas!

Yours religiously, WORLD.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, September 28, 1860.

Dear Vanity Fair:

It is with great pleasure that we see you pitch into that miserable World—that summital Hight of stupidity—that Theater of cant, one number of which would outweigh a Tun of common heaviness. Please accept the following and enter to our credit.

"Why is the World not worth even a needle. Because nobody would give *A-cus* for it

(N. B. *A-cus* is the Latin for needle)

Yours irreligiously, TRIBUNE.

OFFICE N. Y. TIMES, SEP. 28 1860.

Dear Vanity Fair:

Why are the editors of the *Herald, and Tribune* like good for nothing railroad guides.

Because they're worthless Journey-Lists.

Yours temporally, TIMES.

Heraldry and Knighthood.

The *Herald*—the philanthropic *Herald*—the consistent *Herald*, has the following in regard to the Western tour of the Prince. "The Western people whom they meet, are pleasant, cordial, anxious to make them comfortable, but never intruding upon or annoying them." A little further on thus:

"No one then expects they are *to be knighted*, or to receive the red ribbon of the bath." Now if the people are so "pleasant, so cordial, so anxious to please," who *does* expect they are too benighted. It would be proper to ask, are they benighted at all. Is the red ribbon of the bath to be called a ribbon of water-colors? And why, Oh, JAMES G. B. do you spell bath with a small *b*? Is it possible that the time has come when *you* neglect to "make capital" of anything that you can lay hold of? And to crown all, have you not read your own telegraphic despatch enough to prevent you from making such a blunder as to say: "The idea of taking the Prince to the West, and then conveying him to the Atlantic cities by easy stages, was most happy?" When, Oh *Herald* man, has the Prince been conveyed by *easy stages!* Don't you know he came on the cars? Or even if he came by stages at all, how do you know they were easy? You evince, Oh *Herald* man, your usual recklessness of statement, and you ought to be repressed.

QUITE A MORAL SENTIMENT.

Benevolent but very absent minded friend.—"LIFE IS SHORT, MY GOOD LITTLE ROBINSON, AND A GREAT PART OF IT RAINY; BUT HOW OFTEN THE SHOWER IS TEMPERED TO THE GOOD MAN BY THE INCIDENT OF A FRIEND WITH AN UMBRELLA!"

(*Little Robinson, whose hat is qaite new, feels the rain, but doesn't see the sentiment.*

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Since musical criticism is becoming a part of humorous literature, it is of course indispensable to V. F. The daily papers have found it an unfailing source of amusement to their readers; if we are not quite so successful let one small experience excuse us. A certain degree of absurdity is easily attained. But to become "infernally ridiculous" a man must keep at it all the time. As we are not yet so hardened in this kind of nonsense, but that lapses of intelligence will occasionally occur, any competition with the Dailies, is of course out of the question. The Royal road to folly, is not open to all. If you have a genius for stupidity—very good—you get a situation as Critic at once; if not, ah! well, you must qualify yourself as you can.

The most important element of musical criticism, is undoubtedly, ignorance of music. It alone is sufficient qualification, yet with laudable liberality, ignorance of grammar, ignorance of æsthetic thingumabobs, in short, as MICAWBER would say, in short—all sorts of ignorance are generally added. Here is the difficulty before you. To become a musical critic, you must unlearn all you have learned. Do you know one note from another? The devil you do! Can you distinguish French from Italian? Then heaven help you! My dear sir, there is no position for you at present on this paper. Do you not know that your knowledge is an insurmountable impediment to success? All Art Criticism whether of Music, Painting, or Poetry, must first of all be popular. You must write what everybody can understand.

"Ah!" said little Mr. FALSETTO, "Mr. THALBERG, are you fond of music?"

THALBERG looked at him steadfastly, and said he thought he was.

"O! so am I," said the other," Music is so refined, so disembodied, so what's his name, and sounds so splendid on the water. And do you play by note or ear? Note, indeed! *I* play a little too. Yes, with one finger."

The youthful tenor held it out. THALBERG took hold of it, and examined it narrowly. "Is this the finger?" "Yes," was the blushing reply, "but I *can* play with my thumb. O! Mr. THALBERG, do you know the tune of the Anvil Chorus? It goes—tum—tum—tum ti tum—ti tum. Very different you know from the serenade, which goes deedle de de, de do-o-ho."

Mr. THALBERG looked like a man with a new idea, and said there was certainly some difference; he advised Mr. FALSETTO if ever in danger of deafness to burn out his ears with a hot wire. Shortly afterwards he sailed for Europe.

Such a critic would make his fortune in New York. Were Mr. FALSETTO professional, we would engage him at once. In this default we must put up with a modest imitation of the Daily papers. Our Critic is well qualified, though not as ignorant as the public is accustomed to, nor of an insanity sufficiently profound. He is however very hard of hearing, a point in his favor. Our rivals never thought of deafness, it is enough that their critics are dumb. By the by he has just sent in his first Critique.

"THE ITALIAN OPERA. The large and fashionable audience that attended the performance of *La Trovatore* must have gratified the enterprising management. Of course the great feature was MUSIANI in his *ut di petto*. CORTESI though she cannot claim any *do di poitrine*, used her *glottis* with great effect, especially in the *Cavatinas*. AMODIO sang several *boleros*. The opening serenade being very successful, MUSIANI repeated it in the *Miserere*, but we suggest more careful rehearsals of this *mise en scene*, as CORTESI *interrupted* him several times, especially towards the end. The *Il Traviata* was well played last night. We are used to BRIGGNOLIA in this play, and were not pleased with the production of another. BRIGGNOLIA knows the tunes. When shall we have the florid music of ROSSINA. There is an *allegretto* about it a sort of a *crechiendo*, a *fruitiness*, that reminds us of ROSSINI in his palmy days.

"One thing needs reform. Our readers will see that we allude to the *Coro Jutti*. We have noticed that in *La Travatore*, the same men appear in different dresses, sometimes as the wandering *Zingari*, and again as soldiers. This should not be. The parties are directly opposed. Therefore to make a *bass Zingari* sing that he has killed a *tenor soldat*, is to encouraged either suicide or falsehood, as *he* is not *him*, but the other one in disguise. Now as the purpose of the Opera is to inculcate morality, how can this departure from truth, be justified by ULLMAN?"

SOMETHING LIKE A CHANCE.

Since recording the great application of CACTUS DI TANCREDI, for money and married bliss, we find no case which appeals so powerfully to the simp—no not plicity, but—pathy of the Richly Endowed, as the following, which we extract from our unprincipled, but brilliant and immoral, but fast—in short from our witty and wicked cotemporary the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, of Sep. 12:

"A GENTLEMAN OF REFINEMENT, JUST DISMISSED ON VERY TRIVIAL grounds from the suite of the Prince of Wales, finds himself suddenly reduced to positive want, and is anxious to meet with assistance of a pecuniary nature in the shape of a loan, until a situation of a suitable character shall present itself, whereby he may earn his livelihood, and repay his benefactor for the important service rendered him."

The idea!

The idea of a Prince of Whaler—one refined doubtless to such a pitch that white sugar would be nowhere near him—finding himself positively hard up, cornered, un-cashed, bradless, tinless, fundless, dimeless—in one portentous and bran-new word—unspondulixed

And in these times too; in the land of the free and the home of etcetera.

Where are the editors who want every detail of H. R. H's boots, coats, down-sittings and uprisings?

Where are the ambitious old ladies who adore Royalty—even to its cast off rags.

Where are the ambitious young ones, desirous of learning the winning ways of captivating Princes?

Where are the Party Givers?

Where are the Benevolent?

Where are the Fifth a-Venue-trals who want to be Sold?

Where is JENKINS?

Where is the *Herald* Reporter.

And finally,

Where is BARNUM!

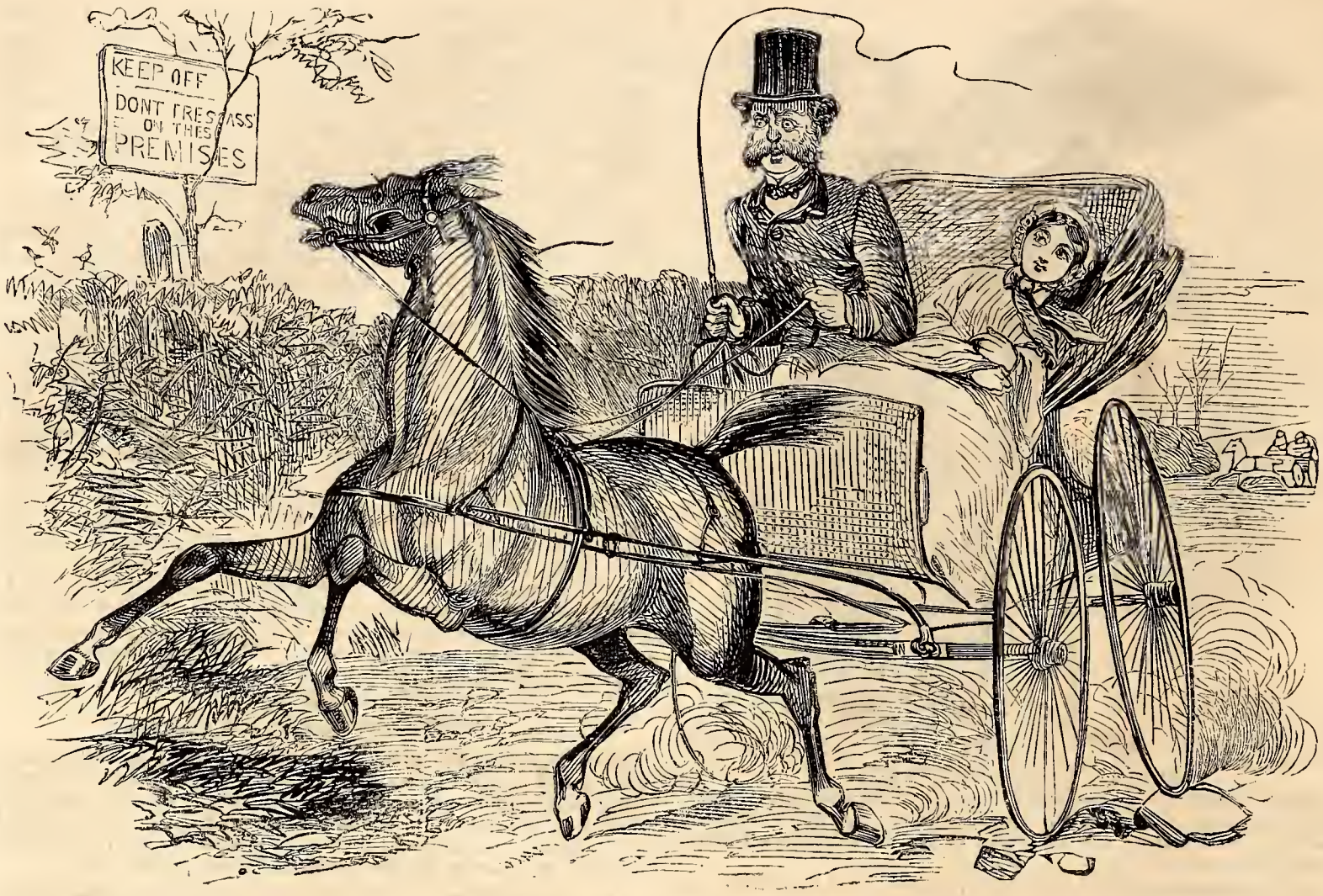
Surely, while these persons have cash in their pockets, or in those to which they have access, no ex-lackey of the Prince—we mean Baron RENFREW—much less one of his double refined gentlemen should be driven to advertising for a loan in that depraved organ of the dangerous classes, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*.

From Italy.

Some time since the correspondent of an English journal predicted that GARIBALDI would "never add one foot to the dominions of King VICTOR EMMANUEL." Never mind. GARIBALDI will soon get possession of the whole Boot, and then V. E. can put One Foot in it as soon as he likes.

The New Conflict of Ages.

The ages of Misses SMITH, JONES, BROWN, and other Single Ladies, as shown in the Census returns of 1850 and 1860.



"PRECISELY SO."

Clara.—I AM SO GLAD WE'VE BEATEN THAT HORRID MISS JONES AND HER BEAU! FRED, YOU DO DRIVE DELIGHTFULLY!

Fred.—"WHO—O—O—OE! PRETTY BOY—YES—THANK-AH,—BUT—WOULD—YOU—HAVE—ANY—SEWIOUS—OBJECTION—TO,—AH, MY—GUIDING—HIM-INTO—THIS—AH—HEDGE?"

THE NORTHAMPTON BASTILE

There is nothing dearer to VANITY FAIR than the advancement of Sound Morality, and True Religion.

To do what is right, to do it quietly and unostentatiously, to cultivate all that is charitable, gentle, genial and manly, requires respect for Religion, for the simple reason that all are, like it, branches of the practical development of truth in life.

But VANITY FAIR has no respect for a vast amount of popular unreason, conventionalism, folly and arrogance which passes current in the brains of ignorant and vulgar men for piety. And quite as little has it for the great majority of anecdotes and instances of wonderful conversions, which appear in certain "religious" cotemporaries; and of which a very strong specimen is forwarded us, credited to the Boston *Recorder*.

In the marvellous instance referred to, entitled Satan missing his Aim, we learn that an Irish Catholic woman living near Northampton Mass. had attended a Protestant meeting and received religious impressions.

"Her husband, enraged, trumped up a charge of insanity against her, and secured her commitment to the insane hospital at Northampton. The distressed woman resisted with all her might, but it was of no use; all supposed she was deranged, and she took her place among the insane, and soon found reason for quiet submission. She found herself in quiet quarters, and was of course allowed to hear preaching, and had all the Protestant preaching which she desired".

Here the woman's religious convictions were strengthened and she became "hopefully pious." At least she received instruction and impressions as to the way of life, which *we trust* will not easily be lost." Boston *Recorder* rejoices greatly thereover.

From which we are to infer that a false commitment to an Asylum by a vindictive relative, is something to rejoice over if it leads to conversion, and consequently if plenty of good preaching be provided at such institutions it is quite right to imprison people there—no matter in what manner!

Is not this the legitimate deduction from such an anecdote, repeated in a tone of rejoicing?

Be it observed that no word of blame is found for the husband, nor is a syllable uttered against the iniquitous directors or managers of the Northampton Asylum. We pronounce them iniquitous be it observed on the authority of the *Recorder* which gives us directly to understand, that the woman was imprisoned though not insane at all. In fact if she had been, her value as a convert and consequently that of the story would be seriously invalidated.

Well—the scoundrelly husband, and the still more scoundrelly Directors are passed by without a word of blame. No comment is made on the fact that the victim was torn from her home and children—no horror expressed that such an infamous Bastile system of *letters de cachet* still disgraces Massachusetts—nothing of the kind! All is swallowed up in the crowning fact that she received instruction and impressions which the *Recorder* trusts will not easily be lost!

According to the truth or falsehood of this story, either the Directors of the Asylum, or the editors of the *Recorder* deserve pretty savage punishment—hot, strong sharp and plenty of it. We sincerely trust that the guilty parties—one *or the other*—may be speedily brought to justice!

Conjurgium non Conjugium.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

DICK leads, it is known, with his beautiful wife—
In spite of their vows—such a turbulent life;
The social condition of DICK and his mate
Should surely be called the *conjurgial* state.

Nautical.

Q. Supposing Lord RENFREW had fallen into the water, when some members of his suite were jostled overboard by the crowd at Detroit, why would he have run less danger of being drowned than any of them?

A. Because he was the *Dux* of the party.

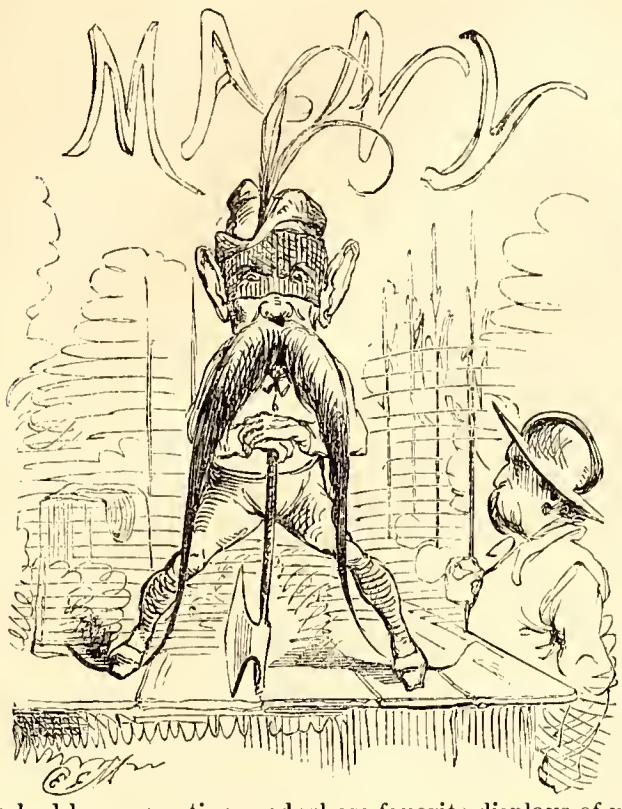
The Douglas Offer of Fusion. (Philadelphian.)

Turkey for me, Turkey Buzzard for you.

THE RECEPTION AT WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Buchanan, the Step-mother of her Country "BLESS ME—NOW AINT HE SO LIKE HIS BLESSED MA?"

PEORIA AND PIKE OUTDONE.



YEARS ago some American journalist spoke of frequently meeting, rude independent men gifted with "a savage consciousness of owing respect to no one." The character is not uncommon. Everybody has encountered at times, men whose eyes gleamed with gratuitous insolence; persons whose vulgarity from being passive had become active, and whose favorite displays of wretched and contemptible egotism, took the form of uncalled for annoyance, impoliteness or at least the affectation of disagreeable oddity.

VANITY FAIR when it heard that at Niagara a Vulgar Rascal had ridden rudely through Baron RENFREW's cortege, dusting that amiable young man and friends, for no other purpose than that of displaying Rascal's excessive sense of self, VANITY mentally made a note of the occurrence as one soon to be followed by others. They came in due time—the last, which has been regarded by several cotemporaries as immensely amusing, being chronicled in the following words by the N. Y. *Times:*

"At Chicago, while at the grain elevator of Mr. SPURGIS, LONG JOHN said: "Baron I raise pigs and puppies at my farm. The pigs are your father's own breed; I'll send you a roast, and if it isn't good *you must blame the old gentleman* for it." Mr. STURGIS, who is more wealthy than wise, said when introduced "Lord RENFREW, eh! But you're no better than anybody. Let me call you Mister RENFREW," and to the infinite amusement of the whole party, he persisted in that address during the entire visit."

Now we would like to ask Mr. JOHN WENTWORTH, Mayor of Chicago, if he considers himself a gentleman? A gentleman in any sense of the word? We would wish also to be informed if this was an act of common decency, or rather if it was not a piece of vulgar, impertinent, vile indecency, when showing Baron RENFREW the hospitalities of the city to speak of his father Prince ALBERT as "the old gentleman." Mr. WENTWORTH—you know that it was indecent, and though the expression may have been laughed *at* as characteristic of an ignorant Hoosier it was none the less disgraceful.

As for the clown in grain, who gratuitously informed Baron RENFREW that he was "no better than anybody else," we pass him by with the hope that his intolerable itching to be insolent was relieved by his speech and by his subsequent low bred conduct. Meanwhile we have a word or two to utter on this subject of voluntary vulgarity, which it would be well for some of our irrepressibly independent friends to consider.

The Snob who in Europe becomes the Flunkey, Toady and Slave, takes in America the form of the Braggart and Rowdy. When VANITY FAIR hears an individual blustering and boasting in an uncalled for manner, that he is "as good as anybody," V. F. concludes that the self-conceit which prompts the remark would—say in England—have impelled the same individual to distinguish himself by "booing" and kneeling. As the late Mr. CAUDLE remarked to Mr. PRETTYMAN, "Tyrants are only slaves turned inside out." And having expressed its own views on this subject, VANITY FAIR concludes with a paragraph on it, which has been received since writing the above and which we believe expresses not only the opinions of one, but all its contributors, and not only of them but of all well-bred and courteous people in the country.

RATHER ROUGH IN THE GRAIN.

We are told by the correspondents of the daily journals, how Lord RENFREW paid a visit to a famous grain-elevator, while at Chicago. This grain-elevator belongs to a SOMETHING STURGIS, esq., we don't know his Christian name, who signalized himself by addressing his visitor, Lord RENFREW, thus: "You're Lord RENFREW, be you. Oh law! you ain't no better than me, I ain't a going to lord you, Mr RENFREW, *I* ain't!"—and so persisted in calling his visitor "Mr. RENFREW," during his interview with him. Western men, generally, enjoy the reputation of being rather rough in the grain. Now we don't think that STURGIS, who keeps a grain-elevator, uses it much to elevate the standard of that kind of grain—WE DON'T.

DRUG LITERATURE.

Editors of Vani y Fair:

SIR:—Notwithstanding the efforts of the *Ledger* and several other purely romantic masters of modern fiction to improve the general tone of the literature of the day, it must be obvious to the most casual observer that their efforts have not been successful with regard to that branch of it which may be denominated the Drug—by which however, I do not in any way refer to Poetry, which by some has been termed a drug in the literary market. The branch of literature to which I allude is that professing to be the exponent of that meritorious class of persons whose name will ever be associated with the pill, the potion, and the essence. Estimable though many—nay all—of these persons are, it is lamentable to peruse the productions of their pens—productions in which we look in vain for the capacity of COBB, the elegance of EVERETT, or the solidity of SOUTHWORTH. Instead of gilding the pill they aggravate it; their potions are rendered intolerable by their attempts to sweeten them; their unguents depreciated by their ungrammatical eulogy.

Reflecting upon these matters, I have concluded to open an office in which, aided by a corps of able and intelligent writers, I will be at all times ready to furnish inventors of patent medicines and perfumery, with romances adapted to their several requirements. I have now in hand seven stories of a most thrilling character, founded upon pills; in nine of which the motives are pectoral, and eleven based entirely upon the only real virtue, almost, to be reckoned upon in these our times—the virtue of hair oil.

As a specimen of my style in the romance, and of my ability to meet any possible requirements, I append the following little tale.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

Not long since, a gentleman out West who was much interested in the welfare of an emigrant train proceeding by the overland route to California, received a telegram from some remote station, announcing that the travellers had been attacked and plundered by the Indians. The telegram added that the savages had "speared the lives of all the whites."

In an agony of grief, the recipient of the sad message wrung his hands and tore his hair, and might have proceeded to other extremities had not the telegraph operator rushed in to tell him that he had made a slight mistake in reporting the telegram, which read, properly, "spared the lives of all the whites."

This made some difference, of course, and the gentleman's only regret now was that he had torn out so much of his hair before the circumstances of the case were fully established—a regret which was turned to joy, however, when the Telegraph Company presented him with a bottle of HIRSUTER'S HAIR SAUCE, or REPROGRESSIVE TOP-DRESSING, by a few applications of which, he entirely recovered his original allowance of "nature's greatest ornament, balmy locks."

To the above, of course, in a case of business should be added the address of the inventor, price of article, etc., etc. Thus could two desirable objects be combined—the improvement of the mind by the perusal of a delightful little story, founded upon fact, and the promulgation of a highly perfumed and indispensable article which *is* a fact.

Hoping that you will give insertion in your valuable journal to the above, which is of such importance to inventors, etc., etc., I sign myself Your very obedient servant,

PYBUS DOOLADY.

The War of The Dictionaries.

Newspaper readers will be delighted to learn that the Editor of VANITY FAIR at the earnest request of a suffering Public, has finally concluded to put a stop to this sort of thing—dictionary thing—and having planted SHAKESPEARE's cannon against the ruthless invaders fires him off to settle the question, which he does thus:

"I learned in WORCESTER, as I rode along—"

King Henry IV. Part I. Act IV. Scene I.

Architectural.

The Steps taken by Baron RENFREW, since his arrival on this continent, may be considered, in the aggregate, as forming the greatest Stare case on record.

IN THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM.

Shrewd Peorian.—"YES—THE ARTIS' THAT SCULPED THAT, DID IT PUTTY NATURAL—BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S GOT A KIND O' DEAD LOOK ABOUT THE EYES?"

"Meen-Fun."

Attracted by the above caption, which caught our eye in a daily journal, two or three days ago, we were very much disappointed on reading the paragraph to which it belonged, and which had reference merely to an injunction respecting the trade label of a certain Chinese skin-powder called MEEN-FUN.

The reason of our disappointment was that, on first seeing the caption, we looked for what to us would have been a great treat—a fresh chapter from the Rev. SPURGEON'S reminiscence of foreign travel.

Up and Down.

The words "up" and "down" have a peculiar local significance at New York, which it may, perhaps, be worth while noting for the benefit of those who dwell in less favored cities.

For example: when MERCATOR tells you he has been "down at the Island," he means Staten Island, where he goes to recruit—if possible.

But, when TOBY JIM remarks that he has been "up at the Island," he means Blackwell's Island, where he goes to repent—if possible.

On the Sea.

When STANLEY announces to RICHARD 3d that "Richmond is on the seas," can he have alluded to the worthy "Dean" of New York, it being very evident that in the matter of Fusion he is all at Sea.

STUPENDOUS ENTERPRISE.

The dear old *Boston Courier* in the course of an article on the Ball to be given to the Prince of Wales in that city says:

"Ladies fortunate enough to be selected by His Royal Highness for Cotillions etc., are cautioned against speaking, except in reply to their royal partner, and then only in monosyllables."

That's the idea! We like that! Dancing is a solemn business; we *might* say a Ball is almost as serious an affair as a prayer-meeting, but upon further deliberation we conclude it better not to say it. So we don't insist on that point.

If we were a Prince and were the object, or subject as some people would say, of such an entertainment we should manifest our royal delectation at the total absence of gabble thereat. We say 'gabble.' Gabble, with a large G. For the talk that is commonly talked as a matter of course at a Ball, is, of all stuff and nonsense the very hifalutinest that a generally beneficent Providence ever allowed any human above the age of one year or thereabouts *to* talk. So we hail with joy unspeakable the idea that ATHENS *jr.* is about to—well, about to what? *Hein?* The poor women can't be commended to restrain their more or less youthful impetuosity can they *Courier?* and we doubt very seriously, whether the women of Boston could ever be coaxed to talk in monosyllables. That isn't the way they build 'em in that classic locality. In the very Hub of the Universe! Why, the natural condition of the most insignificant of hubs is to be spoked all ar— (Psha! that won't do, at all *very* bad!) Just think of the fellows all around that Hub that speak—spake—spoke—(We give it up—*tired* out! Can't do it alone. Always takes two men and a boy, to make our *mots*. Boy just gone to eat our lunch for us, to save time.) So to proceed, if the dear women can be neither commanded nor coaxed, how can the thing be done? Will the managers try to do the "No smoking allowed" sort of thing? Big crimson cards hung all around the room: "NO TALKING ALOUD!" And what an awfully awkward position for a live woman to be placed in! Answer in monosyllables! Just see how it works!

PRINCE, to magnificent (*i.e.* for Boston) creature gotten up gorgeously in blue and gold, a la Ticknor & Fields. "Madame may I be honored by your company to *L'Etoile du Nord*—the next quadrille? MAGNIF. (for B.) CREAT. (smiling confusedly) My Lord—I—your——

"Well, what in thunder *can* she say? Just imagine the sensations a palpitating woman who is not permitted under such circumstances to say even "very happy" or "delighted"; restricted to a sort of yes sir-ree, nod-and-a-wink style. What a pity it is that hap-pi-ness can't be done in less than three syllables. However, to reduce the thing to a demonstration, let us suppose that the smile aforesaid does the whole business; and by the way, *we* suggest that the ladies of Beacon and other streets, of the correct degree of respectability should practice up a series of conversational smiles; pathetic, epigrammatic, sympathetic or any other tie. (douloureux excepted) How very entertaining the succeeding conversation must be.

But what *is* the possible necessity or provocation for this caution. Does the *Courier* apprehend that a frightful amount of ignorance may be exposed where it would be least anticipated? Are we to understand its language as a slur upon the intelligence of the Baron, or as a doubt of the abilities of Boston women? Ah! of the *Courier's* ability were only mut(e)ability—susceptibility of *some* change for the better, what a Godsend it would be to Boston!

Although our delight at the promised tranquility of the said Terpsichorean arrangement is ineffable, so to speak, yet we cannot demonstrate to our own entire satisfaction that the proposition is feasible. Neither can we, even with our acknowledged astuteness, account for this desire to repress and restrain the——BY JOVE!!! WE'VE GOT IT! we see it all now. We have had occasion theretofore to remark upon the immense amount of Instinct inherent in VANITY FAIR. It's a Big Thing! The hugest kind of an entity; consequently we repeat the observation. But in order that the perhaps incredulous Public may by assured that our Instinct never is, never can be at fault we shall immediately despatch the *chef* of our Zoological Department to Boston to obtain the facts. We await his telegram.

P. S. (*twenty hours later.*) It's exactly as we suspected. Instinct, give us your hand! you've done us good service. Your emoluments will progress geometrically from this date. Behold!

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO VANITY FAIR.

BOSTON, October 1.—A. M.

"Ship has arrived. 413 passengers of the "What Is It?" tribe principally females. Consigned to BARNUM. I learn from private sources that 572 females have just been purchased at small advance on cost, and sent over to Cambury to be put through course of sprouts to prepare to *débuter* at Ball given to Prince of Wales."

Boston Courier, you're an old humbug. Your caution was only a sham—a blind. You may retire. Consider yourself squelched!

HORRIBLE AQUARIAM OUTRAGED.

SOME WICKED BOY HAS ABSTRACTED THE GOLD FISHES FROM MISS DUMBLE'S AQUARIUM AND DEPOSITED IN THEIR PLACE—A DEAD PIG!

MOUNT VERNONEST.

DEAR VANITY FAIR:—You know how I have always raved against the strong minded of my sex, who go about with little books and lists, devouring subscriptions for sewing societies, monumental associations, etc. *Eh bien! L'homme propose et Dieu dispose—me voila* enrolled a member of that excellent corps of Dorcases, whose charity and energy I have never until now, fully appreciated. "Call no man happy till he is dead," somebody in some language says, and I should have ejaculated a month ago, if my present occupation had been foretold to me in the strongest phrase which I could command, "Is thy servant a *femme forte* that she should do this thing?" But women have, you know, VANITY FAIR, even to other women when they choose, most irresistibly fascinating ways of cajoling one into all kinds of disagreeabilities, and to this irresistible cajolement do I ascribe my weakly consenting to become "Lady Manager of the —— th Ward in the City of —— for collecting subscriptions for the purchase of Mt. Vernon."

I have as yet, had but one experience of my duties, but ah! how I have blushed! how I have laughed! how insulted my dignity has felt itself! how ludicrous and annoying it has all been! Miss —— my charming superior officer, described the duties of the office to me as light and in no degree troublesome. "You have not even the embarrassment of a personal interview—ring the bell send up your book, wait quietly in the parlor, and whether a subscription is made or not is really personally of no consequence to you." It all looked bright *couleur de rose*, but my Vice Regent, in her handsome establishment, with servants galore to answer the bell and waiting rooms innumerable, in her pretty ignorance of all poorer inner lives—did not picture to herself houses where there was *no* parlor, and where the head of the house herself opens the door, and thus *forces* upon you the "embarrassment of a personal interview."

A few afternoons ago I set off, with an amiable coadjutor, also a victim to that Moloch—Mt. Vernon, and hopeful and brave rung my first bell. "Is the lady of the house at home?" was my natural question to the woman who answered my summons. "*I* am the lady of the house," was the indignant reply. Quite overwhelmed by this unpropitious début, and having no impromptu speech prepared for this emergency, I could only stammer out, confused and blushing, the object of my call, and was promptly refused all assistance. I tried the next door, and had the better fortune of being able to send my book up by a small child. Down she came with the unexpected response, that "the lady of the house was engaged, and did not want to purchase." What could she have imagined I wanted her to buy? Needles, tape, thread—or Mt. Vernon single handed! However the touch of the ridiculous was rather consoling, we could at least laugh, and so rang at the next house with more *sang froid*. HARRIS was the name on the door, so I inquired of the German girl who opened to us, "if Mrs. HARRIS was at home?" "Oh Ya-s," she answered, and I sent my green book up by her. In a few moments she returned, beaming with good humor and naiveté. "*Mr.* HARRIS says it does not suit, and the lady of the house—she is dead." With a burst of laughter at this unforeseen climax, and striking point of resemblance to the Mrs. HARRIS of Gampish notoriety, we turned off and were too much amused to be annoyed at the pertinacious refusals, the steady want of enthusiasm about the Mt. Vernon purchase which we met with in the whole street. One old lady, with a black front and wig curls, having not the least resemblance to hair, even horse hair, informed me snappishly, that she "*had* just subscribed and wasn't going to do so any more." "But to what," I urged, having grown a little bolder by practice. "Not to the Mt. Vernon cause, I am certain, for this is the first collection made in this ward." "Why to my own church, to be sure," she replied, shutting the door in my face—so, though I could not see the sequitur, I was of necessity obliged to leave the premises. An old Quaker doctor, who had received me with the utmost affability as patient, rose abruptly and dismissed me with the epigrammatic denunciation, "I have no money friend wherewith to whiten sepulchres." Another man, a draper and tailor, said with a puzzled air, "But what's the use of it, what's the good of it?" and though I tried vainly to lecture him into an admiration of the feminine patriotism of the Association, making sundry points and claptraps about Washington and his Life—I don't know but that I brought in the cherry tree—the *cui bono* was to him so insurmountable an obstacle that not one sous would he give. At one house where we rang, a fairy godmother of an old lady, little, trim, weird like, and wrinkled, informed me that she had been told she was to be called upon for her subscription by Miss SMITH—and so I was Miss SMITH! "No," I answered, feeling indignantly the truth of the old saying, "that a man's name was his skin," "I am Miss GREEN." "Ah! but they told me Miss SMITH was to call for the collection," evidently regarding me as an audacious impostor, and looking me from head to foot. Luckily I had my credentials written in my official book, and immediately produced them to my sceptical old friend. Being reluctantly convinced that I was not going to elope with the money, she relented and trusted me to the amount of one dollar, which I put in my purse rejoicing. Having spent my afternoon in this pleasant manner, rushing round into dark ill-ventilated houses, where the people, I am sure, know of no other phase of vegetable life but onion, where everything was so poor, that I felt I had no right to take any of their hard earned money, where I had been looked upon as a disagreeable beggar and adventurer, I returned home, having amassed the immense sum of $2.25!

Oh dear VANITY FAIR, can't you persuade everybody to come up voluntarily to the altar of patriotism and settle, not to be so followed up, and made to stand and deliver by us female Claude Duvals! I am sure that, popular as you are already, we women, in our gratitude to you if you would but succeed in your appeal, would then in some sequestered nook of Mt. Vernon, dedicated to the good geniuses of our country, raise a small shrine, sacred to the memory of our beloved VANITY FAIR.

Yours sincerely,

DORCAS GREEN.

The Best Out.

An enthusiastic retailer of Sewing Machines in Jersey City, has a placard in his store window: "The best $50 Shuttle Machine. *See them running up stairs.*" We must concede his claim of the best, for we have seen no shuttle machine that has been able to walk, much more *run up* stairs.

A Bier Bass.

A German lager bier concert saloon announces HERR —— the great base singer from the Royal Opera, Berlin.

Poor Fellow: "To what *base* uses may we turn at last."

Will they Own to It?

The Irish Troops that went to Rome were called the Pope's Own. Now that they have come back in such sad plight, they shall be dubbed the "Och Own."

Spurgical.

Let the young gentleman who imagines himself the mould of form, forget that he is but a *form* of *mould*.

THE LAY OF THE COMMON SCOUNDREL.

CHILD of the Points, in squalor and sin—
Mother a harlot, who died of gin;
Whose son I am, at the present day—
I am not wise enough to say;
But that he was game, I'll bet my hat,
For I'm his kid, and nary a flat
Is your very humble servant.

About the age of nine or ten—
So long is it since, I scarce know when;
It might have been more or may be less,
But what's the odds if I stood the press—
I picked the lock and robbed the till
Of the squint-eyed grocer, Dutchman Bill,
At the corner of Little Water.

They locked me up in the Tombs awhile—
I'm not so sure that I liked the style—
And they hauled me up before the court,
But to cut the matter a little short,
Or not to nip the bud in its prime,
Which to perfection might grow in time,
There was found no cause for action.

So they let me slide, and what to do
For my bread and cheese I hardly knew;
But it chanced I found, one lucky day,
Down in the slums of old Cow Bay,
A cove who was more than a little tight,
So I drugged his rum and in the night
I faked his watch and money.

The watch I sold for one half its price,
I bought me a set of tools as nice
As any cracksman brave might choose
For turning a lock or drawing screws;
I bought me a suit of handsome plaid,
And looked the knuck in my close cut shad,
With its fancy cuffs and buttons.

O never was keener blade than I;
I'll tell you the truth without a lie;
I was scarce eighteen, and she still less—
They called her, among them, ARTLESS BESS;
I liked the girl, she was like her name,
And she liked me better than name or fame,
And I wasn't slow to know it.

I rigged her out in tog so fine;
I taught her the bloke—a trick worth mine;
She was quick to learn, was ARTLESS BESS;
Tidy she looked in her bran new dress—
A smarter wench never passed the doors,
Or did the rounds of the dry-good stores,
Than ARTLESS BESS, the rover.

I tired of the girl in a little while,
And all because she went back on her style;
She took to gin, and was, once or more,
Caught in the act in a Broadway store;
So I turned her off with a curse and frown,
To earn her living upon the town—
An easy kind of vocation.

I set up a policy office then;
And gained the favor of public men
By the active part and manly stand,
By the many votes I could command,
By my solid worth and judgment strong
In matters pertaining to right and wrong,
At the time of state elections.

What if they say I stuck my man;
Suppose I did, do you care a damn?
It was in my shop, he pressed me close,
I told him he'd have to take a dose,
He didn't mind, when I drew my knife,
And stuck him—only to save my life,
The life of your humble servant.

Our party won; and would you believe
They got me off—you may laugh in your sleeve;
To ease my conscience and give me peace,
They poulticed my bruises with a lease,
And gave me a license, rum to sell—
They could not have pleased me half so well,
Had they made me head of the Nation.

I lived and thrived on the drunken crew
That crowded my crib the whole day through,
I mixed my grog with what you might call
The very worst of bad alcohol,
And sold it for more than thrice its cost,
And came, at last, when I thought I'd lost,
To a seat in the Common Council.

O, I need not tell how rich I grew
On the city funds, it's nothing to you.
I ride in my carriage, drink my wine:
With the biggest bugs I often dine;
They court my acquaintance, so would you,
You honest fool, if you only knew
I am up for the Legislature.

The Oil Mania.

Cheerful is it to encounter paragraphs like the following, from the *Warren Mail:*

> The more we see of the oil mania, the more are we confirmed in our first convictions that the business is greatly over-estimated and over-done.

In the Oil Mania Business there must be some method in their madness, else the *Warren Mail* would hardly be warranted in telling us that it is over-estimated. The fact is that business, generally speaking, is carried on in a very crazy way with all of us in the U. S., but heretofore very few papers have had the courage to come out like the *Warren Mail*, and tell us so. How would it sound for the *World* to tell us that:

> "The more we see of the manly-dignity-mania, the more we are confirmed in our first conviction that the business is greatly over-estimated and over-done.

Hark from the Tombs!

Among the recent political events we learn that "the Hon. ROBERT TOOMBS recently spoke in Columbus, Georgia." Part of his remarks are thus reported: He said that his people might stand it if they choose; he had born it until another "hair would break the camel's back;" and here the speaker rising up to his full height, continued: "Now what is the speaker's true height, that of a camel?"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

☞ Note to the Press at end of Poem.

The Prince's Ball.

By Edmund C. Stedman.

PART I.

THE PRINCELY PROGRESS.

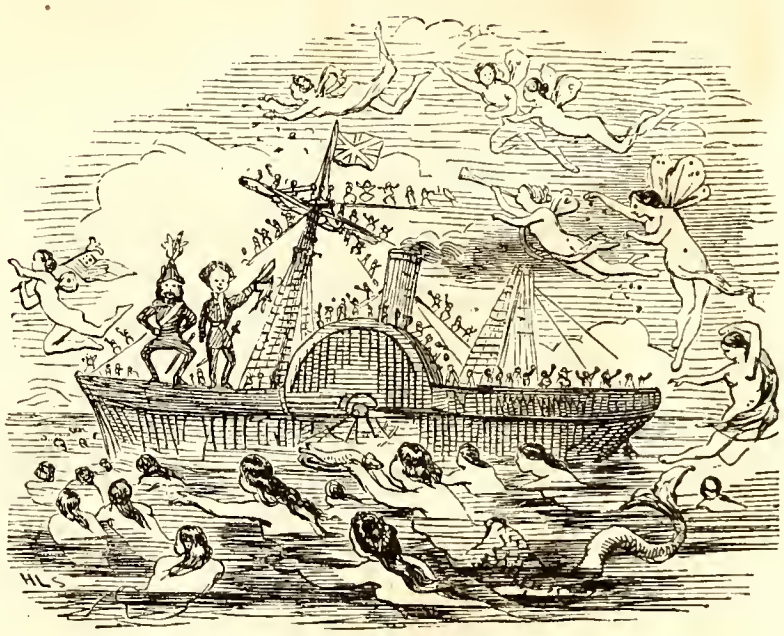
HAVEN'T you heard how
an English Prince,
prince, prince,
A genuine royal Scion—
How an English Prince,
not three months
since,
Came sailing, singing,
dancing along,
His true American friends
among?
To him I dedicate this
song,
By leave of the BRITISH
LION.

O, haven't you heard how
an English Duke,
duke, duke—
Howan English Duke his
home forsook?
How, leaving his high
old castle,
NEWCASTLE came with the
other two,
PRINCE OF WALES and Lord
RENFREW?
Here are grandees three,
it seems to me!
Add them up, how many
there be:
And while you're trying the knot to undo,
I'll give you the rest of my parcel.

Maidens were saying, long before
He came in sight of a Yankee shore,
That all the princes of fairy rhyme,
Voyaging "once upon a time,"
Never compared with this island Prince;
His lips were sweeter than sugared quince;
His locks as brown
As Prince CHARMING'S own;
When he spoke, his tone
Was nice to be heard, as that of the bird,
To which Prince RUBY was cruelly turned
By the spell his magical rival learned;
He had just enough of the rickets in youth
To make him wise as Prince RICQUET, and, sooth,
No tuft to make him frightful;
Prince VALIANT himself was not braver;
And as to his face—I here give place
To my artist and engraver:
If they half do their duty by his beauty,
You'll own his face is delightful.

In the morn of a warm midsummer day,
The royal party made their way
Where the ships, not far from Portsmouth bar
Lay trimmed and ready for starting;
VICTORIA'S cheek His Highness kissed,
Heartily shook the CONSORT'S fist,
Gave sister ALICE s nose a twist,
And so got through with the parting.

Past Cape Clear and the Channel Fleet,
Waft, breezes, waft the sweet
Young Prince, and don't be froward—
As you are, they say
In the Biscay Bay;
For the jolly old Sun is shining his best
On the gold Ich Dien of the Prince's crest
That flames at the HERO'S peak.
"Forward! forward! royally toward
The loyal welcomers in the West,
And the distant land we seek!"
But down, down, beneath the waves,
To the ocean-nymphs' and Undines' caves,
'Twas telegraphed that a mortal Prince
Was crossing the broad Atlantic waters:
So strange a thing had not happened, since
Prince FLOD sailed over the Northern Sea
And was carried off by the LURLEY'S daughters;
(You all have read the story. I trust;
If you haven't you must:
You'll find it in THORPE'S Epito-me;)
Then O, what a wonder the billows under!
For even great Neptune's Queen herself
Came up for a sight of the young GUELPH;*
One by one, the Nereid race,
Nymph and mermaid and water-fay,
To catch a glimpse of his handsome face,
Swam round the HERO every day;
Lifting themselves on their dolphin tails,
Parting their hair with fingers fair,
Peering over the vessel's rails,
Splashing, dashing, glances flashing—
Longing to capture the Prince of Wales!



From Water-Sprite's alluring Slyness,
Newcastle saves His Royal Highness.

But straight for the Nova Scotian shore
The squadron bore,
Till, after wet nights and iceberg frights,
And other usual marine delights,
It anchored in Halifax harbor.
Here thirty thousand Jonathan Slicks,
Packed together like so many bricks,
Gave ALBERT EDWARD no time to "fix,"
Nor the Duke to visit his barber;
Such loyalty never was known before;
Cheering, clamor, and cannon's roar;
And still the tumult increases,
Until, by way of crowning the fun,
And showing how such things should be done
They blow a gunner to pieces.

* For this rhyme 'tis proper to make amends
To some H disdaining English friends;
But who, without going to WALKER for—*help*,
Could rhyme it at all, if pronounced Gu-*elp*?

Now how can I crowd together the tales
You all have heard, of the Prince of Wales
On his grand Canadian journey,
Without counterfeiting the newspaper men,
Or gaining the use of a "HOWARD'S" pen
By a special Power of Attorney?
St. John's, Windsor, Quebec, and so on to
Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto—
Parliament Houses—Victoria Bridges—
Lakes and rivers and mountain-ridges—
Cheers, addresses, riots, and marches
Made, *nolens-volens*, through Orange arches—
All painted together and framed anew,
Form a very kaleidoscopic view.

My readers have heard, I take it for granted,
Of his going to church; how the choristers chanted,
And how, when they came to the *Gloria Patri*,
It sounded precisely like *Gloria Matri*;
How the Bishop went bowing him into the aisle,
Then preached him a sermon as long as a mile,
On the duty of kings to be humble,
While, placed in a lofty pew by himself,
On a throne of crimson, the bashful GUELPH
Hardly dared the responses to mumble.
You have heard how he knighted NARCISSE BELLEAU,
And frightened that worthy provincial so,
That he went on both knees for the accolade blow;
How, when the Prince washed, each loyalist bought a
Flacon of the costly soap-and-water;
And how a barber grew suddenly rich,
By selling each hair of the handful, which
He shingled down from the Prince's crown
At the very low rate of a "quarter"

Ye Prince enjoyeth Merrilie
Ye Sweets of Reciprocitie.

And how, by a singular transformation,
While whirling across the Niagara road, he
Slipt out of his royal incarnation,
And into LORD RENFREW's body.
It would give me very much pleasure to sing
How he speedily felt "every inch a king,"
As one of the sovereign people;
For the first time moving among his mates,
Made his lightning tour of the Northern States,
More quizzed than the clock on a steeple;
Drank lager and danced, wherever he chanced,
At St. Louis, Chicago, and various cities
Whose names are not suited for rhyming in ditties;
From his balcony bowed
Three times to each crowd—
Then escaped to the prairies, where game were so plenty,
That, in spite of the very astonishing rent, he
Displayed in his trousers, he shot more than twenty;
Then, in rosewood cars and a special train,
Whirled on to the White House, J. B., and Miss LANE,
Where many grave things were uttered and done,
With all sorts of etiquette-ical fun;
Then there's Richmond, and Baltimore, Pittsburg, Pork-opolis—
But what are the whole to our grander Metropolis?
I merely name them to skip them all,
And will leave ALBERT EDWARD proceeding bedward,
While I tell how the Gothamites got up the BALL.

PART II.

THE COUNCIL OF FOUR HUNDRED.

MEANWHILE, the Lords of the Empire City
Were grouped together, on Church and 'Change,
Saying—"O, what a pity! O what a pity,
For BOOLE and his crew to be given range
To bully, bluster and blunder!
To go in for another such Golden Fleece
As warmed the backs of the Japanese;
Or come with their Aldermanic quids,
Marvellous grammar and yellow kids;
To excite Lord RENFREW's wonder."

For the honor and commerce of the city,
'Twas plain to see there must be a Committee!
So men of means and might were chosen,
Score by score and dozen by dozen,
In all, four hundred noble names,
With General SCOTT to lead them:
So great their fortunes and their fames,
That when the Aldermen came to read them,
They blessed their luminaries stellar,
And hid, abashed, in the City Hall cellar.

Thirty Presidents of banks
Were in the Committee's foremost ranks;
Half as many had banks of their own;
Nearly a score so rich had grown,
Each could start a daily paper alone;
To give the list variety,
Plenty of lawyers were scattered through,
With judges and editors not a few,
But these of the orthodox saffron hue,
The golden cream of society;
The Historical Rooms were represented,
And the Clubs had cause to be well-contented;
Lots of the rising ticket-shares
Were held by the "UNION" millionaires,
And the "ATHENÆUM" was counted in,
Though famous rather for numbers than tin;
The classic "CENTURY" furnished seven;
Then, to give the loaf a proper leaven
Of bibliopolical taste antique,
A note was sent, in Coptic and Greek,
Requesting the BRADFORD Club to assist
In ekeing out the Committee-list;
An answer came, in cuneiform signs;
When read by a paleologist,
It said: "The Bradford Club declines,
Engaged on business vital."
They were reproducing, "by special permission,"
The "Book of Genesis; 1st Edition,
B. C. 1491,"
With a steel fac-simile, fairly done,
Of MOSES' book-plate, in the title.

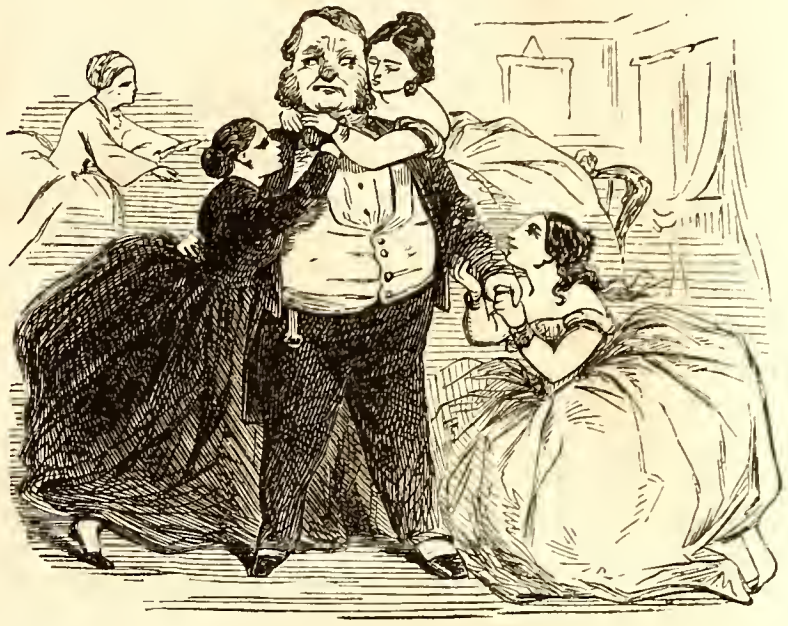
In fine, so stylish and wealthy a set
Were never gathered together yet—
Full of bankers, clubmen and scholars;
A *Herald* reporter, who knows how to count,
Added up their estates to the gross amount
Of TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS!

Birds of a feather, they came together,
To hold a primal caucus!
It don't appear in what mystic hall
They met, or whether in daylight at all;
Perhaps in the shades of Orcus.
Wherever it was, the question arose—
"How do members to honor the Prince propose?"
Some wanted a DINNER and midnight speeches
Along with the wine and brandy-peaches;
Others on having a BALL insisted,
Which proposition the first resisted,
Till quite a dignified contest was raging;
But while gentlemen fiercely the battle were waging,
One member, most potent and wealthy, began
To speak up for the Terpsichorean plan;
For he thought, if Lord RENFREW himself were to choose,
A Ball would exactly accord with his views:
That very accomplished and noble young man
Could ride, sing and shoot, and, if need be, cat,
In a manner that others found hard to beat;
But none of these arts
Made him Prince of Hearts,
So much as his talent for dancing;
Of all the Princes under the sun,
There surely never was such an one
For frolicking and romancing!
A dozen sets, at a frontier ball,
Hadn't begun to content him at all;
He'd dance in all sorts of weather;
His Arms should have been a fiddle and bow,
With a pair of castanets hung below,
And his plume, that charmed the young ladies so,
(With a sala-am to Prof. INGRAHAM,)
The original Dancing Feather;
It was even said that his great delight,
Established etiquette scorning,
Would not only be to dance all night,
But—once escaped from NEWCASTLE'S sight—
To go home with the girls in the morning!

Then from their sofas uprose ten
Very wealthy and righteous men,
With consciences sorely troubled:
"They'd dance if they must," but if they "could call
The thing a Reception, instead of a Ball,"
They'd "see their subscriptions doubled."
Four were Presbyterians blue;
High-Church Episcopalians two;
Low-Church Episcopalian one;
Broad-Church Unitarian, none;
Three were Baptists, open and close;
All pillars in firm position.
For two, the Ball was too much of a dose;
But the eight resolved, with one accord,
That, as David danced before the Lord,
They'd foot it once, for the royal nonce,
Despite the risk of perdition;
Yet, the better to wash the sin away,
Each secretly vowed to shortly pay
Very much more than ever before
To the Afghanistan mission.

Thereupon the Committee voted, all,
That My Lord should have an Academy Ball,
And the matter was settled without more ado;
Then, as knowing rumors began to creep through
The daily journals, of what was in view,
Very great men the Committee grew
In everyone's estimation.
Little by little the news transpired,
That the grand Academy had been hired
At a fabulous computation;
That after this, Aladdin himself
Might lay up his rusty old Lamp on the shelf,
For the splendors familiar to Genius or Elf,
Would pale by the side of those supplied
For Lord RENFREW's delectation.

To think how the four hundred members were harassed
By thousands of friendly requests for a card!
Married and single alike were embarrased,
(Some say they enjoyed it, but that's a canard!)
Whether eating or talking, riding or walking
Almost while dressing themselves and undressing,
With pretty lips pouting and white arms caressing,
And sweet voices wishing a maidenly blessing,
Agreeing to dance with, kiss, love, even wed,
Those by whom the dear girls to the Ball should be led!



Fayre ladyes thronging, strive who can,
Cajole ye bolde Committee man.

"How many tickets for ladies?" next
This question our members much perplexed;
But a plethoric sub-committee of three
Found tailoring easy as A. B. C.,
And took the Academy's measure;
("If they'd fit it out with a new suit of clo'es,
Scenes and curtains," M. STRAKOSCH "knows
It would give his patrons pleasure;")
Down on their knees they measured the floor,
Giving each lady five feet and no more,
For her crinoline-diameter,
As if women advance in the mazy dance,
In a kind of trochaic pentameter.

Those who havn't read, can easily guess
Of the rules prescribed for manners and dress,
And what female battles began to ensue,
Betwixt Fifth and Madison Avenue,
On the delicate question, as to who
Should dance first with the noble stranger;
How every young lady turned up her nose
At fair ones, who ventured her claim to oppose:
How bosom friends became mortal foes,
And jewelled fingers dealt tiny blows,
Much fuller of spite than danger!

But who finally won the coveted honor,
And how she bore her laurels upon her—
For this, for the glory and glitter, and all
That is said, thought or done, at the coming Ball,
You, who, fighting for tickets, were forced to the wall,
May consult the next number of VANITY FAIR.
Don't die, or turn hermits and nuns in despair;
Ourselves and our artists are sure to be there,
Many a thing to picture and tell
Of Prince and pageantry, beau and belle,
Fuss and feathers and splendor;
In short, of the Show, be it ill or well,
A special account to render.

To be concluded next week.

(The Publisher, in copyrighting this Poem, only wishes to prevent its *entire* republication elsewhere, either in Book or Newspaper form.]

THE FASHIONABLE COAT FOR THIS WINTER.

Boy—"Say Jim—ain't that a Wide Awake.

Advertiser—"Is it laughing at me ye are, ye blag-guards? Me that's distinguishin' me silf in Vanity Fair. Sure and Baron Rinfrew wears it."

Heads and Tails.

It is recorded of a venerable and extremely deaf Scotch dame that being at a great distance from the pulpit where a reverend gentleman was preaching, she was moved to tears and other rushes and gushes of religious emotion. On being asked if she could hear anything, the dame replied: "Na, na—but I can just see a bit o' the holy wag o' his head."

"Now, if a religious lion can make people weep by wagging his head, it stands to reason," saith Spuytentuyfel, "that a comic Leo should make them laugh by doing the same thing with his tail." Why don't he, then? Vanity Fair has carefully analyzed the last tale of *The British Lion*, and has'nt found the first symptom of a Wag in it.

A Literary Reminiscence.

In a literary circle lately, Colonel Samuel Colt, the celebrated armorer, expressed his dissent from those who rank William Shakspeare as A. No. 1, saying that he considered Ancient Pistol just about the meanest thing in creation."

A well-known Shakspearian commentator, who was present, but whose name we are not at liberty to mention, acknowledged the Colonel's compliment, speaking of it as "a kick from a Colt whose strength, like that of Samson, might be said to lie in his hair, seeing that there was no part of the civilized world where a lock of his wasn't to be found."

Appropriate.

Vanity Fair suggests that in view of his beastly nature, the name of Munday (Thomas J.) should be changed, by act of Legislature to Satyr-day.

The Tribune "Trump Card."

Hor ace.

TO OUR FRIEND AROUND THE CORNER.

World—give us your hand! You're an old Pharisee—that we all know—a sticker up for antiquated trash—that's certain—a payer of taxes on mint and Cummin, and such small matters and a swindler of the revenue of life in large and vital ones, that's generally conceded.

You're out of place here, *World*, in this great, jolly large-hearted cosmopolite New-York, where everything goes ahead, and where folks have no time to stop and putter over little worrying trifles, wretched cases of conscience only fit for the twenty-fifth fraction of a Jesuit, dismal assertions that we're sinners when we arn't. We want new and true things—not galvanized old skeletons. The community isn't with you, *World*—you're behind the age.

Yet, *World*, we offer you our hand, for we see that even you are giving way, softening and being civilized by the grand and genial influences of the metropolis. You can't stand it, *World*—we're too many for you—own up now—ah, we see you smile—you confess! We'll have you down among the Sinners yet—won't we, *World*? You'll be among the Cake and Ale people; you'll be combed and gloved, and made fit company for ladies, and look like something else than a half-boiled divinity student, after a spree of root-beer and pea-nuts.

You made a great step towards humanity, *World*, and one very much out of keeping with the do-nothing-ism of your tribe when you went Down on the Eldridge St. Jail.

You have done much to make that Ass Spurgeon ridiculous by telling the truth of him.

You did an immense service for Truth and humanity, when you defended the Sabbatarian Pharisees with such absurd and humorous clumsiness, as to fairly defeat them, When you so funnily admitted that after all the only objection you had to Lindenmueller's plays and the other acting Dutch dramas being performed on Sunday, was that they didn't get them up as well here as in Germany! You'll do, old fellow! By Jove—we really thought at first you were in earnest!

Finally, *World*—give us your hand for having said a sensible thing to those people who had the ineffably bad taste to desire that Lord Renfrew should, at the Ball, "for one evening only," lay aside his incog-nomen and assume his real title. Joking apart, old Puritan, you showed the right spirit there, the spirit of sound common sense, and true good-breeding. It was very snobbish, *World*, to desire such a thing, and in your subdued way, you said some very good things about it. And we fear that the fact will be cited years hence, as a Disgrace, that there were in this city, people who itched to have a *real* royal presence to bask in—the snobs!

We're very sorry, *World*, that the press of New York hasn't noticed you more. But it didn't see as we do—thanks to our tremendous Instinct, you know—that owing to the inevitable power of Circumstance you'd gradually get round into the vortex, and be just like the rest of us. We saw it all—"we know'd it all"—the rest of 'em hadn't any Instinct and didn't understand the Power of Circumstance. You've got the right stuff in you, old Humbug—you only want a little civilizing and a little practice in *real* morality to do very well. Now that you've told the truth two or three times, keep right on at it—don't stop to think—let it right out—keep going—why, the first thing you know, your old friends the Sneaks, won't recognize you—you'll be so much improved.

Go in, *World*. If any body says anything to you, tell them *we* endorse you. That'll pass you among Decent people.

Dirt Pie.

In reporting the seizure of the "alleged vile and obscene weekly paper known as the *City Life and Criminal Gazette*," the *Tribune* states:

"The forms for the other side were knocked into "pi," in removing them."

There can be no reasonable doubt that the confection thus referred to, was of the kind designated in the head line of this paragraph.

A Song that Professor Lowe can't Sing.

Excelsior.

ASSAULT ON A FRESH.

OST EXCELLENT VANITY:—Dartmouth is largely excited. Some of the yearling Dartmouthites have been "putting a Freshman through."—The Fresh not relishing the process let the paternal know of it. The paternal—a judge—posted down from Concord to see what it was all about, and five of the assaulters were arrested and gave bonds to appear for trial in February. At this invasion of her rights, old Dartmouth arose. Ditto her wrath. The sons of Dartmouth proposed to take the Judge at a mouth-ful. They hooted him on his way out of town. They didn't respect the purity of his ermine. On the contrary, they flung eggs at it.

"To put through" is in classic dialect a phrase of prodigious import. To be put through is to be fagged, snubbed, bullied, run over, shaken together, crowded down, used up, kept under, gummed, gobbled, hoaxed, bruised, shinned, stunned, scared, smoked, frozen, shaved, pilloried, paddled, ducked, catawampusly chawed up, and hazed generally. These are a few of the thousand natural shocks the Fresh is heir to. At the University of High Jinks in Jinksville, this sort of thing is done up gloriously brown. Full of terror are the days of the Freshman at High Jinks. Chock-full of dismal terror are his nights. He can't show himself within syringe-shot of the College windows without being literally aspersed with ink. When, in the privacy of his sanctum, he attempts to do up his woes in a home-sick letter, presto! a brickbat ker-smashes through the window, sending his ink and ideas every-which-way, or a squib pop-fizzes in at the key-hole, and rip-and-tears about in a most irrepressibly flagrant manner. When Night has drawn her motherly robe about him and lulled him to sweet sleep, he is suddenly roused by a bellowing as of a young tornado, the door is burst open, and he is pounced upon by a gang of wild-attired, irrepressible Sophs, who sternly demand information respecting the health of his mother. Essaying to reply, he is sternly ordered to "dry up," the command being enforced by a dash of cold water. This wakes him up, and he is given to understand that having been found guilty of the crime of being a Freshman, he is about to undergo tonsure and fumigation. Click! Rasp! One side of his head is speedily cleared off amid the concachinnation of his tormentors. Several flower-pot-bowled pipes, crammed with villainous tobacco, are kept in fumigation till the smoke is thick enough to be cut with a pen-knife. The Fresh is then "stood up" on his table and compelled to regale his guests with extemporaneous remarks, songs, or recitation of the Alphabet and such scraps of nursery wisdom as "Here we go up up up," and "Taffy was a Freshman," till he caves in and owns up to being sick.

'Tis queer, is't not, that anxious parents should make a fuss about such a harmless bit of pleasantry as this? 'Tis all for the Fresh's good, of course. Entirely. He needs it to find out that he aint Everybody, you know. But it is a pity that this knowledge should be imparted to him at the expense of his mowals, you know, and of those who teach it to him. Boys will be boys, and welcome, but they needn't be bwutes. Let Alma Mater spwead the ample cwinoline of her pwotection over the poor Fweshmen!

By our Nasty Contributor.

Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Because it goes around and gathers up the *waist*.

DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

Among the Special Dispatches to *The World*, describing the reception of the Prince of Wales at Washington, we find the following:

"Not the least among the interesting features of the day's display was a company of Zouaves, composed of boys eight and ten years of age, who marched to the depot to receive his lordship, &c., &c."

Now, if these boys were really eighteen years of age, why couldn't the Telegrammatist say so at once? What was the use in being so infernally mathematical about it? But perhaps he wished to exhibit a very unusual delicacy on a point of etiquette: that is to say, the Prince being eighteen years old, how could a lot of common American boys have the insufferable impudence to be of the same age? Of course they could not be, so, with a facility of invention almost approaching to genius, he conceals the terrible presumption by pronouncing them to be "eight *and* ten."

Upon further consideration, however, he might have remembered how few men there are in The World who know how many it takes to make eighteen, and therefore carried out the old rhetoric maxim of adapting one's language to the capacity of those to whom it is addressed.

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

STUDENTS ATTENTION!

CAMBRIDGE — YALE — COLUMBIA — DARTMOUTH—PRINCETON—PHILADELPHIA—VIRGINIA—ALL OF YOU!

VIVOS VOCO.

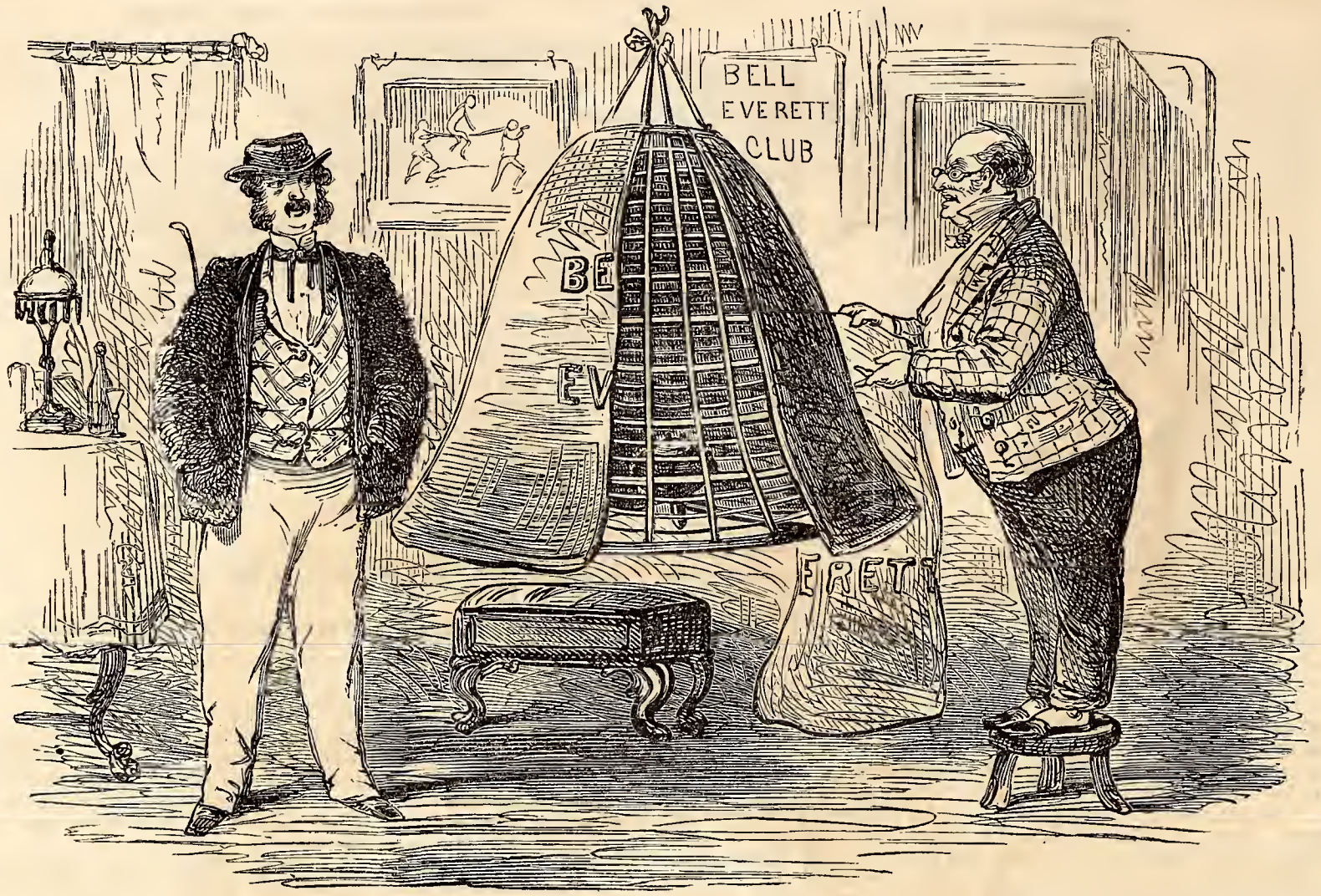
VANITY FAIR observes with unmixed grief—in fact with grief "straight"—that that large and immensely to-be-influential class of our fellow citizens who are destined some day to form by far the better portion of our lawyers, physicians, and divines, are at present without an Organ which may send solemn notes into the cathedral of literature and———

There, that will do for the present. What VANITY meant was, that notwithstanding the genius, the brilliancy, the weight, the gayety, the sparkilling talents and all that you know, of the Students in the Colleges and Universities of America, there is positively no class so little known, so unappreciated by the Mass. Occasionally some faint report of a Soph rebellion, of a murdered tutor, of a conflagrated "South College," of a New Haven Commencement, flits through the papers, and all again is still. Nothing more.

VANITY is going to put a stop to this ignorance. VANITY is going to reveal the secrets of college life in America, in a grand series of marvellously moral essays of the most colossal character conceivable. VANITY's own college life was varied and extensive, peculiarly fitting it for this sort of thing. VANITY, after graduating all over America and at the Chinese College in Singapore, took a few courses at the Tartar University of Samarcand, where it was turned out for participating in the great Horse Tail and Brick Tea Rebellion. After this it attended lectures on magic at the Schaman College of Kamschatka, and then found its way to the Kip Jac University in Avghannistan. Here it killed its Prex in a duel and escaped to the Colleges of Delhi and Benares, where it turned, first Hindu and then Moosul man. Its college being suppressed one fine morning by a ton of gunpowder and a slow match, VANITY found itself blown high in the air, whence it fell into a quadrangle of C. C. Oxford. It was immediately rusticated on the spot, though cheerfully offering to swallow the Thirty-nine Articles, and as many more as they might feel inclined to get up. From this point VANITY strayed to the Latin Quarter and Bobino's, and Salamanca, after which it graduated at the Universities of Bologna, Padua and Heidelberg, Gœttingen, Jena, Berlin, Halle Erlangen, Kræhwinkel, the Bokskeller, Wagner Brei, Auerbach's in Leipzig, and then by way of a flyer took out Doctor's degrees at all the Sclavonian and Persian High Schools. VANITY does not, of course, with this slender modicum of experience, pretend to know much about College life, it simply mentions these little facts, which have only the humble merit of being strictly true, to show people that "we have been there," and are not of the number of those who believe with Ignoramus,

"Sunt magni idiotæ isti Universitantes."

Having accomplished which, VANITY proceeds to give its first scrap, detailing of course the manner in which Foxes, *alias* Freshmen, are, in this country, prepared to fulfil the higher duties of life, and elevated to the standard of Men and Brothers.



A BELLE, *A LA* LANTERNE.

Enthusiastic Belleveretter—"CAPITAL IDEA! WON'T THAT MAKE A STUNNING LANTERN FOR OUR PROCESSION?

"YES," OR "NO?"

BOSTON, Oct. 6, 1860.

Editors Vanity Fair.—Are you aware that, in your last issue, you've went and gone and done it? In your article on the Prince's Ball here, you venture the opinion, (or allow one of your correspondents to do so, which is worse,) that the "*Boston Courier is a humbug*," because it advises Boston ladies to say only "yes" or "no" if they shall be so fortunate as to be addressed by H. R. H. the Prince of Walesrenfroo, while they may chance to be assisting him to trip his light fantastic toes, with spurs on? Do you understand —*comprenez-vous*, Monsieur V. F. the amount of audacity, not to say audaciousness, of such a remark, by YOU?

Now, then, we Bostonians can never permit any New York VANITY FAIR to usurp our native right to criticize or censure our *home* journals, with impunity, do you observe. No, *Sirs!* The blood of Bunker-Hill and Lexington and Concord (and several other places of note, in this region) cries out aloud agin *this* innovation. Why, bless your confounded ignorance, isn't the *Boston Courier* read, every day, by as many as two hundred and twenty or thirty people, some of whom live in swell-front houses, and who know what "*court* etiquette" is—or ought to be? (Cornhill Court, I mean) and do you suppose for one moment that as LANT and HILLIARD—editors of the aforesaid *Courier*—havn't been "round," and don't know that the dear sweet creatures who will dance with the great BARRENPRINCERENFROO, here, (if *they* say so) couldn't be trusted to say anything else?

Besides—the editors of the *Courier* are among the "*Committee*," do you see, who are to decide whether applicants for the pleasure of seeing his Royal Highness the Baronaforesaid are sufficiently codfishy, and havn't those gentlemen the right to suggest silence to such ladies as, in their profound judgment, are suitable to be present and to behold, or dance with the Princeabovementioned? At all events, *you*, Mr. New York VANITY FAIR, have no right to put your oar into this business. Leastwise, we think so—and we challenge you to print this objection, as our candid opinion.

If the *Boston Courier* is a humbug, so be it—that is our affair, not yourn. Maybe it *is* so. I don't say it *isn't*. But YOU mustn't come down on it. *The Boston Courier* is a great paper, I'd have you know, and what the *Boston Courier* don't understand about what ladies in Boston ought to do, or oughtn't, with Baronrenfroo's, in Boston—ain't worth much to nobody, bet your life on it, Mr. VANITY FAIR!

You get no sympathy from us, for this unpremeditated attack upon the journal spoken of; and you may set it down as a sure thing that whoever dances at the Ball, in Boston, with the already-alluded-to-baron-renfroo-prince-of-wales, will say "yes" or "no," and no more to him, as sure as you're alive!

Yours in disgust,

SHORMUT.

Interesting to Coroners.

A new light upon motive in self-murder seems to shine in the following paragraph.

"The wife of the Austrian General Enyatten, who committed suicide upon the discovery of his gigantic frauds during the late Italian war, was lately sentenced to three years' hard labor, her extravagant habits having encouraged her husband in his acts of depredation. In consideration of her children, her sentence was commuted to three months' imprisonment, and the giddy Baroness is now serving out the punishment meted to her for her reckless conduct.

If New York Coroners were to go thus to the source, in their investigations, what pithy verdicts we should have when Paterfamiliasses take the short cut! The statements of City reporters would become picturesque, and we should read as follows: "Verdict:—Died of asphyxia, caused by an attempt to swallow a milliner's bill, culpably administered to him by his wife." Or—"Verdict: Died of uxorial extravagance, developed in an accession of *mauve* tint, by which the eye was injuriously affected, and subsequently the brain. The Coroner ordered the widow to be taken into custody."

Let 'om have 'lasses.

In the preparations for the Ball in honor of Baron RENFREW let it not be forgotten that it is absolutely necessary to "give sweets to the suite;" at least let them have their Desert.

SEWARD'S GRAND STARRING TOUR.

KING RICHARD III.—Up with my Wigwam! here will I LIE to-night.

SOMETHING SERIOUS.

O KEEPERS OF INSANE! —Some weeks ago there were brought to New York and abandoned to the care of a cabman, who was told to leave them at the Emigrant Depot, three lunatics. One of these was a woman, suffering from abscess of the brain. From this she died in great agony within a few hours.

Examination before a magistrate elicited the facts that the lunaties had been brought from Taunton, Mass., where they had been in an Insane Asylum, and whence they had been sent to our city. All of this was duly reported in the papers, and general disgust and horror were expressed at the wretches who would send dying lunatics to a strange city in such an infamous manner. To all of which Taunton kept quiet. True it is that some weeks later, when FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY commented in proper terms on this outrage, a Taunton paper elevated its bristles and cried "libellous," "malignant," and other hard words. But the fact remained on record that when the Coroner's Jury and the whole press of New York *at the time* had commented on the event, nothing had been heard of Taunton. It remained true to its name, and let them "taunt on."

VANITY FAIR recently had occasion—on the authority of the Boston *Recorder*—to sharply touch up the Managers of the Northampton Lunatic Asylum for suffering a woman to be imprisoned within its walls on a "trumped up charge." It now 'renews its assurances' to all gentlemen who mismanage and oppress suffering humanity in its most wretched forms, whether of real lunatics or of some persons falsely imprisoned, that it intends to ventilate this subject whenever opportunity occurs. With all the many truly excellent and humanely conducted asylums and prisons in this country, there are also others—as Miss Dix can witness—which are infamously mismanaged. Meanwhile we commend to all the scoundrels concerned in turning crazy people loose in our streets, the following, originally published in the N. Y. *Times*, and other papers:

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC CHARITIES AND CORRECTION,
NEW YORK, Aug. 4, 1860.

$50 REWARD.—WHEREAS, THERE IS REASON TO BELIEVE THAT individuals as well as "Counties," "Towns" and "Cities" out of the State of New York as well as in it, have in numerous instances been guilty of the inhumanity, crime and meanness, to thrust their lunatics, blind, and deaf and dumb, with other paupers, upon this County for support; the Commissioners of Charities and Correction hereby offer the above reward for such evidence as shall lead to the discovery of the parties engaged in or guilty of the nefarious practice referred to, so that a conviction may follow the charge, and the guilty brought to merited punishment.

By order of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction.

S. DRAPER,
ISAAC BELL, JR.,
MOSES H. GRINNELL,
JAMES B. NICHOLSON.

There—that will do for to-day! But let's catch any more of you at it! Just try it. That's all!

Have we a Tupper among us?

A morning paper whose reporters ever evince a joyous recklessness as to English composition, recently contained a paragraph which we consider rather unique in its way. If you want to see it, you know, here it is:

"The General Superintendent, upon numerous complaints, was led to issue the order for the arrest of all such people, *and the object in keeping the matter so quiet was to prevent any knowledge of it from getting abroad.*"

Was it, indeed? Now, that's a most extraordinary thing! We never should have imagined it all out of our own head. Couldn't the Tupper who indited that paragraph be prevailed upon to do so some more? We pine for the gentle truism.

The Rale Splitter.

VANITY FAIR.

PUGILISTIC PIETY

With a degree of ignorance remarkable in so brilliant a mind, we have ever imagined that the Christian religion consisted in obeying the precepts of the Supreme Being, and living at peace with one's neighbors; but, like the notorious Mr. JOHN P. ROBINSON,

GEORGE B.
CHEEVER he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

And, accordingly, Mr. CHEEVER, GEORGE B., arranges it so as to have a nice little row going on all the time in the congregation with whose heavenly destinies he is entrusted. By this plan the Divine Commandments are overlooked quite, and Mr. CHEEVER's end doubtless attained.

When these internecine struggles had reached that point of forwardness whence they could get along very nicely without him, Mr. CHEEVER went across the ocean to beg from Englishmen the money necessary to keep up his church militant here. This was some months ago. Since that time things have been livelier than ever in the Church of the Puritans. The congregation, we understand, is now divided into two parties, the Cheeverites and the Anti-Cheeverites These amiable and pious persons come together in the sanctuary once or twice a month, if not oftener, appoint the Rev. Mr. WARREN their referee, then straightway roll up their metaphorical sleeves, and go in for a regular Congregational debate, through which, needless to say, the usual Congressional courtesies are liberally scattered. Not always is the sleeve metaphorical alone rolled up, for the wordy squabble often attains to the dignity of a free fight.

If that wicked old gentleman who keeps house down below could only have dropped in at the Church of the Puritans on Monday of week before last, his very soul would have rejoiced at the sight that there presented itself. From a printed report of the proceedings we learn that on that occasion

"both parties assembled at the debating room in full force. The Cheeverites, who appear to be the most muscular, took possession of the door, admitted no person but those having their names on the church list. In the course of the evening a young gentleman, and an applicant for church membership, anti-Cheeverite, accompanied by a lady, applied for admission, which was denied, not being a full member; he demurred, and attempted to force his way into the church, whereupon he was seized by a brace of Cheeverites and severely choked, and ultimately kicked into the street."

"To the puritans all things are pure" the poet says, and so we suppose this little affair is not looked upon in the light of what the world's people would call a case of assault and battery.

Further on we are told that

"The meeting was extremely boisterous; and it required great self-possession on the part of four metropolitan policemen, armed *cap a pie*, to keep the brethren within the bounds of public peace."

This concluding extract shows us how fortunate it is that no provision has been made in the statutes for people who make rowdies of themselves on religious ground, for had it not been for such legislative omission the Church of the Puritans would long ago have been indicted as a disorderly house, and its brawling members marched off to the police station.

A Very Common Councilman.

One Mr. QUINN of Philadelphia. Hear him upon the question raised in the Councils of that city as to an appropriation for the reception of the Prince of Wales:

"Who is the Prince of Wales? Are we to respect mere rank? God forbid that we should respect anything but merit."

This would make it very bad for Mr. QUINN.

"Now what has the Prince of Wales done to deserve our extraordinary respect? He is travelling around spending the money earned by the toil of the serfs of tyrannous England."

Och, the bloated Saxon!

"Respect a mere boy, because he happens to have rank! How can Republicans respect rank? For me, I hate princes from the bottom of my heart.

Do ye mind that, ye hoary dispots? me name's QUINN!

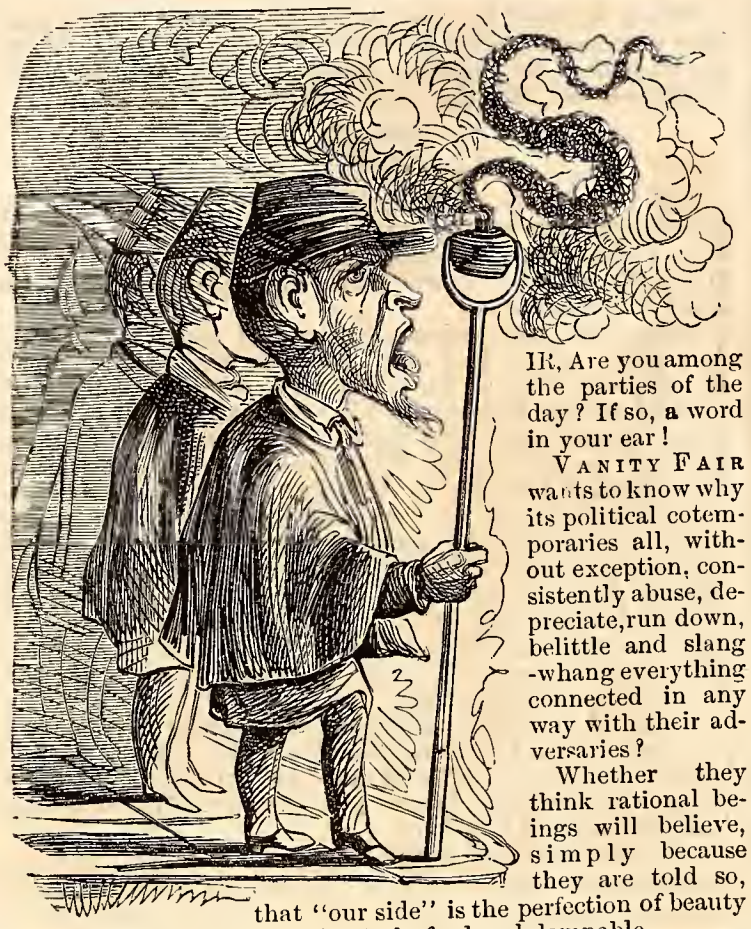
"Why should we respect the tyrants of the world and their offspring?"

True, indeed, why should we, when we cannot even respect so small a thing as a Common Councilman? Verily, Mr. QUINN, you are the QUINN-tessence of vulgarity.

Two-handed Joke.

Upon hearing that the Sculptor DEXTER, had recently executed thirty-two busts of governors and other officials, JENKS (the original J.) remarked that that artist must be ambi-Dexter.

ON THE GREAT WIDE AWAKE PROCESSION.



IR, Are you among the parties of the day? If so, a word in your ear!

VANITY FAIR wants to know why its political cotemporaries all, without exception, consistently abuse, depreciate, run down, belittle and slang-whang everything connected in any way with their adversaries?

Whether they think rational beings will believe, simply because they are told so, that "our side" is the perfection of beauty and purity, and "'tother side" utterly foul and damnable.

Whether they don't think it is very slavish, snobbish and lying, to pitch into everything *because* it's Demopublican or Reunicrat, Barnhunker or Burn-barner—and for no other reason?

Now for the application.

We don't remember what the *Daily Rail Splitter* said of the last Democratic procession, but presume that it was represented as a filthy string of ragged, rummy rowdies, all of them let out for the night from the Island and the Tombs, and led by murderers and shoulder-hitters. While on the other hand, that industrious little Democratic head splitter, the *N. Y. Daily News*, not to be behind hand in slangandering, goes to work jollily in this wise, to wipe out the effect of the great Wide Awakening and Torchlight Procession of October 3.

"After estimating the enemy as impartially and dispassionately as we can, we are impelled to arrive at the conclusion that their guns, their music, their fireworks, their shouts for their rail-splitting champion, their numerical strength, their torches, oil skin paraphernalia, target company school of discipline, fierce external show of disciplined power and noisy fervor of theatrical display, is so much sound and fury, signifying nothing."

"Composed mainly if not entirely of youths without a vote among them—mind!"

"Big and ugly enough."

"Political and social profligates."

"Rampant representatives of noodledom."

"If a political party cannot get along without making a parade of the questionable feminine accessories necessary to its proper working, the sooner it shuts up shop the better."

And so on. With a strong moral dig at the girls.

Now really—regarding all sides from an inconceivably elevated summit of stupendous equanimity, and guided by an Instinct which, as our readers know, is rapidly becoming Celebrated—we, VANITY, cannot say that the Big Thing of Wednesday, seemed to us so abject, base and bald—erdashy as all this comes to. VANITY, who has seen a good many gay things in his time, thought that the torches behaved very quietly, and that the young men blazed very finely, that the black glazed caps and capes would be a great comfort next winter to all who had to go out in the rain, and that the whole affair was really splendid, greatly resembling the *Senza Moccolo* of the last night of the Roman Carnival. In fact, the idea that the exhibition was "big and ugly," and composed of that portion of our fellow citizens, who, while too young to vote, are also political and social profligates, and at the same time "rampant representatives of noodledom," never once occurred to us.

Yet it is the last thing in our mind to cite this reproachfully. For of all the political pitchings in of the campaign, of any party, this of the *News* is decidedly the most moderate, just, generous and gentlemanly. It credits the *Tribune* with predicting correctly beforehand, how the whole would look, and says several rather handsome things—an occurrence we believe without precedent or parallel in the annals of political warfare. And it deserves credit for so doing.

There boys—you may go now. School s out. And remember—don't do so some more any much again Observe—

"Hoc scio pro certo si cum stercore certo"

(That's *Latin* d'ye mind!) "Sling mud, and you'll be dirty whether you beat or are beaten."

THE REAL THING

A Paris paper borrows from the *New York Examiner*, (a journal of whose existence we have been up to this time blissfully ignorant,) the following choice piece of intelligence, which for the past week two men and a boy have been busily engaged in translating for us:

"It is whispered about, though loud enough to give an air of authenticity to the rumor, that the Prince Charming with whom LOLA (MONTEZ) intends to light the hymeneal torch, is no other than the celebrated BLONDIN, who, surfeited with gold and glory, has determined to abandon the perilous theatre of his exploits for the tranquil pleasures of domestic life. The happy couple propose to come and settle down in Normandy, BLONDIN'S native place, as we have before mentioned."

This is pretty fair for the *New York Examiner*, but if our Gallic friends were in want of American news of really startling interest, they should have applied at once to us. We could have furnished them with items much more interesting than the above, and twice as reliable. We could have told them, for instance, among other things, that J. B., the Old Public Functionary, has resigned his office in favor of Gen. CASS, that he might be free to depart at once for his farm in Kansas, in company with his blushing bride, FANNY FERN. That Messrs. ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE had entered into partnership, and would shortly open a Fruit and Wine store in Broadway above Ninth-street. That the Prince of Wales was so fascinated upon seeing Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN for the first time in *Meg Merrilies*, that he immediately sent her an offer of his heart and hand through the Duke of Newcastle, and that their nuptials would be celebrated on Thanksgiving Day, in Grace Church, New York, BROWN officiating. That JAMES GORDON BENNETT—but stop! we think we have said enough already to make the Parisian editor wail at the selection he made, as to the source from which to derive authentic intelligence of matters in this country. We are merciful, and will say no more.

"PETER PIPER" KNOCKED INTO PI.

Glancing over the columns of an elegant cotemporary the other day, we lit upon rather a good thing. It was in a story about love "and sich." The writer, one of the impressive school, wished to convey to his readers the idea of a lapse of time. And we are inclined to think he did it, for he said that

"Time's arid streamlet in its glassy gorge glode ceaseless."

What is "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" to this, we should like to know? Nothing! And "six, slim, slick, saplings," where are they? Nowhere! Perhaps the writer was not aware when he did this uncommonly fine thing, that he was producing the finest of all the lingual puzzles in the language. That great test of inebriation "National Intelligencer" will have to pale its ineffectual fires before, "Time's arid streamlet" in comparison with which even Mr. *Punch's* "Truly rural scenery" is a mere mockery. Let even him innocent of tod essay it, and this will be the triumphant result:

1*st* Go (*fast*)—Time's arid streamlet in its glassy gorge glode ceaseless."

2*nd* Go (*faster*)—"Trime's arid streamlet in its grassy glorge glode ceaseless."

3*rd* Go (*faster still*)—"Trime's arid streamless in its gassy glorc gode streetless."

4*th* (*very velocious*)—"Time's airless streamless—golly—gouge—goge go—go—go—to the devil!"

Take our word for it, gentle reader, "Time's arid streamlet" is a "sticker."

Mosaic Con.

Why are all wise enterprises like Israelite cookery? Because they are judicious. (Jew-dishes.)

The First Specimen of Mosaic Stone.

The Tables of the Ten Commandments.

A Quincunx.

It is not likely that posterity will have occasion to ask: "Who was Mr. QUINN?" If it should happen, however, we, the immortal VANITY FAIR, will answer for all time, that he was the Common Councilman of a neighboring city, who chose the occasion of a visit from him who is to be the *next* King of our mother country to insult its *present* ruler with the inapt epithet of tyrant.

If this be Mr. QUINN's only road to immortality, we hope he may be welcome to the entire monopyly of it. Lest his name should be forgotten, however, we have mnemonized it above, by the addition of a syllable. A *quincunx*, according to HORACE, represented a very small quantity; namely, five twelfths of an as(s).

How they bother us.

Our PRIME writes to us: "People generally when they fail badly at anything, are described as *coming to grief*. But, in *Italy*, when a PIO or a BOMBA is beaten, he always *goes to Gaeta*."

Now hear what PYBUS DOOLADY thinks and how he pronounces:

PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

When King BOMBA the Younger found that it would be bootless for him to remain any longer at Naples, he went to Gaeta.

N.B. This last word is often pronounced *gaiter*."

Is it? Well reader—you pays your money and may take your choice.

Can We?

Can we expect a church choir to be composed of Christians when we know they rely so much upon Chants?

"THIS CUT IS NO JOKE."

SIDDONS AND THE "PRINC."

We are not sure that we shall not harrow up the finer feelings of Mr. J. H. SIDDONS, when we tell him that he is like the bi-valvular dish referred to in a placard at the door of a cheap restaurant in Broadway. The placard in question, bears these pregnant words:—"The Princ of Wales is coming but clam chowder is ready price 12 cts per plate."

As with the chowder here mentioned, so with SIDDONS. Although the Princ will not set foot in our city until that longed-for day, the 11th of October, SIDDONS is already on hand with a lecture about him and about his Mamma too. And the Rev. Doctor GORHAM D. ABBOTT, having failed in his great attempt to haul in, and belay the Princ at the Spinster Institute, or whatever, has taken to the peculiar consolation of this lecture. Last Wednesday he induced SIDDONS (at what price per plate remains a secret) to hold forth, at the Institute building, on the subject of the Princ and the Queen, for the especial benefit of himself and of the beautiful young beings committed to his charge. In the course of his "effort" just think what the sagacious S. told his fair hearers about the heir apparent!" "Only this and nothing shorter," as Mr. POE playfully remarked of his "Raven:"

•He dances enormously, like most of the English youths of the day, *and is always guided by personal appearance in his choice of partners.*

The deuce he is! What a remarkable young man, to be sure! And how different from all the other young fellows who don't happen to be Princs, and who, it is well known, when there is any daneing to be done, delight in the dowager, and sigh for the sexagenarian female; who are only truly happy when hopping about with the homeliest, and who find their chiefest joy in gyrating with the giraffe of the ball-room. Decidedly, to be guided by personal appearances in the choice of one's partners is a way that Princs alone have. And how good it was of SIDDONS to tell us about it! Thank you, SIDDONS. Much obliged.

Boarding-house Anomaly.

Advertising rooms to be let—"gentlemen to furnish their own apartments"

A Mild and Etherial Sentence.

Last Thursday morning that delightful person, Mr. THOMAS J. MUNDAY was brought into court and arraigned before the Recorder. The Recorder, as on a previous occasion, already chronicled in the columns of this journal, dealt with him kindly. The Recorder stated that "the offence was an aggravated one," and "deserving of the greatest punishment that the court could inflict," but in consideration of the fact that "MUNDAY was drunk at the time of committing his bestial assault," and on consultation with the officers connected with the public administration of justice in this city, he (the Recorder) determined to sentence him to the penitentiary for the period of *four months!*

It will be seen that in this decision the Recorder gave THOMAS J. the benefit of the largest leniency. The drunkenness, for instance, was admitted as an extenuating circumstance. It may be urged by the unthinking that the boy ROGERS was drunk, and very drunk at that, when he murdered a peaceable mechanic in our streets some three years ago, but that the boy ROGERS was hanged, nevertheless. It must be remembered, however, that the boy ROGERS, unlike THOMAS J. MUNDAY, had never been "a member of Assembly," "a clerk in the Mayor's office," nor held "other minor offices under city government."

Do you see?

Too Much.

We print the following which comes to us from the provinces, to give the readers an idea of the risk that we run in opening our daily mails:

Q. What is the first recorded case of opthalmia?
A. That of the ichthyosauri (ich thyo sore eye.)

Con. by a Hellenist.

Why should Quakers be the most accurate in Greek Etymology? Because they always promptly decline the Dual.

Why are La Grange's notes so Clear?

Because she Strains her chest.

NOW FOR BILLIARDS.

ERGER has arrived!

"Now, we speak upon our cue."

Now, it behooves us to bring out our best player, and at the end of the game see if for BERGER, it is

L'heure du Berger;

or, a good time generally: or whether we have not sufficient PHELAN to conquer the King of Billiards, and make him cry: "The game is done, and CÆSAR is played out."

P. S. Have seen BERGER since— and back our oars. Talk of caroms! BERGER can pick *any*body up ever we saw and Carry'em right out without difficulty.

THE ROMANCE AND RELIGION OF BILLIARDS.

In a notice of M. BERGER, the celebrated French billiard player, who has just arrived in this city, the *Tribune* informs us that there are two schools of the noble game in question—the scientific and the romantic.

It also gives us to understand that M. BERGER, being a fat man, is not invariably successful in the "romantic" part of the business, although he is the apostle of that doctrine. This mode of stating the case suggests to us that work is going to be cut out for the poets and the parsons, and that the time is probably not far off when every billiard establishment will be provided with its Laureate and its Chaplain.

And if any dark doubt hovered upon the midnight of our mind, with regard to the sanctified teachings of this, the billiard branch of muscular Christianity, how could it have avoided sweeping down into the light, when a further perusal of the *Tribune* article revealed to us the theocratic fact that there is a "great TEMPLE of billiards at the corner of Broadway and Tenth street?"

But it would require the pen of a muscular PALEY to do justice to the "evidences" brought forward by M. BERGER himself—who, by-the-bye, in literal adherence to the spirit of his name, should be termed the Shepherd of the fold. This gentleman wound up the address delivered by him on his first appearance before a New York public, in words which we literally translate as follows:

"On Monday, if my powers are equal to the lively desire I have to please you, I will pray, with your favor, to the GOD OF BILLIARDS, to inspire me with the most fantastic combinations, and to provide me, for their execution, with the most magic and enchanted of cues."

Not being versed in the mythology of the game, we cannot positively state who the "God of Billiards" is, although our private conviction is that his name must be JUPITER G. AMMON.

A Douglas man to the Tribune Joker.

DOUGLAS'S mother will be DOUGLAS' smother to you bantlings after March 4th.

The Lay of the Rowdy.

Lay .

"THE POLITICO-COMMERCIAL CRISIS."

On the occasion of the suspension of the Artisan's Bank, the other day, it will be remembered that the seer of the *Herald*, with that aptness for logical deductions which has rendered him famous, said:

"This is but the commencement of a revulsion which we fear is about to be felt all over the country, if the conservative mass do not rise up in their might, and at the ballot box in November next, lay the foul spirit of sectional despotism which Mr. SEWARD is heralding throughout the country; and which Mr. LINCOLN is pledged to enthrone at Washington in the event of his election, like another LUCIFER in Pandemonium."

Homage to the Heraldic prophet! But a single day had passed away ere the prophecy approached the measure of its fulfilment. On Thursday last a letter was received at this office which proves conclusively that the "revulsion" feared by the *Herald* has already set in. We hasten to lay this epistle before our readers, and, with even more than ordinary *empressement*, since it so admirably confirms the statements of a talented cotemporary:

FORNINST THE POST OFFICE,
Ochtober the 4, 1860.

MISTHER EDDYTUR: i apale to you on be½ of a unforchinit class which i am one. It's the ladies that dale in apels in this city i mane. them republicers and their Mister linkun has been the ruination of us all. before pepil begun to talk about mr. linkun our thrade was a mity thrivin one I tell yes but now sorry's the day to me that I went into the business. Our sales Just amount to nothing at all at all. all the young Min who used to bye apels of us when they come to put leters in the ofice pass by now widout spendin iver a cint they say they kant aford it. They have all joined the wide Awakes an' mity wide awake some of 'em look I kin tell you. they put all their spendin munny into nasty oil lamps and capes that makes them look for all the world like wemin; so we are kept out of our laygal airnins. Mrs. MAGINNIS she's the one that has the stand next me failed yesterday poor crather she cudent stand it any longer and they say shele only pay one apel in the duzzin. i me self have only made one sale this weck an thim was 2 for a cents, and bought by a brackenridge man as they call em. i shall be oblidged to suspind 2 If things continues, the paper what i read, thats the *herald* says that this polico something crisis as it calls it is all by rason of the shindy the Black republicers is kickin up thouout the Country. Wont you make the republicers stop, misther Eddytur, and by those manes presave the apel trade from ruin. if you do this may the blissins of heaven be upon you and yours.

BRIDGET MCPHAUDEEN.

HOPE FOR THE WORLD.

The *World* last week got itself into a state of mind as to the meaning of a clause in the will of one Mr. WILLIAM GARTH, of Bourbon County, Kentucky, who, it seems, left the bulk of his property to be applied to the education of such four, "worthy, and sprightly young men," of his County as the members of the County Court should approve.

The word "sprightly" in the above extract bothered the *World* to such a degree that it immediately took down the "Best" (of course we mean your admirable work, Mr. WALKER—how, Mr. WEBSTER, could this term apply to any other than your invaluable "Unabridged?") to ascertain its meaning. The result was that such unfamiliar words as "lively," "brisk," "animated," and "vigorous," fell, for the first time, under its eyes, and the *World* was so delighted with its discovery that it paraded them all in its columns the next morning.

In the searching for this definition, the dullness of the *World* which has hitherto passed all understanding, may, we think, be accounted for. If it didn't know what sprightliness meant, how could it be expected to possess the quality?

Now, however, that its ignorance on this point has been removed, we hope that its carriers will give up the very objectionable practice that, in the fitness of things, they have been constrained from the first to adopt, viz: that of serving the paper to city subscribers from a bier.

Latest from France.

We have just received an autograph letter from NAPOLEON III, Emperor of the French, requesting us to inform our readers that, although His Majesty's new frigate, *La Gloire*, is thoroughly encased in a panoply of steel plates, she is not on that account to be looked upon as a Mail Steamer.

His Majesty has acted with his usual sagacity in the preferring our columns to those of the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, for the promulgation of the above important information.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

☞ Note to the Press at end of Poem.

The Prince's Ball.

By Edmund C. Stedman.

PART III.

THE CROWNING NIGHT.

LOUDS and sunshine, wind and rain,
And the world turns over and over again;
Lord RENFREW has kissed his glove to Miss LANE,
Whom the Gothamites have implored in vain
To grace the scene of their glory;
For J. B., smoothing his cambric band,
Plainly gives them to understand
She shall follow no princes through the land—
As Medea chased for Jason's hand,
In the mythologic story.

Passing the Quaker City's gates,
My Lord has left the United States
To cross the Jersey peninsula;
Has stept once more on American shore:
Ridden from Castle Garden through
Three miles of flags—red, white and blue,
Walls of marble, iron and brick—
Roofs and balconies, noisily thick
With thousands sprawling after a view,
Till he's lodged on the handsomest Avenue
Of the greatest of cities insular.

But now, as October Twelfth drew near,
What hurry and bustle, joy and fear!
Jealous hatred of those to appear,
By those whose hopes were blasted and sere;
As if all the life of a hemisphere
Were mingled in hocus-pocus,
And, through Vanity's lenses flashing hot,
Made the Empire City a radiant spot,
With Irving Place for its focus!

What costume-trying in visits flying:
Days of dress-and-jewelry buying!
A hundred mantua-makers were dying
Of sheer exhaustion, and half a score
Exchanged the smiles they usually wore
For a reckless inurbanity;
While every tailor, from Fulton to Bond,
Declared himself in the Slough of Despond,
And solemnly swore that one order more
Would drive him into insanity.

What scintillant splendors found display
In mirrored windows along Broadway?
By the Vanderbilt they sent, in advance,
For jewels of Florence and silks of France.
Homeward she paddled, deeply laden,
With stuffs to make a Manhattan maiden
A princess, minus the dowry;
To make a matron of forty years,
As fine as a Dowager Duchess appears
In a spectacle-play, at the Bowery.
No lady-shopper could ever escape
From the robes of every fabric and shape:
Satins, taffetas, gauzes, crape;
Skirts of tulle embroidered with gold;
Watered silks in waves unrolled;
Heaviest textures, marvellous hues,
Ashes of Roses, buffs and blues;
Gros des Indies and rich brocade,
In lustrous folds and colors arrayed;
Dark Moirées, with silver garniture,
Light Moirées, brilliant with gold and cherry—
Fabrics costly enough, I'm sure,
A queen to wed or even to bury;
Chantilly laces, Valenciennes;
Ribbons woven by Lyons men;
Fancy fans, with flower and feather,
Lavishly piled in heaps together;
What can compare with sights so rare,
Save the Paris booth in Vanity Fair!

There's my charming friend, Columbia V——,
That lily of aristocracy!
As she sat, on the Sunday before the B.,
In her father's cushioned pew at Grace,
Did you think—when she covered her beautiful face,
And knelt on the crimson tabouret—
That she heard what the Doctor had to say,
Or prayed as the ritual bade her pray?
What supplications she made have flown
Straight to the foot of Fashion's throne;
The angel, who into her heart could probe,
Knew well, that, instead of a stainless robe,
She quite as much longed at the time to possess
An earthly and exquisite Renfrew dress;
That she thought to herself she would have it made
Of the whitest and richest striped brocade—
Striped with Magenta, and overlaid
With silken rose-buds, blossoms and leaves;
Low-pointed corsage and puffing sleeves
Should grace the charms of her waist and arms;
Over her shoulders should be set
A cape, *a la* Marie Antoinette,
And a bunch of myrtle and mignonette
Should bloom where the point-lace borders met;
Pearls and silver should intertwine
To make her a head-dress quite divine;
For her feet she will use white satin shoes,
With mauve rosettes, encircling pearls,
So that—when in the waltz her crinoline whirls,
And the tips of her toes shall catch the eye
Of the Prince—he will say to the standers by,
That she has for her feet a toilet completer
Than that of a Spanish senorita,
And that Cinderellas could not have been sweeter?

But the world turns over and over again,
With cloud and sunshine, wind and rain,
Love and envy and rancor.
At last IT HAS COME! the crowning night;
The ultimatum of all delight;
The hour, when even an anchorite
May be pardoned for weighing anchor,
Hoisting sails and bearing away

To the rendezvous in Prince's Bay,
For which thousands vainly hanker:
(You see it is not the Committee's fault
That SMITH or JONES isn't worth his salt
And was'nt born a Banker.)

It has come, at last! How bright the sight
Of a Grand Academy gala-night!
The blaze of the whirling calcium rays
Lightens the spacious entrance-ways,
Flashing on up-turned, glaring faces
Of thousands thronging about the squares:
Thousands to whom your jewels and laces
Are things for which nobody this night cares.
For a sight of the Prince the people crowd;
To your simple hearts should be allowed
A sight of the Prince, poor people! since
He came to visit us one and all—
Asked or not asked to go to the Ball!
Scores of policemen will never convince
The crowd, that it ought'nt to see the Prince.

Up to the porch the carriages rumble,
By yellow-plushes attended:
No wonder the laboring-men felt humble
In the presence of scenes so splendid!
Never before, never before,
Such diamonds and dresses entered that door.
And VANITY FAIR, arrayed in its best,
Glides in with the rest.
(It would'nt have been so very well dressed,
If it had not carefully learned by rote
The words of the Secretary's note:

These Two will not goe in I guesse,
Until they somewhat change their dresse.

A compilation of information,
Which I'll try to find room below to quote.*)

*"Without further prelude or protraction,
I have the distinguished satisfaction
To avail myself of the present chance
Of informing those invited to dance,
That no lady can enter, whose head has on it
That gross impropriety called a bonnet;
Colonels and captains may display
The suite which they wear on training-day;
All others must come in evening dress,
Of course you will never be able to guess
What a gentleman wears, when *comme il faut*,
So this private note is to let you know
That legs and arms and bosom and back
Must be rigidly cased in cloth of black;
White shirts and cravats, French boots for the feet,
With light-colored kids, make up the complete
Array of a member of the *elite*.
That this is authorative to show,
I affix my name and address below."

Into the radiance we glide,
As a bayou-voyager follows the tide,
From mangrove shadows and fallen trees,
To the silvery sheen of moonlit seas;
Into the glare of countless lights
And the wedding of sweetest sounds and sights,
Where glided walls and tapestried halls
Repeat the music's dying falls,
And flowers of multitudinous hues,
Their blended, odorous breaths diffuse.
But through the glamour we move along,
To glance at the guests that with us throng,
And study the queer variety
It takes to fashion that paradox-
Ical edifice, built on golden "rocks,"
Entitled "Our Best Society."

Take of judges and generals, each, a pair;
Three consuls, a foreign Chargé d'affaires;
Mayors and governors, one or two;
Of authors and scholars very few;
Congressmen, plenty as drops of dew;
Railroad presidents, bulls and bears;
Bankers, merchants and millionaires;
These, with their daughters, sisters and wives—
Three thousand wealthy and commonplace lives—
Birds of one feather—squeeze them together,
At a Prince's Ball, and you have, in short,
An "illustrated Republican Court."

It might have been better, after all,
To have left the care of a Prince's Ball
Where by right the management ought to fall.
Young America would know how, I guess,
With the critical aid of the *Saturday Press*,
And a helping hand from VANITY FAIR,
To have given the thing a more sprightly air.
Of course, in dignity evanescent,
The famous Committee all were present;
But to neophytes, who had never been
At an Academic full-dress scene,
Grave bankers, leading off with a will
The gallopade of a grand quadrille,
Must have seemed, in their coats and white cravats,
A species of clerical acrobats,
Training to give the Shaker profession
A numerous Orthodox accession.
Nor would the idea be very far wrong,
For a tithe, 'tis said, to churches belong,
Whose articles hold that Dance and Song
Are Stygian missionaries;
—Here my friend, the mathematician, says
'Tis a handy rule that works both ways,
And that condemnation with rank and station
In inverse ratio varies.
Far be it from me to feel aggrieved
That the festive dance has thus received
Official and grave endorsement;
Yet I charge these gentlemen, large and small,
To never again denounce a Ball,
But to stand committed, once for all,
To what I claim their course meant.
For I never heard that the angels rate
The presence of prince or potentate,
As helping to add a pious weight
To a carnal convocation;
And, to set the matter plain and straight,
Why should Jack be doomed to a sulphurous fate
One shudders to think of, for shaking a leg
And drinking his flip, with Moll and Peg,
In the Valley of Humiliation,
While a churchly man, of plethoric purse,
Is promised treatment quite the reverse,
For his loftier dissipation?

And what is there worse in a rustic Reel,
Merrily measured, with toe and heel,
On a country tavern's floor of deal,
While whips are cracked and sleigh-bells peal,
Outside, till echo answers—

Our countrie Friends find Dancing pleasant,
Although no Prince of Wales be present.

What is there worse, say my honest rhymes,
In these plain, old-fashioned, jolly good times,
Where Sambo plays for the dancers,
Than in the maze of a princely Show,
Where diamonds sparkle and velvets glow,
And the wave of a spruce maëstro's bow
Beats out the time in The Lancers?

Enough, you say, of polemical rhyme,
And the ladies whisper—'tis fully time
For the Prince to make his appearance:
"He's coming!" "He isn't!" yes, that is he,
And better for him, to be seen and to see,
If the flower of our aristocracy
Would give him a better clearance.
But as ALBERT EDWARD, young and fair,
Stood on the canopied dais-stair,
And looked, from the circle crowding there,
To the length and breadth of the outer scene,
Perhaps he thought of his mother, the Queen;
(Long may her empery be serene!
Long may the heir of England prove
Loyal and tender; may he pay
No less allegiance to her love,
Than to the sceptre of her sway!)
Perhaps he wondered if this were the land
Where Nobility's said to be based on Labor,
Where every man, with a strong right hand,
Can claim a title as well as his neighbor;
Perhaps he saw that we have a king,
The potent and sovereign DOLLAR,
Able the nose of the workman to bring
To the grindstone, and over his neck to fling
A heavy and feudal collar.

But what were his thoughts I can never tell,
For sharply, as belle was jostling belle,
Each making a Flora Temple "burst"
For the honor of dancing beside him first,
The staging before him fell in with a crash,
And fifty young ladies, as quick as a flash,
Sank down in a kind of etherial hash—
As dainty a dish as a Prince could wish;
But he passed to the supper-pavilion,
And we saw him no more till they mended the floor
And opened the primal cotillion.
There, gracefully dancing with Mrs. MORGAN,
He had quite forgotten his thoughts, I suppose,
Just as hearers a sermon forget, at its close,
When the "Jubilate" is played on the organ;
Whatever his fancies were, nobody knows.

Now, how strange the feeling that comes to one,
When the royal Show is almost done,
When the gas for hours has dazzled the eye,
And the air grows dense as the flowers die!
How strange to go out, from the crowded rout,
To the open street, where to all is given
A sight of the clear and infinite Heaven;
Out into the cool October night,
Where, in place of that gairish inner light,
Are all those silvery cressets, fed
With rays from God's own glory shed.
Ah! if one now might only flee
Across that measureless, lucid sea,
To lustres—O, how pure and far!
What, from the spirit's chosen star,
Would all this glittering pageant seem,
Save the fantasy of an earthly dream?

And even the Man who lives in the Moon—
(You'd reach him a million times as soon!)
Who, day after day, sees the whole round world,
Like a map to his curious gaze unfurled,
Would perceive no increase in the polarized ray
Thrown off from this part of our sphere,
Though the roof of the Opera House were away,
And the lights that illumine each tier—
And all the lamps that make Paris, they say,
And London, as cheerful by night as by day—
With all in New York, together were burning;
To the Man in the Moon they'd be past all discerning;
So there's one man, at least, will know nothing at all
Of the splendor and fame of THE PRINCE'S BALL.

The End.

(The Publisher, in copyrighting this Poem, only wishes to prevent its entire republication elsewhere, either in Book or Newspaper form.)

A Pig in a Polk.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* has discovered that the Prince of Wales cannot dance. "This part of his education," says the *Enquirer*, "has either been sadly neglected, or else His Royal Highness is a very unapt scholar."

We suppose the *Enquirer* spells *polk*, *pork*, and thinks he ought to know something about it, accordingly.

Zoological.

It is worthy of remark that, although the young of a swan is called Cygnet, yet it cannot be classed in the same category as a Seal.

The Black Mail of the Herald.

The Everlasting Nigger.

ORNITHOLOGY.

We are informed by the special correspondent of the *Tribune*, that the first bird shot by Lord RENFREW upon American soil was a "belated owl." Now, as the bird referred to, fell a sacrifice to what writers in the sporting journals call the "deadly tube" of that princely young nobleman, at an early hour in the evening, the adjective "belated" was hardly appropriate in the case. The owl is seldom up and dressed before evening twilight, so that the one referred to, and his premature death to his early habits instead of his proclivities for dissipation, might more appropriately have been described as an "early bird" than a belated one. We are happy in being able to present our readers with a correct sketch of the curious owl brought down on the twilightsome prairie near Dwight, by Baron RENFREW, who has had it carefully preserved for presentation to the British Museum. It is of the horned species; its feathered "horns" being three in number, and arranged exactly in the form of a Prince of Wales plume. The fortunate captor of this remarkable fowl, sought in vain among his suite for a suitable Latin designation for it. A neighboring schoolmaster was then applied to, by whom the bird was classed as a new species, under the designation of *Owlibus Walibus*—a title only provisional, however, until a Latin dictionary and Professor AGASSIZ can be consulted.

PRINCE-OF-WALESIANA.

(DEFERRED JOTTINGS.)

The little *Maid of the Mist* had her steam up, and the royal party, for whose use she was exclusively chartered on this occasion, went on board, for the purpose of being carried up as close to the great cataract as possible.

To guard against the soaking spray, each of the party was provided with a long headed, oil-skin cloak, invested with which garments they might have passed for a procession of monks, while all individuality was lost in identity of outline.

"Newcastle," said the Prince, addressing the personage who stood nearest to him, as they tossed amid the whirling eddies—"Newcastle, how vividescent the breakers are."

"*Haow* ?" returned the personage addressed.

"I mean how green the water looks," rejoined the Prince, thinking the Duke was only poking a bit of western fun at him to keep his spirits up. Isn't it green, though ?"

"Ain't nothin' shorter," said the personage addressed.

"Behold yon Iris," continued the Prince, as a gleam of sunshine spanned the vast horseshoe from shore to shore: "behold yon Iris! where, now, is the vaunted Blondin with his wheelbarrow and pole? Could he, think you, travel upon the seven-colored arch from cliff to cliff, as upon a seven-plied rope?"

"Guess he might," replied the personage addressed. "SIM HUCKLEBERRY done it upon a common rainbow; but he couldnt get back, though, 'cause he had on India rubber over-shoes and rubbed the darned thing clean out as he went."

There was evidently treachery here; but the Prince has been taught to master his emotions, and H. R. H. did not turn pale, nor even red: he only turned to his suite, and said in a stern voice:

"BRUCE!"

"BRUCE!"

That officer came to the Prince's call.

"BRUCE," continued the Prince, "were we upon the shore just left by us, I should content myself with pointing my suspicion that there is an intruder among us, but as our back hugs closely the land of the Mighty Free, I will be characteristically figurative, and state my conviction that there is a negro in the wood pile. Gentlemen! look to your watches! INGLEHART, arrest this person!"

Twenty jewelled hands at once grasped the throat of the cowled miscreant who had thus violated the sanctity of private life. His disguise was removed, revealing a trembling citizen of Buffalo who had taken this means of securing contact with royalty, and whose eyes now whitened with terror as he contemplated his probable committal to the coursing waters; but he was mercifully committed to the third officer of the boat, instead, with orders to do him no hurt, but simply to keep him as far away as possible from the royal party, whose *bijouterie* is of a valuable description and somewhat loosely displayed.

And this happened to the Buffalo person because he was a Snob.

While standing on the Table Rock here, the Prince said a remarkably clever thing.

Somebody was presented to H. R. H., as a resident of the American side of Niagara, but an Irishman, and a Liege subject of the Queen.

"Ah! yes," said the Prince, "I see: a Cork man, I suppose."

The Earl of St. Germans and Dr. ACKLAND concur in considering this the best pun ever made, on account of *liege* being the French for *corle*. But Niagara roared on unrivalled, for admiration took the place of laughter, and gagged as with a silken kerchief the members of the royal suite.

From Niagara the royal party proceeded to Hamilton, a city which now bears the melancholy distinction of being the last place in Canada where the Prince had an opportunity of indulging in the festive dance. Nor is that the only gloomy reminiscence connected with Hamilton; for it was there, also, ALBERT EDWARD Prince of Wales, parted with SANDERSON Prince of Gastronomes, who had hitherto ably directed the foregoing arrangements during the royal progress through Canada.

"SANDERSON," said the Prince, who was evidently much affected, "wear this watch and chain on Sunday, in remembrance of me. For me, the flavor of your last omelet will be a pleasing reminiscence for ever; nor shall I soon forget that it is to you I owe my initiation into the *finesse* of the American language. That's so."

And now the royal tourists were whirled away to Windsor, whence they were to cross the river to Detroit.

"Farewell, old Canada!" cried the Prince, as they took their last look at that fine colony from the ferry boat—'tis the greatest place for dancing I have yet seen, and will be a noble territory when it's all fenced in."

"Only think, Your Royal Highness," ventured TEASDALE, "just think what a kick up of timber it would have been if ORPHEUS had done some of his fiddling there!"

"And who would have been the Goddess of Dance, on that occasion, think you?" asked the Prince, surveying his suite with an inquiring sweep of eye.

All were dumb for some minutes, when one lifted up his voice, and said:

"And who, may it please Your Royal Highness?"

"Terps-hickory," replied the Prince.

Our next Shine.

Ambassadors may depart from us; we may mourn after Princes; but there is balm in Gilead. The following has been going the rounds of "European Items."

Several thousand Polish Jews have recently passed through Posen, on their way to the United States.

It is to be hoped that these Polish Jews, immediately on their arrival, will be put in requisition for the purpose of imparting some of their Polish to our Municipal authorities—an article that they are much in need of.

Improved.

A friend who has supped his fill of horrors in reading a recent popular novel, suggests that it be called The Household of Bug-a-Bouverie!

ANOTHER FEATHER!

Cicely.—"GOODNESS ME! GEORGY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT NOW?"
Georgy.—"PRINCE OF WALES CIGAR—COUSIN FRED GAVE ME A BUNCH OF THEM. DON'T THE SMOKE FEATHER UP JOLLY!"

"To this Complexion," etc.

Some wise investigator at Paris has just advanced a new theory with regard to the various colors of the human races. According to this *savant*, complexion is altogether dependent upon food; an assertion which may be partially correct, as we have more than once seen a man black in the face from having had too much of it. Nevertheless, the theory is not to be implicitly relied upon. For, to put the matter logically—hominy is the principal diet of negroes at the South; it is the principal diet that determines the complexion; therefore, hominy is the cause of blackness in the negro, is easy enough; but the sophistry is knocked much higher than any of Professor LOWE's balloons are ever likely to rise, by the fact that although the present writer lived almost exclusively on hominy for many months, he is still—unfortunately for himself—a whitish man.

Where is Windship?

Dr. WINDSHIP, whose name, by-the-bye, ought to have been Windlass, from his facility at lifting weights, has been outdone by a person named ABEL WOOD, of Barre, who, according to a Vermont paper, has lately "raised fifty bushels of wheat on 200 rods." Dr. WINDSHIP has only succeeded, hitherto, in raising twelve hundred pounds on one stick.

From our Stipendiary Idiot.

Lord RENFREW is said to be a remarkably good shot; coincidental with which, is the fact that a remarkably good *Schottisch* has been composed in honor of him by Mr. T. BAKER, of LAURA KEENE's theatre.

D'YE MIND ME, YE DIVILS!

The Rivirind Docthor CAHILL is admiring our country and its institutions at the rate of about a gallon a minute—in fact he is admiring it too fast intirely, if we may judge from the following extract from one of his letters as quoted in the *Daily News:*

"Every man, woman, and child believes in the justness and equity of the Constitution; he reveres the acting President; he respects the current Cabinet; he belongs himself to the army, and walks and stands, and speaks like a free human being. Cheap government, just laws, rational liberty are the American mottoes.'

They does' do he? Bedad, but its a sweet mess your Rivirence that you've cooked up for us there! Let's see.

The Abolitionists all to a woman and child endorse the Constitution, ye know.

"He"—everybody—reveres the acting President. Oh yis—the uncommon amount of popular rivirence for JIMMY is really stupendous. VANITY FAIR shows that—ye know.

Ivery man, woman, and child respects the Cabinet—av coorse. All the Postal arrangements have the divil's own HOLT of our affections, ye know.

Ivery man, woman and child—ivery baste av thim—belongs himself to the army, ye know.

And ivery man woman and child—ivery wan av thim d'ye mind me—walks himself and stands and spakes like a free human being—ye know.

Now doctor, we are really very much obliged to you for your good opinion, and don't like to look a gift horse in the mouth—but don't you think that *qui nimium probat nihil probat*—"he who proves too much, proves nothing," and that you've proved just a little too much, ye know?

Now Then.

Why would the Great American Tragedian be a first-rate "hevy father" for "The Prodigal Son?" Because he is a well supplied with fatted calves!

Blondin

"A pole-ite man who always keeps his balance."

To Garibaldi.

SOLDIER OF FREEDOM! from this youngest land
Where Liberty now dwells, our hearts leap forth
To him, who, battling on the side of right,
Stands firm and fearless: glory unto him
Who from the Ages past hath torn the cowl
Of tyrannous Priestcraft, and through deepest gloom
Hath cleft a pathway for the light of God!
Thou Great-heart Warrior in the Apollyon fight
Through the dark valley of the Shadow, which
The Sons of Italy so long have trod,
Fight on and falter not! though Kingly craft
Should seek to mesh thee in its spider web;
For the great pulse of Freemen through the world,
Throbs back responsive to thy clarion call!

PHILADELPHIA, September 13.

The Way of the "World."

A correspondent of the *World*, describing an Indian grave, inquired into by him near Topeka, informs his readers that—"the scalp which floated above his grave was one he had taken off from the head of an enemy previous to his own death."

It is as praiseworthy as rare, for a special correspondent to be thus explicit. We side with *that* correspondent. May we request of that correspondent that, should he in the course of his travels, fall among any hair that has been raised by an aboriginal chief *after* his death, he will forward us a lock of it?

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE ELECTION.

8TH OF OCTOBER.

Bell man.—I TELL YOU, FRANK! THIS PENNSYLVANIA STATE ELECTION IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE—UPON IT DEPENDS THE FATE OF THE UNION. WE MUST CARRY IT OR PERISH.

10TH OF OCTOBER.

Frank.—WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE RESULT?

Bell man.—O! THEY'VE CARRIED THE STATE TO BE SURE. BUT THAT'S NO PROOF OF WHAT *we* CAN DO IN NOVEMBER.

BEFORE THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

The soft rays of the autumn sun
Fell goldenly on land and wave,
Touching with holy light the grave
That holds the dust of Washington.

A sacred Presence brooded round,
A halo of divinest flame;
The memory of the mighty Name
That makes Mount Vernon hallowed ground!

A stately silent group was there.—
The nation's Ruler, crowned with years,
And England's Prince amid his peers,
Uncovered in the reverent air!

Beneath the old ancestral trees
They walked together, side by side,
In sun and shadow, close-allied,
Linked in the happy bands of Peace.

Two friendly nations met in them,
Two mighty nations, one of old,
Cast in the same gigantic mould,
Shoots from the sturdy Saxon stem.

They gathered round his holy dust,
The wisest of the many wise
That shaped our early destinies,
And fought our battles, sternly just.

Like brothers at his grave they stood,
And gloried in his common Name;
Forgetting all things but his fame,
Remembering only what was good!

Twas gracefully and nobly done,
A royal tribute to the free,
Who, Prince, will long remember thee,
Before the Grave of Washington!

THE RENFREW PROCESSION.

Major General Charles W. Sandford—we've a great deal to say to you—the voice of injured thousands to hurl out in howling anathemas—and only five minutes to do it in. So, to be short, we'll just let drive at once. You're a dumb, slow, crawling, stupid, wounded snake of an old fogy. You've got no snap in you. If you possess any vitality, it's of that inert, torpid, dull, heavy, flat, latent, dormant, smouldering, unexerted, uninfluential sort which might characterize a freshly pulled turnip before it wilts, but which is utterly powerless to exfoliate the first leaf of an idea. Lummucks!

Weren't you ashamed of yourself, Charles, when you brought the Prince dawdling up Broadway after dark? Didn't you feel small at showing him off by twilight to the million who had waited patiently all day to see the Guest? Didn't you realize what it was to be an Incompetent? Our Instinct, Charles, tells us that you did. Shame on you. Any ten year old Wide Awake could have managed better.

Charles! Words won't do the thing justice. We forewarn you that if this delay ever occurs again, we shall at once accept your resignation. We'd like to do it the day before. *Now Remember!*

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

Miss Pennsylvania.—"Now, Friend Bennett, don't thee think it's most time for thee to change thee garment for a better one?

J. G. Bennett—"'Deed lassies—its a bonnie braw coatie—and this auld Buchanan thing is gettin' unco ragged. Weel—weel—I dinna ken —— ——

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

Our European Letter.

No. 4.

Edinburgh, September 27, 1860.

Vanity Fairest: Lord John Russell's way of taking the *slave-trade*, as you have seen by his correspondence with our Government, is, undoubtedly, *taking it Coolie*. But, we must allow something for the English affinity for wool; it's in their blood. Why else do they set their Lord Chancellor on a wool-sack, and cover his head, and that of all the lawyers with big wigs, looking like sheep in one of Backhuysen's pictures, or monkeys in regimentals? The arms of Brougham and Vaux are, hereafter, to include a woolly head, rampant with a pig-tail, *couchant*.

After all, the real reason for the difference about John Chinamau and Cuffee, in this longitude, is, that Cuffee don't buy opium. Philanthropic England must have revenue; what is the interest of a few hundred thousand American planters, compared to that of the dowries of the Queen's daughters, and the education of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales? So the navy of Her B. M. blows cold on the West of Africa, but hot as Tophet on the East of Asia. Amen.

The Queen is now at Balmoral. This proved fortunate for me, as just getting back from the Trosachs, Fred and I took a run that way, to look at the outside of that charming royal nest. No wonder it is her favorite residence, not excepting Osborne.

What do you think we found there, thrown out on the carriage road, after being twisted to light Prince Albert's meerschaum? It was her Majesty's last letter from the Prince of Wales. I send it to you, not to *publish*, unless you get his royal consent; but I think Lord Lyons will obtain that for you. *La voici.*

Gov'ment House, Toronto,
Sunday, Sept. 9th.

Ma chére mère:—Lord! how I wish I was at home! I'd rather be at Oxford, though it is a slow old place. I'd even rather be at that dismal old prison at Windsor, with all the ponies in town, than go through with this presentationing and addressing, and reading Newky's documents, written so badly that, dash it, I broke down now and then, and he has to roar it out, like a bad prompter at Covent-Garden. And then I've had a mortal terror lest somebody would dine me somewhere, and *oblige* me to get by heart a speech; and you know I never *could* do that, nor *make* one, if it was to keep Garibaldi out of Buckingham House, or John Bright out of the Cabinet. What do you think these devastated Orangemen have done here? If I don't turn Catholic now, it will be for state reasons, you may depend. Their impudence, and Newky's folly, kept me out in an infernal steamboat for a day or two, because they would'nt take down their arches, and Newky *would'nt* go under them; as if Uncle William was the arch-fiend himself. We *should* have brought half the London police with us to regulate matters; not that those tall fellows are really worth much, but then there are so many of 'em, you know.

Had a good time, though, at a ball, in Montreal. Real beauties, especially from the States; a *little* triangular about the cheeks, but well made, and *wide awake*. Not much jewelry—glad of it; tired of that. Had a better time than anywhere except at the Carnival in Rome; that was jolly; had'nt any of this dashed and indemnified royal-highnessing. Saw some American girls there, too; hope I'll meet 'em again. By-the-way, old Pio won't have a chance to say *no no* much longer. I told Antonelli when I was there, that he ought to invest in Illinois Central and keep his trunks packed. Now I'll write to him to migrate to Cuba. *Such segars* as they get for me here! By Jove, I'd like to be king of Cuba myself. As for Canada, I hope, "an thou lovest me," that *won't be thought of*. Mean place—Canadians have the horns of John Bull without his brains, and the heels of the wild colt, Young America, without his speed. And the wild Indians, and the runaway blacks—phew! I'd rather travel with Bruce, if it was even to Abyssinia. But Cuba grows *good segars*. Why don't you *make* the Spaniards insult our flag, as you did the Chinese? When Elgin comes home (if he ever does,) send him; he'll do it. And now I'm sleepy; have'nt been anything else since I arrived; such a deuced going on!

Clifton House, Niagara, Sept. 18th.

Eh bien, mama:—We have seen the elephant of waterfalls. I once read a book by that treasonable snob, Thackeray, called "Cornhill to Grand Cairo," in which he confesses that the Pyramids are *big*. So I acknowledge that Niagara is, for a *Western* arrangement, very well. But it ought'nt to be *here*, in this provincial kind of a country. Why don't the Crystal Palace Company and the British Museum buy it and take it over? Who cares for the expense.

But you ought to have seen me and old Newky and Germains and the rest, in our toggery on the Maid of the Mist (a wonder we were'nt *all missed* or *missing* under the Falls.) We looked like an infernal procession of monks, of the order of St. Diabolus, going to a funeral.

I was invited by Col. Magruder, a day or two ago, to hunt *buffalo* on what they call the peraira. Would like to do it; but Newk and Bruce said 'twould'nt do; so I referred respectfully to your majesty's definite expectations, and a flibbertigibbet from out West, about a foot and a half high, put his thumb to his nose, and asked "*Does yer mother know yer out?*" Please to tell this to Phipps and have it mentioned in distinguished circles at St. James', will you?

They have offered to get up an *American* entertainment for me, in the way of a steamboat boiler explosion, or a railroad collision; but Blondin is enough for me. My nerves are not seasoned yet, I suppose. Something was got up for poor Ingram; but he went down before it was sketched.

I am to go to sundry little mushroom Yankee towns, out in the wilderness, shoot a little, and then go to Washington to his Excelleney the President's. It's very odd, when Mr. Buchanan was in London, you know he used to be considered a *gentleman*, although a little soft; but now they talk of him here as if he was the infernallest old blackguard that ever was kicked by a groom. Don't understand it. Why don't they cut off his *supplies* then? Only, don't mention this suggestion anywhere within a hundred miles of the House of Commons. I do believe, *maman*, that politicians in America have no decency at all. It's amazingly hard, too, to find *who are gentlemen* in this country—so Lyons tells me. Those in *office* are not, as with us, any better than other people, often *worse*. I have a serious objection to going into the Halls of Congress; it isn't only the offices and their holders that revolve, but their *pistols*. St. Giles is said to be nothing to it. *New York Society* is another problem: but I leave that to Grey; all I know is there will be lots of *pretty girls*. Hang the Italians—rot the French—out of England there are no women worth looking at but in America. If anything would reconcile me to the bore of being King of the Canadas, it would be the privilege of taking a wife, *à la* Eugénie, from the *people*; something *fresh* Why should'nt the fashion be followed, anyhow? Your majesty must think of it. There's a brunette here now—Sassoferrata, what eyes! A neck for Gibson, without any of his cream color! And as for movement—well, your majesty need'nt be alarmed; Bruce is about.

He and Newcastle are talking politics. That reminds me that the Yankees laugh at us confoundedly about the way we are shewing the white feather about the Emperor. I saw a thing in Vanity Fair (the American *Punch*, only as far ahead of *Punch* as *Hyde Park* is of *Cheapside*,) called "*John Bull's old Night-mare*," that was rather hard, but, dash it, it's *true*. I've told Germains to send you a copy. Tell Pam, from me, he's a *fool*. Let him go on fortifying, and getting volunteers; but what the devil's the use of making such a *noise* about it?

Haven't time to write you many letters, there's such a going on. More quiet, I hope, in the States. Where's Alf? Wish I had been to *Madeira* with him. Tell their royal littlenesses at home, that, if I go South, I will bring them a *pet darkey*. They're the *comicallest* creatures you ever saw. But, they say here, there's *nothing worth seeing* south of Washington. How am I to know?

Votre tres aimant,

Albert Edward.

Singular, it True.

When Lord Renfrew made his entry into Detroit, some of the least repressible of the crowd hung on to the wheels of his carriage. Among these was a white haired patriarch, who particularly attracted the attention of a gentleman connected with the London press by a persevering manner in which he held on to, and revolved with a wheel—a feat which prompted the gentleman in question to inquire whether "that old party was not the old Revolutionary spirit of seventy-six, of whom he had so often read in the American papers."

A Link that could be easily broken

Seward's Lincolnism.

YOU CAN'T SPRING THAT ON US, YOU KNOW!

"Capt. RYNDERS succeeded in forcing his way into the Station House, *but was ejected therefrom* for interfering with the business of the Sergeants.—*Tribune.*

HE *Tribune* hath spoken. Now hear VANITY! Like the London cabman, when handed a sixpence for the first time after the reduction of his fare to that purely nominal sum, we are tempted to exclaim: "What hever is this 'ere!" Not as to the circumstances which led up to RYNDERS in connection with Station House do we desire light. On that head the daily papers are luminous. It was at the "Great demonstration" last Mondayweek, of what our rollicking cotemporary, the *Tribune*, calls the "H. S. & T. party." By way of an episode to that demonstration several muscular members of the Democracy, gathered about the New York Hotel, and amused themselves late in the evening by hooting and jeering at the body of Republicans standing in front of their Club Room the opposite side of the street. When this pastime had, through much indulgence therein, become slightly monotonous, the Democracy manifested playfulness in an entirely new spot. At the transparencies in front of the Republican Head Quarters, they flung brickbats. Lots of 'em! Hard!! Several persons in the Club Room were smote on the head with these brickbats. One young man had his eye cut open. At this stage of the sport, remarkable as it may appear, one hundred (100) policemen arrived upon the ground and forthwith set about clearing the street. Mr. RYNDERS, who with his party, was present, objected. He did'nt want the street cleared. The police insisted. The RYNDERS party resisted. The police nipped several of the RYNDERS party and marched them off to the 15th Ward Station House. Whereat much wrath in the bosom of the valiant RYNDERS, who instantly hied him, as the late lamented Mr. JAMES would have said, to the loathsome keep to rescue his sturdy men-at-arms, or by'r lady to cleave their gaoler to the chine. How he did'nt rescue his sturdy men-at-arms as well as how he failed to cleave their gaoler to the chine, we are told in that sentence of the *Tribune* reporter's, which is such a remarkably good thing that we must really put it in here again:

"Capt. RYNDERS succeeded in forcing his way into the Station House, *but was ejected therefrom*, for interfering with the business of the Sergeants."

Here it is that, as stated in the beginning, we don't know what to make of it. Stay! . . . The *Tribune* always was a funny paper . . . . It's a joke!!!

But *Tribune* dear, if you will quip, let us advise you to be more temperate. To say that ISAIAH RYNDERS, U. S. Marshal of the city of New York, captain of a band of trained bullies, a man before whom the stoutest policeman quails, and to whom the law, when his own party is concerned is as nought, to say that this mighty personage we repeat, was ejected from a Station House for interfering with the business of the Sergeants, is to construct a jest too wild and reckless to be taken into consideration for a moment. Modulate thy mirth, *Tribune*, merry mummer that thou art!

Prejudiced.

A friend of ours who yielded to the entreaties of a railway placard to "Ho! for the West," but who, on his arrival there immediately Dug for the East, says that the Peorians have only got one thing that cannot be characterized as "no great shakes." The ever and ague.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S CAMPAIGN PUNSTER.

Some of the rural printed newspapers try to be witty at the expense of their opponents. This feeling leads editors to make some very sorry jokes—and we pity 'em. They have a few journeymen punsters on country newspapers, some, it is true, that may be equal to PRENTICES, but even that ain't saying much, the rest of them are only poor *devils* in the art of playing upon words. VANITY FAIR therefore comes to their rescue with a few ready-made jokes, that may serve them to illustrate the humors of the campaign. They are not very good, but they will do for country newspapers. Our last speaker in the Legislature, LITTLE-JOHN, who was mixed up in the infamous grid-iron business, again shows his hand in politics. Now should not LITTLE-JOHN hide it beneath a Robin'-Hood.

The *Express* said that one-half of the Wide-Awakes in line on the 3rd of October were officers, and the remainder juveniles. In a word that one-half were *Majors*, and the other half *Minors*.

JOHN WHEELER denies that he is a candidate for Congress or any other office. It is very seldom that we find a *wheeler* among the war horses, exhibit an aversion to become a *leader*.

"Where ought Uncle NED to go, who has worn all the wool off his head by agitation?" Asks one who is disgusted with the irrepressible nigger. To the *Wig*—warm of course.

The Hon. R. H. DUELLS has been nominated for Congress in the Courtland District. We shall oppose him. We don't want any more *duels* in Congress.

In the 3rd Congressional district, Pennsylvania, JOHN P. VERREE has been nominated. Its a *very* good nomination.

A. GREEN is talked of for our next Recorder. Who wants to see a Green Judge.

THOMAS J. BARR's way back to Congress seems to be *barred* by MICHAEL TUOMEY, who once kept bar; but is now a plumber. Let BARR be war', MICHAEL understands the art of *laying pipe*.

What the Republicans think of the minute MEN—an affair of no *moment*.

DOUGLAS is continually pitching into the Democratic bolters who caused the division in the party. This then makes but little difference between the Little Giant and Old ABE, one *split* the *rails* and the other *rails* the *split*. That is all for the present. They are welcome to these on *credit* terms.

MACHINERY.

Vanity Fair.—I notice, with a proper amount of "surprise," your remarks about the Jerseyman's sewing machines, which "may be seen *running up stairs*." *You* have "never seen" such machines run, or even "walk" up stairs! Then you must have sadly misimproved your opportunities for observation in this interesting branch of domestic economy, unless you move, as I think perhaps you *do* more exclusively in these lofty circles where the useful arts are all impracticed.

Well, man, I have a *sewing machine*, which originally cost me something over "$50" to be sure; and has cost me a good deal more to keep it in *running* order since, which not only *runs* "up stairs" frequently, but does a good deal of running about town, as I infer from its demand for gaiter boots. It is not a "shuttle machine," however, if I understand it, and I think I do; Nevertheless, it is capable of doing a great variety of stitching; and especially excels in that most useful of all kinds of stitching, the "stitch in time." If any of your bachelor friends, wish to obtain one of this kind of machines—which is an excellent thing to have *in the country*, you know—I can assist him in getting one at a price varying from a small advance on the original cost, to the most fabulous sums, according to their style and finish, and also their capacity of execution, all warranted not only to run up stairs with perfect ease, but also to *run* up little bills among the shopmen for washing materials.

Yours and Sew forth,

SIMON SEWTIGHT.

Discontinuance of the Pony Express.

California papers inform us that, owing to the re-arrangement of the Salt Lake and Denver mails, the famous Pony Express has been placed upon the retired list. The state of mind of the Pony, receiving this cheering intelligence may be more easily imagined than described. Our special correspondent in that section of the country gives us a few interesting particulars in connection with the subject. The news was at first received by a Pony, with an incredulous horse-laugh, but, no sooner was he assured of the truth of it than, kicking his shoes into the air, he abandoned himself to a fantasia of festive dances, in which the *galop*, of course was a leading feature. He has since issued imitations to a great many fillies and colts of his acquaintance to a *hay dansante*, a provocation to which none of them are likely to say Neigh.

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

Customer.—"THESE FELLOWS ARE TOO FINE-BRED, NOW—WHAT ARE THEY GOOD FOR?"
Dog-dealer.—"FANCY DOGS FOR THE SPERRITUALISTS FOLK, SIR—I CALLS 'EM SPERIT TARRIERS, AND EXPECTS TO HAVE 'EM SO FINE BIME-BY THAT I MUST HIRE A MEEJUM TO LOOK ARTER 'EM AND COMMUNICATE GINERALLY."

Was it Quinn, Old Boole, or Old Cogniac?

As we go to press we learn that a roaring lunatic has attacked BARON RENFREW, declaring that he wished to stap the vitals of the Nation's Guest. Rumor declares the delirious wretch to be an alderman or some such creature, driven to insanity by the contempt heaped on him during the late victory of Decency over Municipality.

"The Handwriting on the Wall."

The *Tribune* of the 11th instant makes use of the above expression with reference to the result of election in a neighboring State. Now we don't wish to be troublesome, but hope the *Tribune* will be a little more explicit the next time it tries to jerk a pun upon Pennsyl-vania.

Exaggerated Poultry.

The French, who go in a little, for everything, are now attempting to naturalize the ostrich, with a view of using its flesh as food. Fed upon horse-shoes, flat-irons, and other delicacies of the season, this bird becomes very fat, and we have no doubt that its flesh would be exceedingly beneficial to persons suffering from a deficiency of "iron in the blood."

A Question of Time.

VANITY FAIR offers a medal of the best water-proof leather for the solution of the following problem: If every man in That Procession the other night was a *Wide* Awake, how *Long* Awake were they in the demd to tal?

LITERARY AND OTHER GEMS.

We have extracted the following—with the aid of a dentist's forceps, two cork-screws and a derrick, from the New York *Herald:*

"A FINANCIAL AND LITERARY BUREAU, ADVANCES UPON DIAMONDS, Jewelry, and other available property, or purchased if desired. Business strictly confidential. Private rooms for lady applicants."

Poetry and pawnbroking, loans and literature, collating and collaterals! Undoubtedly the gentleman who keeps the "orifice" in question has in his library the Poetry of Finger Rings, The Diamond Necklace, the Symbolism of Gems, STEDMAN'S Diamond Wedding, Bishop JEWELL'S Works, The Pearl beyond Price, A Gate Opened to Paradise, O Nix my Dolly, *Gemma di Vergy*, ("Gems of Virtue,") *Les Bijoux Indiscrets*, The Emerald, The Opal, The Great Hoggarty Diamond, Aldrich's set of Turquoise, The History of the Kohinoor, Ebony and Topaz, Il Jettatore, Fitz James O'Inchiquin's, "Mother of Pearl," The Lay of the Golden Egg, The Watch Guard of Israel—but we are trespassing on our Bibliographer who will be after us with a warm fork. A very slight familiarity with literature will, however, readily enable the reader to extend this catalogue all the way from Blackball's to Epiphany's.

Then that Lady's Apartment! That private room for lady applicants. What soft nonsense may not be whispered there under a literary Bureau cover! What hints about pawns of love, *gages d'amour*, pledges of affection—and how all this must shine in the literary articles which are kept in the Bureau. Jewels—gems—poems—love—

"The gem which once to me you bore,
And proudly in my hair did'st stick it,
Alas 'tis gone—'tis now no more,
But base deceiver—there's the ticket."

"There or thereabouts." And oh the warmth with which the Literary Bureau must pour forth—

"Thou hast diamonds and pearl drops and jewels,
And all that a mortal could crave,
Thou hast eyes which are fairer than any,
My dearest what more wouldst thou have?"
Tra la la—tra la la la—la la!

How the Bureau must go it. Then he may vocalize—

"Bright sapphires are thy beaming eyes,
Dear eyes so soft and sweet,
Ah me, thrice happy is the man,
Whom they with true love greet.

Thy heart's a diamond bright and clear,
Whence rays of splendor flow;
Ah me, thrice happy is the man,
For whom with love they glow.

Thy lips are rubies melting red,
No brighter need we seek;
Ah me! thrice happy is the man,
To whom with love they speak."

There—that's the sort of quotation, citation and translation which will probably go on in the Bureau. My Uncle is generally held to be but a grim sort of customer—we have a dim recollection of one who once killed some robins to feed two Babes in the Wood, and then covered them up with Cabbage leaves—but this Uncle is quite a different style of article, perhaps only a nephew of my Uncle, one believing in books "and sich." Success to him, and may literature often leave him a loan, but never lonesome.

An Acknowledgement at last.

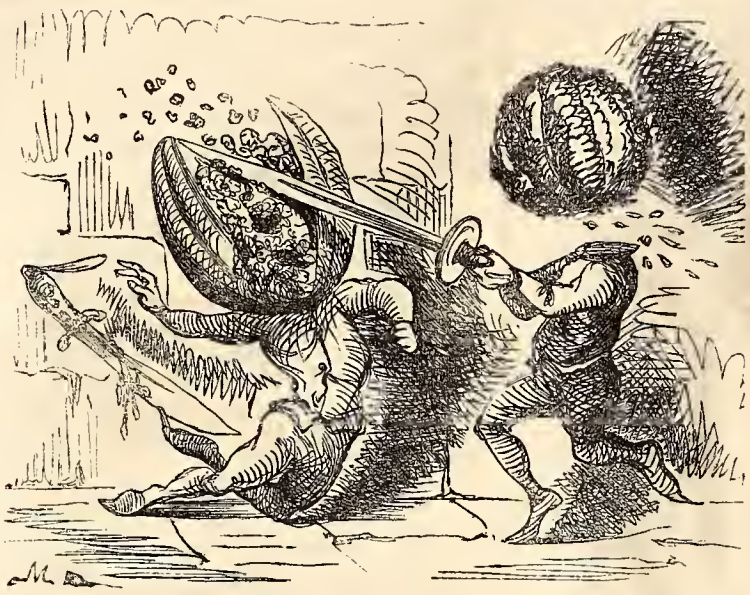
From the *Herald* of the 11th, we understand that,

The more respectable portion of the Philadelphia people, as represented by their ball committee, exerted themselves to the utmost to sustain the credit of their city on this occasion.

That is it exactly, Mr. BENNETT; the "ball committee" or rather the Opera committee, did sustain the credit of their city.

We believe they refused to endorse the obsequiousness of Mr. ULLMAN'S lackey in tendering a proscenium box to the Editor of the *Herald*, as we observe by the Philadelphia papers, the said box was disposed of at auction on the morning of the 10th. Decidedly there is some regard still paid to decency by "the more respectable portion of the Philadelphia people."

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.



UR mail gives us something from Yale—promising name; we've heard ale pronounced that-a-way among English rustics—which VANITY gives in turn to the Vanitarians. Not being much in College at present—though he sees any amount of hard boys—VANITY doesn't pretend to say who may or who mayn't be hit, hurt, smashed, dug, collowoped, beslandered and otherwise besprinkled in our communications. Or any other man. But our infallible Instinct, which corresponds to Socrates his Dæmon, (Xenophon, you know, Memorabilia—and those things) tells us to let slide. They'll fight it out among themselves, my dear V., says Instinct—and our columns are open to any amount of literary Sass. Walk in, gentlemen—walk in!

A SQUIB FROM A SOPH.

HIGH JINKS COLLEGE, October 15, 1860.

DEAR V. F.—In general, I like you. Your *dicta* have hitherto been distinguished by expansive catholicity, unlimited width-awake, and gammon-blasting honor (Is'nt that a stunner?) Picture then the grief I came to, on stumbling across a piece in your last which contained sentiments positively wrong. Wrong—and incendiary. I allude to the piece about "Salting a Fresh." When I first read that piece I larfed almost to bust an intestine—and then got whoppin mad. Allow me to inform you sir, that the person-who-wrote-that-piece's nose is out of joint, and (V. F. V.) I mean to set it right for him.

He implied—he did'nt say it in so many words—but he *implied*, that we Sophs were a lot of "brutes" for putting the freshies through as we do. As a Soph I repuderate the implication. It's a base and baseless fabrication. Out of whole cloth, sir. It has'nt got the first mite of foundation in fact, or reason, or SHAKSPEARE. Does'nt ANTONIO as good as say 'twould be a benign thing for him if SHYLOCK's heart could only be *Sophened?* I rather think he does.

Now has the person-who-wrote-that-piece ever been a Freshman? I *have*, and liked the hazing because I knew it knocked the conceit clean out of me. He does'nt suppose it's any fun for *us* to be rowing round, making night hijous, when we might be snoozing abed, does he? It's a mere work of charity to cut the eye teeth of the freshies, they're so jolly green. Why, one of them saw the dogs running around in muzzles in dog-days and wanted to know "what they'd all got cages on their mouths for." Perhaps a good smoking out—a regular stifler! would'nt have done *that* freshman good.

Fact is Freshmen ain't brought up right now-a-days. Their mothers coddle 'em, and cosset 'em, and send them to college great overgrown spoilt babies, and then keep on sending them hampers and things. Only night before last SMITH of ours got wind of a barrel-er-apples that was being carted up to the room of freshman PIPPIN. He whispered it round, and after dark about half our class went up to get a taste of their quality, and *that* barrel was emptied with a pretty considerable degree of stiffness. Good belly-timber they were too—large, bulging, red-faced, juicy fellows. PIPPIN would have gorged himself if he had been left alone with them, so if it *was* apples to us, 'twas nuts to him.

Shave their heads? Gad! I guess we do. I've been at work for three months on my beard, and (inter nos) it *is* rather a cheap product after all. Now so long as this is the case, does it stand to reason that I should permit an insignificant fresh to be at large with his gills adorned with a luxuriant growth of hair? Not by a long short. It's more than flesh (my flesh at any rate) can bear.

One word in the private ear of the person-who-wrote-that-piece. Perhaps you don't know it, but you're an unsophistocated old Muff. I've got a set of bang-up boxing-gloves over my mantle-piece, and I here throw one of them down to you (in a metaphor.) If you ever happen at Jinksville and give yourself the trouble of looking up 52, Attica Hall, we'll see what can be done in the way of soph-fisticating you. So sure as my name's

PEACHDOWN MOUSTACHE, Esq.

A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, OCT. 3, 1860.

To the Editors of Vantty Fair.

SIR:—I know that your journal is widely read by intelligent persons and I therefore select your columns as the medium for a few words I wish to address to the public.

You see, a few days ago, the two rival literary societies in Old Yale—the Linonian Society and the Brothers in Unity—held their annual "Statement of Facts" at Brewster's Hall. The "Statement of Facts" is intended to keep men just entered College as ignorant as possible of the claims of the two societies, and also to humiliate them as much as possible for the amusement of the Sophs.

You see *I* am in the class of '60, and when the Sophs undertake to make a member of that class take his hat off and *crawl* into the "Statement of Facts," why they've got a job, that's all, and it's time something was done about it. Well you see there *was* more or less fighting all the afternoon and evening, and finally one of our men drew a big dirk knife and just stuck it into a Soph twice—cut the biceps muscles of his left arm *completely off*, which will prevent his travelling on his muscle for some time to come? The Doctor said that our man missed the artery about a sixteenth of an inch, and that if he had cut that, Soph would have been a goner in five minutes!

I'm a man of some eighteen summers, and I have seen a good deal of the world, and I want to say that its nobody's business if our men *did* stick a Soph! The New Haven newspapers said that if "the authorities of the college," (that was their language) couldn't stop such things, it was time for the police to step in! Monstrous idea! I think I see it done! In the first place the *authorities* of the college are the students, and in the next place I should like to see the police *try* to step in. Why only one day last week some of our men were playing foot-ball on the Green, (*contrary to law, mind*) when an impudent little boy, eight years old, got in the way. We ran over him, tramped him down, and broke his arm! Why wasn't some one arrested *then*, I want to know?

What I want to say is, that people might as well stop talking about the students, who are able to take care of themselves and as to their using knives and things, I calculate there isn't law enough in New Haven to stop it. That's *my* Statement of Facts!

I'm not proud, and I won't sign my real name. If you want any more letters from me just drop a line to

Yours truly,

SCHOLASTICUS.

(Only one S on that "cuss," mind.)

P. S.—I've been learning to play billiards since I've been here. There are some of our men play a tip-top game, and I know *one*, sure, that will be ready for a match with BERGER about the time he gets through with MIKE PHELAN. Speaking of BERGER—SAM THOMPSON says (SAM keeps one of our crack saloons) that counting's the way to count, not bouncing, your ball into a gentleman's hat!

Speaking of *bouncing*, you should have seen a shot *I* made last evening! I bounced my ball over the lower, left hand corner pocket, and made a splendid carom on a china spittoon, shivering it into ten thousand fragments! The brilliancy of the shot brought down a low burst of applause from the whole room! The proprietor didn't see it in the light I did. He said the spittoon was a Cochin China spittoon, and cost five dollars. I had it to pay for, and I shan't play any more billiards till I get another remittance. S.

How he Would.

Time has its retributions—we have seen
Two in ten years—when crowned VICTORIA stood
At the NAPOLEON's Tomb by LOUIS' side,
And when old England's heir, her hope and pride,
Bare headed bowed to that great shade serene,
Immortal WASHINGTON—Oh! if spirits can
Look from the skies upon the deeds of man,
How must the third old GEORGY "cuss and swear,"
At his proud haughty VIC, and her gay heir.

THE DREAM OF BLISS.

Hair Dresser.—WISH ANY STUFF PUT ON TO YOUR HAIR, SIR?
Somnolent Old Party.—CERT'NLY—GIN-COCKTAIL.

Strange Coincidence.

From our Hayti exchanges we have an interesting account of a curious relic discovered somewhere up in the Acul Mountains—being nothing more nor less than a marble bust of the great English Admiral NELSON. This memorial was found upon a Fetish altar, where it is ascertained to have done duty for about half a century as an idol for the unreclaimed darkies of the Haytian hill-country.

Well, there's nothing so singular in that; we all have our little Fetishes. The "niggers" of the Acul went one with the bust of an English Admiral. The other kind of people, here, went one with the full length of an English Prince.

We all have our little Fetishes.

Grantly Berkley Dished.

The sportive old fossil whose name appears above, in connection with the participle "dished," has been delighting several sportive old fossils about the London Clubs and elsewhere, with his experiences of American life and manners. The institution called in the polite language of France, the *crachoir*, figures largely in the experiences of G. B. who calls it, with exquisite refinement, a "spitting dish." This dish haunts the sportive old fossil by day; it assumes legs, and runs after him in the still watches of the night. Aroint thee, dish! We know you, dish. We have read of you in cheerful, honest old nursery rhymes. You are the "Dish that ran after the Spoon."

Query.

When the *Tribune* tells us that SAMUEL H. WALLEY, of Massachusetts, possesses "a knack of lugubriosity," does he mean to insinuate that the ex-Congressman in question is a "Walley of Tears?"

BUCHANAN WRITES FOR IT.

The influence which Mr. ROBERT BONNER possesses with eminent men is something miraculous. Two years ago he obtained Mr. EVERETT's consent to stick him up in the form of posters—thinking no doubt that a statesman who had been so long on the fence would look equally well on a wall. We are convinced that if he chose he might secure Mr. JOSHUA T. HENRY at a moment's notice. We recommend the suggestion to Mr. R. BONNER's consideration. After all the sea-tales which have been told marines in his excellent journal, the very driest kind of dry goods would be an excellent entry for his Ledger as serving to "a kinder sop up things." Alderman BOOLE, too, as a possible contributor, has been strangely neglected by R. B. We propose that he be immediately invited to write a Pastoral—and offer generously to present him with the subject—"The playful *Gamb(ol)-lings* of Yellow *Kids* in the Public *Pounds*.

But for the present these gifted young minds must bide their time. The column which they might set up has been supplied by one of the pillars of State. We say pillar, "we mean sepulchre—whited sepulchre. We are not referring to the Georgia Toombs, however, but to one for the nonce occupying a distinguished position among the grave inhabitants of Washington.

J. B. writes for it! That is to say, will write for it—when, according to the doctrine of Election, he shall be called without regard to any worth or worthiness of his own, to March 4th. Just now he is too busy. The stirring events of this Fall—and a certain other fall (which by a singular paradox will occur next Spring), concern him much. Having tired the country for four years he then intends to re-tire to the country. His age will require rest, he thinks. We think ourselves that is what his Age wanted sometime ago. Though not the rest of *him*—if any be left. And then he will be most happy to comply with R. B.'s most flattering &c., &c., &c.

The first thing he promises to do for the *Ledger* is to go down into Oblivion and bring up Mr. WILLIAM LOWNDES. We were aware that he was going there, but until now we didn't know what for. Is J. B. sure he will come back? Mr. WILLIAM LOWNDES is no Wide-Awake—if he were, J. B. would be the last man to go down after him. There is, therefore, hard shaking to be done before Mr. W. LOWNDES can be persuaded to get up. His nose will call for much tickling. J. B. proposes to do it with a goose-feather—only not the end ordinarily used for that purpose. Perhaps J. B. had better reconsider the matter. Why not—instead of *going* down to Mr. LOWNDES, *send down* for the purpose? Besides, supposing Mr. LOWNDES waked up, does anybody imagine that J. B. will be able to return from Oblivion with that heavy South Carolinian on his shoulders? He found Mr. COVODE, let him remember, a very heavy load to carry on a level. Let him recollect that in his own estimation Mr. LOWNDES is a much larger man than COVODE.

We beseech J. B. to weigh this grave subject well. If *eruption* from beneath the surface be considered *rash*—what must we call *irruption* through it? A *rasher* of course—and the desire to save J. B.'s bacon moves us to entreat that he desist.

If by any chance he should never return from Oblivion—we shall always be sorry that he did not take our counsel. (Both this specific one of ours and our Common Council, we mean.) There are many reasons why he should not volunteer a descent into Oblivion. He is well known to be fond of splicing his main-brace—but the chief line he will then have to attend to, (besides the line he hopes to send up occasionally to Mr. BONNER), will be his *stay*. Then again, if he does remain, Mr. EVERETT will have to withdraw from the *Ledger*. He will have no time to write for it. He will feel compelled to lecture for subscriptions to buy the tomb of another President. He will be called on to make Lethe as hallowed a stream as the Potomac—to raise a fund to keep Oblivion in repair. Be persuaded, Mr. BUCHANAN! Don't go down if you can help it. Stay where you are—and raise all the dolorous notes you like. But don't let all the necessities of R. B.'s *Ledger* prevail on you to try lifting that South Carolina Bill!

The Crusaders

Our Washington Correspondent informs us that the end of the cruise of our Naval Force in the Gulf is Vera Cruz, and that J. B's intention that they should side with the truly cross Mexicans against the angry Spaniards proves they will be Very Cruz-aiders.

THE PRINCE IN NEW YORK.

ONCERNING the Prince's visit to New York—the readers of VANITY FAIR need not be told, that it is uppermost in the minds of all. It is a subject of thought among the high and low, and the universal theme of conversation; even the newspapers, which so seldom agree on anything, agree on this topic, and strive to outdo each other in chronicling the movements of H. R. H. V. F. has followed them from day to day—not with pleasure, he promptly owns, for pleasure was out of the question—but from a sense of duty to the public, particularly the readers of V. F. He has read all that has been written about the Prince, (melancholy task!) and is surprised to see how much has escaped the gentlemen of the press, and how devoid of novelty their reports have been. To remedy this defect, and at the same time add to the gratification of his readers, V. F. has set his emissaries to work in all directions. They have not been content, it will be seen, with the superficial aspect of the event, but have gone below the surface, and looked upon it through the spectacles of others. One of these energetic gentlemen, (who by the by was formerly an *attachè* of the *Herald*,) has procured several important letters, three of which we print, *verbatim et literatim*. If the writers feel aggrieved at seeing their epistles in print, they may obtain satisfaction by calling at the office of VANITY FAIR.

(Office hours of our Fighting Editor, from 9, A. M. to 5. P. M.)

LETTER I.

(From a young lady in the city, to her friend in the country.)

914 LEXINGTON PLACE.
NEW-YORK, OCT. 14th 1860.

MY DEAR CONSTANCE.—The brilliant event which has been so long on the *tapis* has culminated at last. The BALL has come off! Pa succeeded in obtaining *billets d' admission*, through the instrumentality of your cousin, CHARLES, whose *kindness* on this occasion we shall never, *never* forget. You should have seen the faces of the Misses MILLER when I showed them the *preeious* documents. They were ready to burst with rage, for they had counted upon going themselves. (*But they did not.*)

Pa was *very good*, for he gave me *carte blanche* at STEWART'S and TIFFANY'S. MALHERBE and myself drove to STEWART'S, and picked out what became my style, and TIFFANY selected a diamond necklace for me—*the costliest in his establishment*. It was made for Madame OVIEDO (you remember Miss BARTLETT) *but not paid for;* for they do say that these Cuban *millionaires*—but that's not *our* business, my dear. I looked *splendid* when I was dressed. So at least I was *told* by two *good judges*—Pa, and your cousin CHARLES. (My *mirror* whispered the same flattering tale.)

You never *saw* such a crowd of coaches as *lined* 14th street that night. It reminded me of BYRON'S *touching* line—what is it? something about "the busy haunts, the throng of men." We had our driver and footman in liveries, and *such* a pair of grays! It was lovely to see them prance, and champ their foamy bits. The police had to keep them from trampling on the people about the Academy. The interior of the House was *magnificent*—a Bower of Beauty, a perfect *Paradise* of Enchantment. Fancy the myriads of jets of light which *starred* the resplendent circle of the upper rows of boxes—the massive columns draped with English and American flags, (Union Jacks, I think your cousin called them,) the whole first tier a garden of costly exotics of the richest hues—the superb toilets of the assembled beauties, the *élite* of the nation—in short the *coup d' œil* was perfectly dazzling. But the Prince.

You remember, CONSTANCE, when we went to school to Madame CHEGARY'S, how we read novels after school hours—thrilling romances of the old *règime*, and wished that we had lived then, that we might have *seen* the kings and princes who figured in the gorgeous pageants of the *Past?* We used to wonder, dear, how a real *live* Prince looked! We pictured him in our *glowing* fancies as a stately personage clad in a mantle of three-piled velvet—a Toledo blade by his side, the handle *crusted* with gems, and upon his royal brow a plumed cap. *Such* was our girlish Ideal of a Prince! How unlike the REALITY! I mean the Prince of Wales, who wears neither *plumed cap, Toledo blade*, nor *velvet mantle*, but dresses in black like any other gentleman. (How unromantic, you exclaim. *Not at all.*) He is eighteen years old; as tall as FANNY, with blue eyes, dark complexion, and *the sweetest smile in the world!* He entered the *salon de danse* a little before midnight, leaning on the arm of PETER COOPER, who, the papers said, never looked so venerable! (*Old Glue Pot*, your cousin called him. He is *too* severe.) A breathless silence pervaded the assembled multitude; the presence of ROYALTY was felt in *all* hearts. The band struck up "*God Save the Queen,*" and the Prince's eyes *suffused* with tears. *He was thinking of his mother!* Presently the music changed, and with it his countenance. He raised his *drooping* lids—a lambent light played in his merry azure eyes—and the *spirit of mirth* perched on his pouting lip. The quadrille began. He is an *elegant* dancer, and so wrapped up in the pursuit that he calls off the figures himself. Think of a *Prince* saying "FORWARD TWO," or "TAKE HANDS ALL ROUND!" It will be all the *rage* among gentlemen next winter.

"But did *you* dance with His Highness?" methinks my dear Constance inquires. *I did!* I was his eighteenth partner. I don't know *who* introduced him to me, I was so flurried, but I *think* it was Lord Newcastle. We went through a quadrille together, and in the pauses of the dancing HIS HIGHNESS conversed with me. He asked me if I was *fond* of dancing. "*Passionately!*" I exclaimed. He smiled graciously, and remarked that it was a fine night; I *assented*. Once, in the mazes of the giddy dance, *his hand touched mine!* A thrill of *fire* ran along my pulses—a pang of ecstacy *quivered* around my heart. I shuddered with delight. The blood of the GUELPHS seemed for a moment to mingle with *mine!*——Be calm my *susceptible* heart, nor surge thus passionately in the *wild* tempest of thy thoughts! *The Prince is not for thee. Thy* destiny lies far from *courts* and *palaces*, in the still valley of SECLUSION. OBSCURITY is thy *portion*.

I must close now for Pa has come home from Church. He don't like to have me write *billet doux* on the Sabbath. He has been to Trinity to *worship* with the PRINCE. Would *I* had gone too. *Au revoir ma chére. Pensez a moi.*

Your sister-heart,
CLEMENTINA MAC FADEN.

LETTER II.

[From a New York Fireman to his friend in Albany]

NEW YORK, October 15th, 1860.

DEER JAKEY.—As you aint hurd from me for a putty long time I thort Ide just drop you a letter. Ive lots to tell you about the boys, the fires weve bin too sence you went away, and so fourth, but I kant do it now, for Ime runnin over with the Grand Torchlighte Percesshun that the New York Firemen gin the Prince of Wales. I wish youde bin heer to see the ole masheen. We had her painted over; rubbed out the figger of Tekumsey, and put in Kolumbus and the godes of Libberty; got the platin pollished new; had a reath of flours on the guse neck, and tyed ribons round the breaks, jest like we was goin on a target 'scursion, the boys all had torches like Wide awakes, and plenty of roman Candils. 5 Thousend Firemen was out with their masheens, hoescarts, hooks an ladders, etecetera. We turned out early in the arternoon and dident git home till leven o'clock. We warnt tired nor nothin! The fact is, Jakey, the hull thing was a Flummix. Not that we dident make a prime show—Ide smack the cheek of any feller says we dident, but some old pudden head or other dident know his bizzeness, and kept us and the Prince a-waitin till 9 o'clock. Howsumever it was a Big Thing when we got to the hottel where his Highnes was on the piazzer. We histed our Torches when we got there, set off the roman Candils, and gin him 3 cheers and a Tiger, jest as we uster at Mary Taylors Benefits. The Prince took off his hat and bowed putty. Hees a nice boy, I tell *you*, and if heed ony stay a day or too weed git him up a Fire. *Sure.* I wished when I seed him Saturday night that heed come round to the Injin house and see the boys. It would be better than goin to them foofoo places, the colledge and the Aster Libry. But, Jakey, us poor Firemen aint nobody. Were rif rafs and rowdees, we are, till a fire comes, then were fust rate fellers! Gas. The Prince told Fernandy nex day that it knocked spots out of London. I looked round when we got passed his Highnes, and sures you live there was 3 or 4 miles of torches. It was just as putty as the rode to hevcn! We had a fight with 42 on the way back and the way we lammed em warent slow. Hen Smith said they hadent any fourtytude at all. Dident the old woman give it to me! I dident know why till nex mornen when I woke up with a Black Eye. Ide like to write you more, but the Hall has jest struck Third Deestrict. Ime off.

Youre ole friend,
HIRAM RODGERS.

A "LOVE OF AN EXOTIC!"

THE ICH DIEN FEATHER-FERN.

Settled by Avowal.

Several of our cotemporaries are needlessly agitating themselves about the consumption of coffee being greater than its production—all speculation! VANITY FAIR recommends them however to keep up the excitement, for the more we talk about Coffee the less we'll talk about Cuffee, and the more we O for coffee the less will U take Cuffee for a subject of conversation.

A Voice from Remote Antiquity.

That peripatetic being enshrined in the hearts of all ladies of a certain age, (we refer to the census-taker,) has come upon a man out West who is, without doubt, the oldest person extant in this counry. As a proof of his extreme age it is stated that he remembers a time when the New York *Herald* was considered a veracious sheet!

From our Bad Man.

Q. What is the association between a pocket-hand-kerchief and the inhabitants of Nova Scotia?

A. Blew Noses—of course.

Cleaned out.

Uncle SAM when he shall have been drained by the Administration and SEWARD by the Republicans.

Political.

The dry docks on the east side of the city are to be abolished by the grand Union party because they are Sectional.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER, FORMERLY THE FASHION EDITOR OF THE HERALD.)

The ceremonies of the evening were opened by the Prince dancing a quadrille with Mrs. G———r M———n. Mrs. M———n's dress was of rose-colored tulle, with a burnous of maroon cachemire, decollettée. Head-dress of Chambery gauze, trimmed with black guipure, and coiffeur of violets giroflee. She was the observed of all observers.

The second partner of his Royal Highness was Miss F——h, daughter of Ex G———r F——h. She wore a robe of scarlet tarlatane, with plaits at the waist, and broad bands of popln, a la Pompadour; a foule with narrow flounces, trimmed with bouillons of white taffeta, barred with black velvet. Head-dress en pointe, ruches decoupees, comme il faut. She attracted universal attention.

The third lady whom his Serene Grace honored by his hand in the giddy mazes of Terpsichore was Mrs. B———t. The dress of this fair dame was of striking simplicity. She was clad in a robe of white reps silk, trimmed with point d'angleterre; an azure berthe, en tablier, fastened by an agraffe, demi-ajustes; rose de chene ruches of tulle illusion, with a touffe of pink ribbon, and a coiffeur of diamonds, in negligé. She was much admired.

Miss F———d, the happy fourth partner of his Gracious Highness, wore a redincote of white tulle, passementerie; pantalettes of crepe, en pointe, pompons of bouffants, and head-dress a la Gree. She was much noticed.

LETTER III.

From a Distinguished New York Thief to his Mort in Philadelphia.

How are you Old Gal? You cleared the coop in the nick of time. The THINGSTABLES overhauled the ken the night you left, and nabbed Black BESS, and JERRY the Sneak. We shoved the queer though, and had a lushy time with the balsam. What luck among the Thees and Thous? We had a rum time when the Prince came. SAM and me struck a lode at STEWART'S, and bit lots of wipers from the gaping morts. I fished a hair-case from an apple dumpling shop, and SAM nipped an old cull's bung. Then the stars spotted us, and we sloped by the back door. DARBY and SLASHER got up a crib fight by the Astor, and we grappled a cove's bit, and two tickers. Lent the tickers to my uncle for three saw bucks.

We cracked a ken last night, and planted the queer with a new fence, who stumped the handsome. The Mayor's pups were on the lay for us, and we had a tight mill with 'em. I tipped BLOWING BILL a stoter on his haltering place, which split his skull pan. Then we binged avast in the darkmans.

Did you see ALBERT EDWARD in Penn Town? He's a spoony little cove, not a bit fly. He may make a good prince, but he would'nt be worth his porridge in *our* line. Our kiddy is a rum cove to *him;* but it is'nt his fault, I suppose. What can you expect of a kinchin brought up as *he* has been? I owe his dam for a passage to Sydney and some day I'll settle, *sharp.* My motto's "A short life and a merry one!" Old Grim will grab us all by and by, and slip us into the Eternity Box. Then English BILL, the Thief, will be as good as ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales. I shall pad the hoof to Boston in his train. They say the Yankees are downy coves for knowing ones like us. More from there.

Your true-hearted Pal,

BILL BACON.

About So.

We observe a new paper extensively advertised of late called *The Wide World.* We presume this just born journal is thus named to distinguish it at once from the exceedingly narrow *World* already in existence.

To Advertisers.

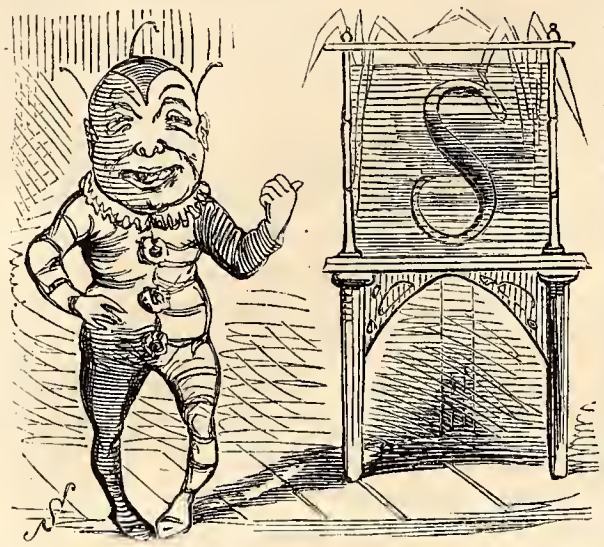
We see no end of advertisements from "a Business man with a small Capital," but prefer waiting for a small man with a Capital Business before we undertake to "go in."

Barnum's Last Reward.

For the man who admits that he was'nt offered a ticket to the RENFREW BALL.

JERSEY ON BARNUM.

Editor Vanity Fair.



IR.—I have been to BARNUM'S. BARNUM'S a humbug. Had a suspicion of it when I went in. Thought of it while I was there; felt sure of it when I came out. Looked around for the "What Is It?" in the first place; couldn't find time there or in any other place. I'm from Jersey and never saw a "What Is It?" Does it look like the Camden and Amboy, VANITY FAIR? BARNUM sticks out a big piece of canvass in front of his shop, and asks me "if it is a man or monkey or both?" How can I tell if he won't let me see it?" That canvass is "made out of the whole cloth." But I kept looking for the "man or monkey or both." Finally a man saw me staring around, and comes up and says, "What Is It?" "No," says I "Where Is It?" Says he, "What do you want?" Says I, "Where's the man or monkey or both?" "O," says he, "you go down Fulton-street a little way, about a block, and you'll find it." I went down there after I came out, and didn't see anything but the *Herald* office. Guess that man tried to take me in. Do you know what he meant, VANITY FAIR? Saw the woman with the long hair. Don't know whether it was the Long Lost Heir or not. (*Mem.*) Must ask BONNER, or COBB, or EVERETT.) She said she and her hair had a "falling out," and she put on some of PHELAN'S in-wig-crator (Isn't it PHELAN? I know he has something to do with *cues*) and it made her hair come out, that is, longer. But I didn't stay long to see her. This Capillary Attraction wasn't strong enough.

BARNUM said he had a great, roaring Black Sea Lion.

Now, VANITY FAIR, you know everything, do you really think this Lion is a Sea Lion? Do you believe he ever sailed upon the main or the tail either? If he came from the sea, his roar would be a bark, wouldn't it? How does BARNUM know that it's a Black Sea Lion? There ain't any lions in the Black Sea. BARNUM says he keeps the biggest Seal in the world. Now I know, if I am from "Jersey," that the keeper of the Great Seal lives in London, and I know BARNUM ain't the man. I don't believe what he's got is a Seal at all. It didn't make any impression on me. I heard a man standing near say, this Seal was but a waif on the great ocean. Now if he was a real Seal he'd be more than that, he'd be a wafer wouldn't he V. F.? I think this Seal can be easily waxed, and if the owner of the American Museum don't think so too, he's more of a Bar-num-skull than I supposed he was. There are those wax figures. Every one of them came from "Jersey." I know they did; they've all got the fever and ague. They are all very *cereous*-looking figures. Those wax-figures will wane some of these hot-days. I saw the Lightning Calculator. That was pretty good, there last week in your paper when you called him the Lightening Adder; I suppose you thought he was some connection to the Electrical Eel. To hear him talk about the books he's read, you would suppose he was a well-red adder. Then there's those white negroes from *Albany* or some such place. Who pinked their eyes for them? Did HEENAN? BARNUM says they are Moors. Ah that BARNUM'S a cute chap. He can come it, "over the mountains and over the moors" too. He don't pay them in silver, or gold or bank-notes. He pays them with amalgam. He says that's just the thing for white negroes. But I haven't time to tell you all I saw. I must mention the "What mought they be?" "How come you so?" both of which are very *questionable* animals. Then there's the Angel Fish which has nothing to do with the Devil Fish. NOAH preserved the Angel Fish during the deluge, and its true name is Arch Angel Fish. BARNUM is humbugging if he calls it anything else.

Yours, JERSEYMAN.

Proved To a T.

It is singular, observes the *Express*, how many public singers claim titles of nobility. It is singular, adds VANITY FAIR, how many singers prove of No ability.

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

LORD RENFREW AMONG THE COLLEGIANS.

MOST EXCELLENT VANITY:—The New York Universitantes and the Free Academicians are bubbling up, effervescing, and boiling over with the most tremenjous and ungovernable excitement. Excitement bordering on frenzy. The late visit of the royal Oxonian has done for them. They swear by the Baron. Nothing will do, but they must swing out in Oxford caps and gowns, and pepper-and-salt their conversation with talk of the "Quadrangle," "Little Goes," "Dons," "coaching," and "getting plucked."

On the morning of Friday, Oct. 12th (never-to-be-sufficiently-memorable day in the annals of American colleges,) the Baron, accompanied by his tutor, General BRUCE, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mayor WOOD, progressed down Fifth Avenue to the University building. He was received by the Chancellor with open doors and conducted first to the classical lecture-room. Elegantly bound copies of "De Senectute,"," and the "Odyssey" were placed before him, and he was informed that the students had been put through a course of high-pressure cramming in those works, and would be happy to answer any questions upon them he might be pleased to propound. The Baron took up the treatise on Old Age, and calling the attention of the class to the opening words "O TITE," begged to know whether that expression referred to the bibulous proclivities of TITUS, or to his parsimonious habits. This was a sticker. After pausing in vain for a reply, he said, "Perhaps we'll have better success in Greek. Be so good as to explain the decided leaning evinced by the Greeks toward the use of the Grave accent in their Monumental Inscriptions." A Sabbath stillness still reigning through the class, the Baron turned to his Tutor and rather dryly remarked, "Its very evident why these languages are called dead." "And how so?" inquired the General. "Because they've 'deaded' every mother's son of them." He then opened the Odyssey at the 9th Book, and negligently turned over the leaves till he lighted on the line commencing *Kuklam, te, pie.* "Ah!" said he, "What kind of pie is here referred to?" Before an answer could be returned, the Mayor, whose face, at the mention of the *Kuklam*, had betrayed symptoms of uncontrollable agitation, started up and reminded the Baron that they ought to be moving.

The party then proceeded to the chemical lecture-room. To the first question which the Baron put to this class—"Can you mention the formula for Nitrous Oxide?" The only answer he could extort was "NO sir." A shade of dissatisfaction crossed his face, but he continued, "Perhaps then, you can tell what celebrated Englishman originated the phrase 'The Wee Drap.'" A member of the class suggested "JACK KETCH." "You're out there!" retorted the Baron a little cavalierly, "'Twas Prince RUPERT!" One of the embryo chemists here arose, and having obtained permission to ask a question of their illustrious guest, inquired, "Why is the heated atmosphere which is sometimes seen rising from a stove like your honored self?" "Because its air apparent," promptly responded the Baron.

The Baron, after having expressed himself as highly gratified with the proficiency of the students, re-entered his carriage, which was next headed for the Free Academy. He was here welcomed by President WEBSTER who presented to him the members of the Faculty in order.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Baron drew the president aside and inquired, "Did you say that he (indicating by a nod the vice president) was OWEN?" "I did, indeed," replied Dr. WEBSTER. "Then I should think he would pay up," said the Baron, guilelessly. He was then understood to address a remark of condolence to Dr. WEBSTER on the *coup de grace* which his dictionary had lately received at the hands of VANITY FAIR. The mere mention of the name of the periodical elicited the most violent demonstrations of applause from the boot-heels of the assembled students. The president strove to allay the tumult. "I wouldn't try to stop them," interposed the Baron. "You know the Stamp Act was always obnoxious to Americans."

The Baron graciously acceded to a request that he would plant a pear-tree on the lawn in front of the Academy, in commemoration of his visit. During the ceremony the attention of the spectators was much distracted by the conduct of a wren which fluttered about, uttering plaintive cries. As soon as the tree was in its place, and the initial shovel-ful of dirt had been deposited on its roots, the little creature alighted upon the topmost bough and warbled a joyous melody. "I accept the augury!" exclaimed the Baron, overjoyed at the coincidence. "Long flourish the Wren Fruit tree!"

The first Dance at the Prince's Ball.

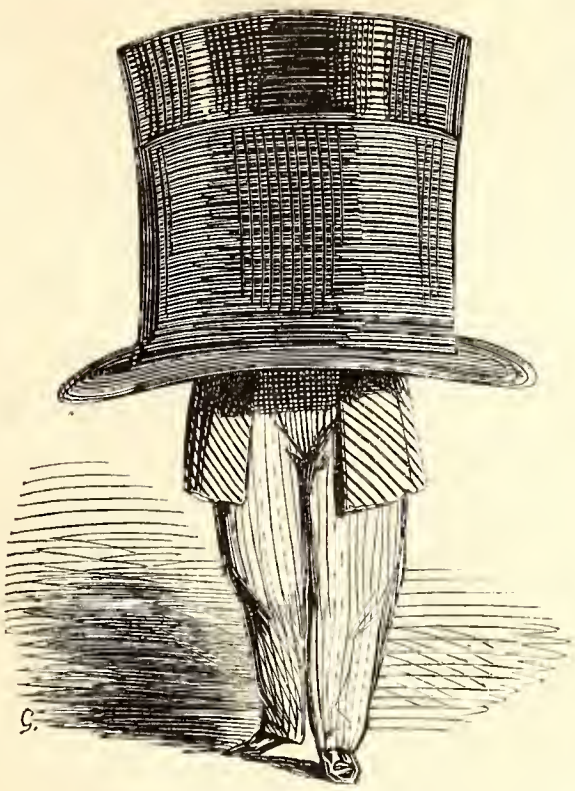
A Break Down.

CHAPEAU BAS!

When in Philadelphia our friend RENFREW visited Girard College —went on top of it—saw country—scenery—breeze—all sorts things. Further particklers as follows from the Unmitigable *North American and U. S. Grisette:*

"The stairway leading to the roof is very narrow, and upon the staircase was a mixed company, comprising the Prince's entire retinue, the Mayor, the committee to entertain the Prince, and various citizens of note. According to etiquette the Prince walked in front of the rest, the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of St. Germains behind him. As ALBERT EDWARD projected his head above the "scuttle," an irreverent breeze whisked off the Prince's hat. The tile rolled jollily over the roof, and, like a courser over a stone fence at a grand steeple chase, leaped the balustrade and descended to the ground below. The Prince laughed at the accident, and held his sides with merriment as he watched the course taken by the missing tile. At this juncture Mr. M. J. MITCHESON, the very courteous secretary of the "entertaining committee" of one hundred, came to the relief of the Prince, in a most graceful manner, by tendering his own hat until the missing one should be recovered. The Prince gracefully accepted the courtesy, and placed the tile upon his occiput, where it rested on the back of his coat collar and his organ of locality, the latter being just above the right eyebrow. The Prince wore the secretary's beaver until the London article was recovered, and then with a graceful recognition of the courtesy, an exchange was made. Mr. MITCHESON'S hat will prove a memento worthy of a glass case, and an inscription recording its history. A Philadelphia hat that once did duty as a satin beaver "extinguisher" to the head of royalty, will be a relic as is a relic."

Yes indeed. But seriously now, Col. MACMICHAEL, you *don't* mean to say that our friend RENFREW looked like THIS, do you?



NOTHING LIKE EXPERIENCE.

It is pretty well known, both in and out of VANITY FAIR, that dwarfs—as SCOTT remarks—talk most about little people, people of unsound mind are detected by constantly suspecting others of lunacy. Thackeray writes about snobs—Bennett about political prostitutes, you know—demireps are fond of scandal, and darkies term each other niggers; the whole having been summed up by some jolly Vanitarian of the olden time in the celebrated law case of POTT vs. KETTLE.

But a stronger case than any of these is presented by JAMES W. GERARD'S pitching into OLD ABE, because ABRAHAM isn't handsome! That'll do. Anything but *that* MRS. FLETCHER! We shall have the What Can They Be's out next—lecturing on æsthetics and loveliness. Why, bless your soul alive, JAMES GERARD never opened his mouth yet without awaking a desire in the beholders to pitch in ginger nuts. The very sight of him suggests a hand organ and coppers. Why if old age wasn't venerable, even in politicians, we'd say something disrespectful. We really would.

And he thinks OLD ABE ugly enough to split rails! There's fellow feeling for you!

Good for a Lift.

A Load-Stone.

OUR GREAT CONTRIBUTOR.

The following correspondence speaks for itself. The base attempt of the *New York Ledger* in announcing one of our most distinguished contributors as specially engaged for that paper, while it lacerates our feelings, only excites our utmost contempt. The wretched boy who proved traitor to his trust and basely furnished copies of the annexed, which have been imitated so ludicrously, we have promptly dismissed; we have endeavored to temper justice with mercy; will Mr. BONNER do the like? Ha! Will he?

V. F.'S OFFICE, Sept. 13th, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—We are about commencing in VANITY FAIR a series of sketches of eminent departed. We wish to begin with Mr. JAMES CROW, the distinguished Cosmopolitan. We have been informed that you knew him well, and derived much benefit from his Terpsichorean teachings, having made a practical use of them for some years past. Would you oblige us by a sketch of the man as you knew him, with any comments that may prove useful to the rising political generation who are so dreadfully put to it at this present time?

Very respectfully yours,
VANITY FAIR.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18th, 1860.

MY DEAR VANITY:—I have your favor of 13th inst., and shall most indubitably do as you wish, and send my recollections of the late Mr. CROW very soon. He was in his way a remarkable man for "turning about and wheeling about, and doing just so," and I candidly confess my acknowledgments to him for the political application which I have made of his teachings.

Between ourselves, I am a little busy just now, and don't know which way to turn, but, as you are aware, will have any quantity of leisure after the 4th of March next, when I shall certainly furnish the sketch. Don't you think you can let up a little on J. B.? Do, that is a good fellow. I enclose a joke; "a poor thing but mine own." (Not admissable; ought to be ashamed of himself. EDS. V. F.)

Yours fraternally,
VANITY FAIR. J. B.

"Out Again!"

BOSTON, Oct. 15th.

"VANITY FAIR."—Do get it right, you were wrong last week, you know.

"Time's arid rivulet, through its glassy gorge, lapsed ceaseless."

Is the true reading from F. J. Bailey's,—Festus Bailey's you know —"Mystic." (Ticknor & F. Boston '56) James Field's you know—or any other man.

I wrote a short notice of it at the time, you know, whence my remarkable knowledge.

But do you know what it means. In the name of the Prophet! Figs!

It *is* an hour glass.

The "ceaseless" of course is when you have a little nigger to keep turning it. Or any other man.

It is, you know, therefore, good as a conundrum. Read aloud—I mean intoned—it will pass for a decent text. I *have* run it three or four times for a pretty good Tupper and anted it once off on my aunt for a bit of Spurgeon. Or any other man.

Yours in the faith,
A VANITARIAN.

Our Dutch Friend's Opinion.

Old Crosbones was angry, and asked with a frown,
"Are tailors not men, then, in fine?"
Our Dutch friend withdrew his long pipe from his lips,
And slowly gave utt'rance to—"Nein."

Woman of Same-aria.

Young lady who had but one song.

"Half the Women have false Hair."

Well—should'nt fairies wear peri-wigs.

THE SOPHOMORE'S FIRST "TILE."

THE FIRST SALUTE!"

VANITY AMONG THE PROPHETS.

Look here! Oh Instinct! Instinct! Hooray!!

"It thus appears that "Old ABE" is a conservative republican—that he contemplates no war upon the constitutional rights of slavery in the slave States—that his platform is the Chicago platform in good faith, and that his general policy upon slavery will be to conciliate the South into submission instead of exasperating her people into open rebellion. His Cabinet too, will be made up of Northern and Southern men, and it is probable that Mr. SEWARD, instead of going into the State Department, will prefer the mission to England, in order, like Mr. BUCHANAN to be out of harm's way till the next campaign. Mr. LINCOLN'S Southern ministerial advisers will be selected from such conservative men as HENRY WINTER DAVIS, of Maryland: JOHN MINOR BOTTS, of Virginia, and JOHN A. GILMER of North Carolina.
New-York Herald, OCT. 20.

That's all! Friend BENNETT thee *does* like the new coat, after all. Off with thee rags!

JAMIE—what *Would* you do without our guiding lantern?

Watts on the Administration?

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

Now this is all very fine in poetry, and so far as that goes, the poet, Mr. WATT'S his name, was perhaps right; but when you come to apply it to politics, it seems to be "just the contrary, quite the reverse;" for instance, behold the political busy B's and see what they have done thus far:

The BUCHANAN Bee. The King Bee.
The BRECKENRIDGE Bee. The Heir Presumptive Bee.
The BENNETT Bee. The N. Y. *Herald* Bee.
The BIGLER Bee. The Pennsylvania Senator Bee.
The BLACK Bee. The Attorney General Bee.
The BRIGHT Bee. The Indiana Senator Bee.
The BOWMAN Bee. The Washington Constitution Bee.
The BAKER Bee. The Philadelphia Collector of Port Bee.
The BROWNE Bee. The Philadelphia Post-Master Bee.

It is a bitter reflection for the great Democratic party that it is all owing to these Bumble-Bees they have been so "well-waxed."

Remarkable Case of Mistaken Identity.

It is said to be one of the leading characteristics of genius to identify itself with the objects of its contemplation. Thus SHAKSPEARE is able to make HAMLET or MACBETH real, because he becomes for the nonce, HAMLET or MACBETH. A singular instance of this tendency or faculty, whichever you choose to call it, has just come under our notice. Mr. EVERETT has so steeped himself in the life and character of WASHINGTON, as to become at last unable to distinguish between the father of our country and her most illustrious son. In consequence of this obfuscation, he has illustrated his "Life of WASHINGTON" with a portrait of E. EVERETT.

Perhaps, after all, we are mistaken in our theory of the cause of this phenomenon. It may be that Mr. EVERETT has so polished away the characteristic features of the great man that no tolerable likeness of him remains. Whatever the cause of the substitution, it is a proof of Mr. EVERETT'S pluck that he is thus willing to face his own work, and V. F. is charitably willing to suppose that the portrait is meant only as an honest hint to the reader, that the character he will find drawn in the book itself, is vastly more like E. E. than G. W.

"Proud and Ambitious Tribune!"

Not content with treading the path to fame, The *Tribune*, determined to be the Admirable Crichton of the Metropolis, has obtained from HORACE another Ode on DOUGLAS; (it is evident they owed him for it) which concludes thus:

"There's no use
In doing anything about that hoss,
His eyes is sot."

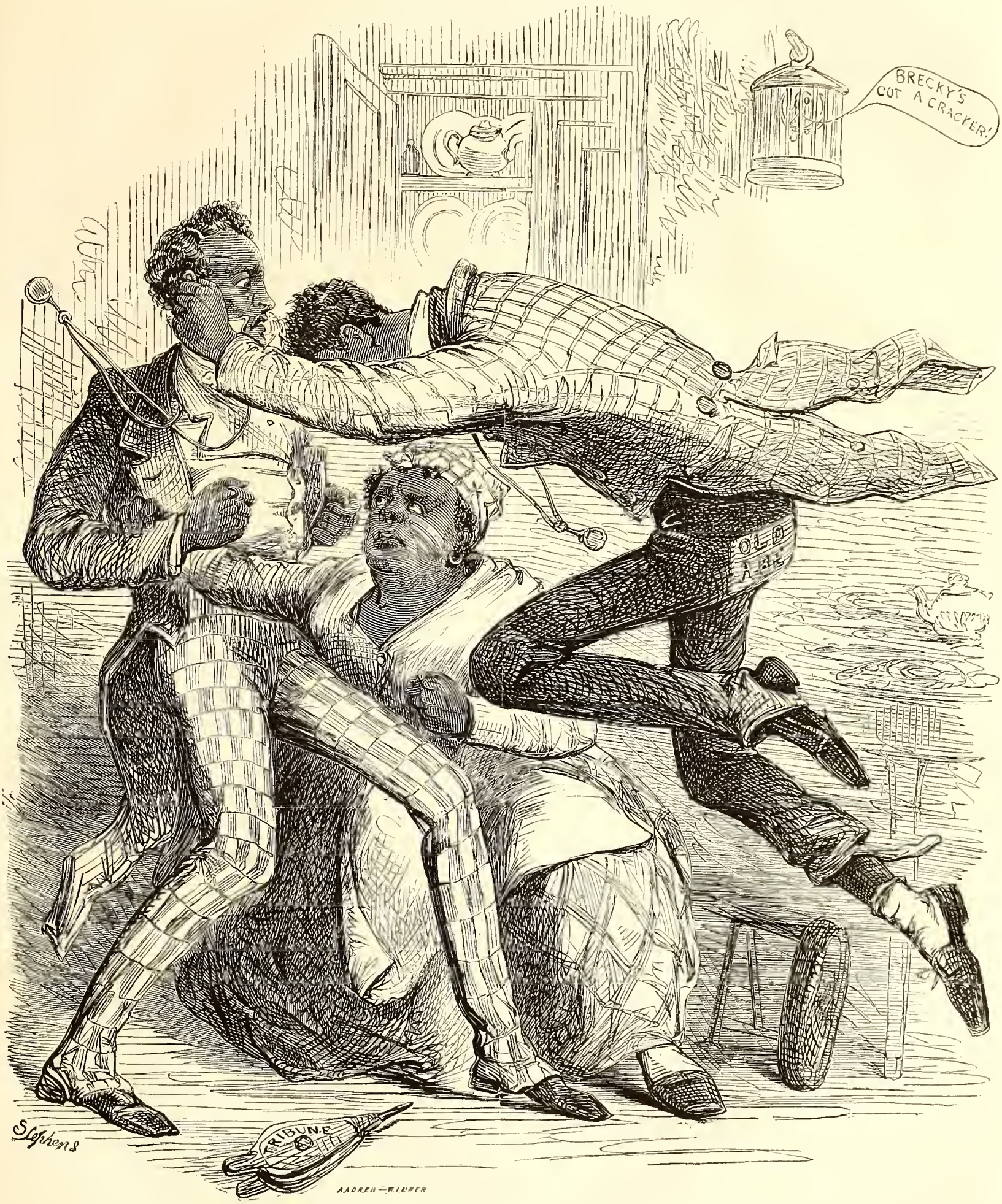
That's the kind of poetry which "never dize."

Color of the Sheep that was Dyed in the Wool.

Ultra-merin-O!

Probable result of extending negro-suffrage.

A Barber's Poll-Tax.



"SICH A GITTIN UP STAIRS."

"Miss Douglas beller out. Den she jump between us
But I guess she no forgit de day wen Abra'm show his genus!
Sich a gittin up stars I neber did see.
Sich a gttin up stars I neber did see!"

DIABLERIE vs. PHILOSOPHERS.

UR friend the *Tribune* in writing of the late Ball, says that:

"This ball must be classed among the great philosophers of the age."

The India rubber of our imagination is not sufficiently vulcanised to allow of its being safely extended the length of looking at a ball subduced into a philosopher; while we are further confounded at the necessity of considering that philosopher a member of the modern schools. Had the fluid writer refrained from restricting his philosopher to "the age," we might have referred the latter man to the peripatetic school, in regard of waltzing and being around generally.

As it is we must abjure the notion of a ball being converted into a philosopher—at least until we have touched up our metaphysics a little, with some of the *Tribune's* pumice. We are willing to concede a point, however, and shall offer no objections to the classification of the "Prince's Ball" as a great Neck Romancer, in consideration of the number of heads turned by it.

Our Instinct still at the Top of the Heap.

Long ago did VANITY FAIR lift up his voice in favor of the cleanly, comfortable cab, and cry out for the abolition of the dreadful omnibus. VANITY FAIR'S Instinct (which *has* become famous) told him that The Time would come. And The Time has come. Right straight along. In the *Herald's* London correspondence, under date of September 29th, is this blissful intelligence:

"GEORGE F. TRAIN is about to introduce into America two British institutions—*i. e.*, the Hansom cab and Punch and Judy. He has ordered six cabs, which are respectively named The Astor, St. Nicholas, Fifth Avenue, Metropolitan, New York and Everett, and it is to be hoped that these hotels will give him a helping hand in his efforts to benefit the public, and to get the people accustomed to this new style of locomotion."

At this realization of his fondest hopes, at this 273rd endorsement of the infallibility of his Instinct, VANITY FAIR went out and yielding to the exuberance of his joy, gave way to a wild generosity, or, as a German friend of his expresses it, "threw himself into violent expenses." And all in order to fit up the VANITY FAIR Office in such sumptuous style as would accord with the Grand Reception that he intends to give therein to the go-ahead TRAIN when he comes back here to put his plans in operation. No luxury that the most oriental imagination can suggest will be omitted on that occasion. When the reader learns that a new stool and two postage stamps will be included among the decorations, he may form some idea of the splendor of the whole. Expense has been distinctly darned. For nothing is too good for TRAIN now. So come along GEORGE FRANCIS; the sooner the better.

The Black Knight.

It was an old complaint in England; since it was first made by the Carrier in Henry IV, that the people would "allow him néer a jorden"—meaning pitcher You Know. It would seem, however, by the following paragraph that at last a JORDEN has really been allowed to England's noble peers:

"The Queen of England has conferred the Honor of Knighthood upon EDWARD JORDON of Kingston Jamaica, a colored man who kept a sweetmeat and pickle store in that town."

Brother *Punch*, your earnest attention is directed to this matter: Perhaps you will not find this JORDAN "a hard road to travel." Do the nobility of England believe in a pie-bald aristocracy that they thus admitted a "cullud pusson?" Preserve us from such a pickle even from the hands of Sir EDWARD JORDON. A Knight? No Sir!

Pope's advice to the New Yorkers.

Not to add-mire 's the only art I know
To make the streets clean, and to keep them so.

Adornment.

"Beauty unadorned adorned the most."

A fiddle-stick for the old saw! it's all nonsense. Just put a snub-nosed, cross-eyed, wry-lipped girl in a plain white dimity—saints and angels defend us! It won't do to publish such notions; we shall be a nation of frights. There's Miss Angelica Makeover. The men like her and pretty women wonder why. Examine her feature by feature. Her hair is coarse but by miracles of art and patience she has trained it into waves of beauty. Her eyes are blue and by no means handsome, but she has learned how to use them. Neck and figure are lean—she knows better than to imitate those spare anatomies who make it a point (and there are points enough already made, patience knows) to wear their dresses *decolletèe*. Her figure in a plain, unadorned dress would be suggestive of a bean-pole, but she has brought art and culture to her aid and passes for a fine woman.

Let me tell you the human mind will strive to please—to attract—the feminine human particularly. Who's to blame? Surely not that power that has implanted a desire to be loved, to be graceful and agreeable in the hearts of men and women. So girls, look your best. Keep your hearts as pure as a piece of white paper on which is written only a sweet story or a lofty poem. Just imagine there's an angel over your right shoulder looking down into your heart—(that will fix that piece of machinery, or ought to) and then look your very sublimest. And here let me tack on a bit of a moral. If you are good and true, you can't help having a certain sort of beauty that attracts like a load-stone. And what is better, it attracts sensible things—while mere prettiness gets tied to a popinjay in nine cases out of ten.

Æsop Nowhere.

In these prosaic times, when the demand for ÆSOP'S bitter ambilogues is as nothing compared with that for ALLSOP'S bitter ale, it is refreshing to meet with a good fable. We have met with one, and are refreshed. An exchange paper affirms of a man in Williamstown, Massachusetts, that he is producing bull-frogs for the market—stall-feeding the hideous batrachians, in fact, and that he has already improved some of them up to the weight of forty pounds. Now this "fact," however exhilarating to us, is bad for ÆSOP, whose fable of a frog collapsing his flues in an attempt to obtain bovine proportions, is no longer to be depended upon. You lived too soon, ÆSOP—dry up, old man. Your fables are but small chaff compared with those to be found in "exchange papers."

Not altogether a Gibbering Idiot.

A daily paper the other morning, had the following head-lines to a report:—

ESCAPE OF A MANIAC.

HE MARRIES A RICH WIDOW.

We don't know how it strikes our connubial readers, but that second line seems to us very like a *non sequitur*. The man who succeeds in inducing a rich widow with lots of "tin" to "light the torch of Hymen" (that's from BRYANT) with him, can't be such a demnition maniac, you know, as the daily in question would have us believe.

Hair splitting vs. Rail splitting.

In a personal description given by a western editor, we have the following statement with regard to ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

"His hair is black, without any touch of gray, and worn in a lawyer-like, careless way."

The poetry of this is but ill-concealed by the typographical arrangement, which may slightly smother, but does not kill it; while the expression "lawyer-like," applied to hair, suggests an arrangement of that fibrous appendage in such a fashion as to have it handy for splitting—a process at which lawyers are generally considered to be expert.

Sad.

Our Prose Contributor has been falling in love with a six foot beauty—a real Venus of Milo (a splendid creature between you and us)—and finds it hard work to make the poetry come. But he has originalled the following:

"I cocked my hat athwart my head,
I leaned my cane against the wall;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved a Tall."

THE LAY OF A LOVER.

I ONCE was the happiest fellow,
Of all the young men about town;
Had the entrée to every gay party,
The chief of the legions of Brown!
The girls were in love with my dancing;
They voted not very long since,
They ne'er saw my like at the Lancers,
But then they had not seen the Prince!

I got myself up at my mirror,
Regardless of money and time;
Black dress—yellow kids—curled moustachios—
And a choker whose tie was sublime!
They never once thought of resisting—
Who could, but a little month since?
Not you, CLEMENTINA MC FADEN,
For then you had not seen the Prince!

He came with his lords and his lackeys,
From the arms of J. B. and Miss LANE,
Surrounded with soldiers, and darkness,
(It was rather too dark to see plain:)
But CLEM, who was crazy to see him,
Made my nature, too sensitive, wince,
By sighing to me, as he passed us,
"O ain't he a love of a Prince!"

She went to the Ball with her father,
The envy of Lexington Place,
All a-blaze with the family diamonds,
An angel in tulle and in lace!
The Prince was amazed when he met her,
(His thoughts run on nothing else since,)
Of course she was chosen his partner—
Too happy to dance with the Prince!

She danced with the Prince, and the honor,
Ah me! was too much for her brain;
She's unfitted now for her station,
And ne'er can be happy again!
She raves in her dreams of His Highness,
And throws out the strangest of hints,
Of shining some day as a Princess—
Because she has danced with the Prince!

All's over with me, wretched fellow!
I am bowed down with sorrow and shame,
For she cuts me, her faithful AUGUSTUS,
And turns up her nose at my name!
Ah, CLEMMY, my poor heart is broken,
And, no longer the matter to mince,
I shall take (in a horn) to hard-drinking,
Unless you will give up the Prince!

Sentiment; by an Epicure.

May the "crabbed age" that we must all of us come to, my friends, be a soft-shell crab-bed age!

Aphorism.

A man may be tight, but cannot be water-tight. A boot may be both.

The Administration Grave.

Dug.

ANOTHER SHOT ROUND THE CORNER.

It glooms and unpleases us very much, oh *World*, to be compelled to give you another cracker—without cheese. When we do so, our sufferings is intolerable. VANITY does not like, oh *World*, (as you and yours do) the idea of being a Savage. Or a Bitter Pill. Or a Curse. Or Gall or Wormwood. Or a Sting. Or Scorpion, or Thorn or Bramble or Brier or Hornet or Wasp—or any other sharp pointed object in the sides of its fellow boarders in the great hotel of life.

But really, *World*, flesh and blood can't stand the temptations you throw in our way. We don't pretend to resist Temptation, anyhow when it rises above 25°, and you give it to us every morning boiled up to 125°, with sugar. *Cui resistere non potest non peccat.* There *is* a point, oh *World*, where, sin or no sin, it becomes foolish, and consequently wicked to resist any longer. Then we roll right over and give up. Who would'nt give it up when he reads in your columns that, as Baron RENFREW went past the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, its inmates cheered him! Why the amount of hats you've earned by *that* speech would tile all Holland. Perhaps you believe that in the Sacred Presence of Royalty, the dumb "holler rite eout.' *You* hollered on that occasion, anyhow, and about once too often. Rather.

And who, oh *World*, could resist giving you a hat, when in speaking of the Turk, you say that, "like the savage, whose canoe was caught in the Rapids of Niagara, he wraps himself up, lights his pipe, and nears the fatal plunge." *World*, *World*, you've falsified History with a rush, Yes, with a perfect screech! For, as is well-known, the savage in question never lighted no pipe. He *couldn't* have done it, you know, if he had been all wrapped up in a blanket first. *You* don't smoke, *World*. We do, and we know it couldn't be did. Our enormous Instinct tells us you are up a tree this time. Don't you wish you were down? But this is neither here nor there. Hold on—we hav'nt shot yet! What we wished to say was that the Original Savage and real Primitive Abregoyne of that story *did* do. Who-y—he took a great, strong, hard, old double-headed slug of a drink of tommy whack whiskey—emptied his bottle—just as any of you Worldlings would do under similar circumstances—and went tilt and nose downward into the Tremendous.

But it would'nt do to say anything about drinking whiskey, you know. Oh my, no! It's naughty to drink 'hiskey. Good 'ittle Injuns don't drink 'hiskey. But they *do* smoke great long pipes. *Worldy* has seen pretty pickets in the geography, of Injuns smoking their 'ittle pipey wipeys! So good *Worldy* says that the Abregoynal in question took the slide in manner and form aforesaid.

Then there's your last spurt to the effect that the poor people down town *only* want a few more churches to be 'appy on Sunday, and carnt be 'appy yithout 'em. How you *do* come crocodile over their passing the Sabbath in "a sort of hebdominal trance or coma!" Well and good for the churches. All right. But the "hebdominal" or abdominal, or whatever you call it, coma, of the poor folks, wants something else to touch it up besides preaching. It wants baths, ventilated lodging houses, open air and Sunday visits to the country with the children. That's so.

World, you're a hebdominal old coma yourself. Two of you 'd comatise the whole Island. In fact our Instinct tells that you go round benumbing folks, and then holler for preaching to wake 'em. Stop there. Now take your hat and go!

The Rag definitely removed from the Bush.

The *Tribune* improves. Not many weeks ago we copied from its columns a paragraph setting forth the somewhat peculiar habit that certain men and boys had of driving down to Red Hook Point, South Brooklyn, *naked*, in carriages, and of *then* stripping themselves "in plain sight and within fifty yards of dwelling houses." The *Tribune* can do better than that now. Witness the caption to a "City Item" in its issue of October 13th:—

"SUICIDE AND NEGLECT OF A DEAD BODY."

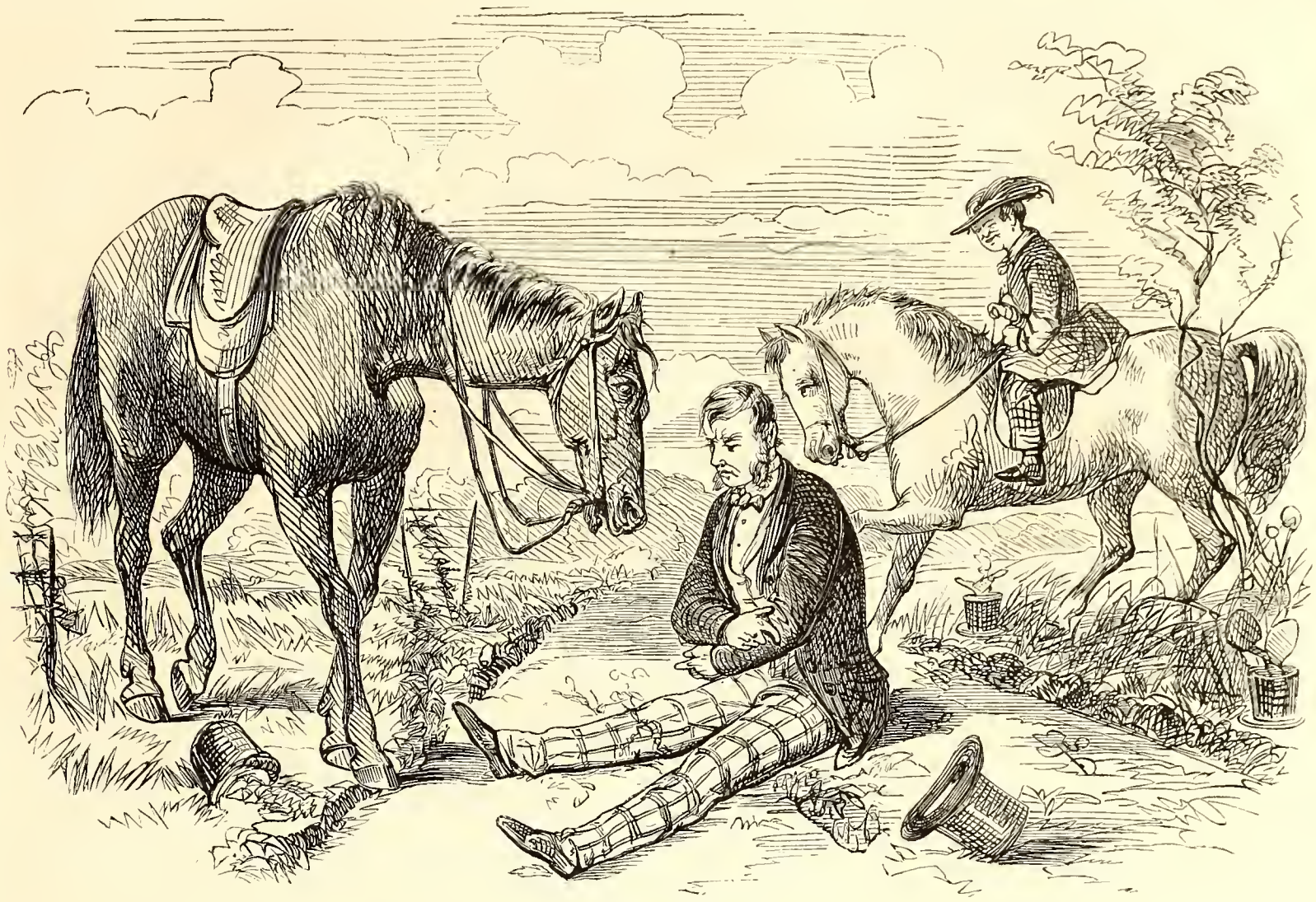
The *Tribune*, we think, has gone its length now. When it has arrived at that position from which it can state solemnly that dead bodies have taken to killing themselves, it has no more worlds to conquer.

A Shot from our Air-Gun.

The infantile condition of the art of ballooning is powerfully suggested by the names of some of its chief professors. How singular it is, for example, that the most experienced of modern aeronauts should yet be GREEN—the most aspiring, LOWE!

The President's March.

March Fourth!



PRETTY FAR GONE.

Lover.—Blame you! What are you laughing at! Nothing to laugh at. What are you here for!

Boy.—Sister sent me to tell you to be very careful, and not ride on Pop's flower beds. Won't you catch it though!

MUTTON BATHS.

"No more thin people." Read the following from a journal:

"Soaking the body in broth, made by boiling mutton bones, with a slight addition of calcined potash, is said to be so nourishing, that patients bathing daily, and taking only a few spoon fulls of tea and a table-spoonful of tonic syrup, have gained fifteen pounds in as many weeks by absorption."

No doubt even Brillat Savarin would advise an external application of mutton broth, for it is wretched stuff *internally*, and certainly never would make a Broth of a Boy. The idea is not a new one for we read that Medea by first boiling up an old ram until it turned into a lamb, persuaded the daughters of Pelias to parboil their father in a kettle, in order to rejuvenate him—evidently the origin of Mutton Baths. And then the Egyptians who fatten girls by boiling them in chicken soup. And the Broth Baths of Weisbaden.

The above remarks will serve as an introduction to the following letter from an esteemed correspondent—in fact self esteemed—

Madison Square, October 25 1890.

If there is anything in this world more intolerable than being fat it is being thin. The thoughtful Macbeth was a Thin-King body, while thoughtless Falstaff showed in his walk how Fatigued he was with his too solid flesh. Mental exertion has told upon my delicately organized system very severely since I commenced my late work (for it is now finished) on the Æsthetics of Ten-Pins; and I found myself reduced to one of two alternatives, hiring out to Barnum as a Living Skeleton, or taking Mutton Baths. I chose the latter. The first day I trusted to my Irish cook to prepare a bath-tub full of broth—and she did. I plunged in—believe me she made a tub full of Lamb Soup—turnips, rice, onions, potatoes, white sugar and lashings of red-pepper! I think I see that bath now—or rather I don't see it, for my eyes still ache with that infannyfernal red pepper.

Nothing discouraged, the next day I bought mutton—and superintended the broth in person. Plunged in but soon found that fat Southdown was not The Thing. In less than five minutes it hardened into tallow, and there I was like a wick in a penny candle—only saved by the presence of mind of my valet Alphonse who bent down the gas-pipe, lit the burner and fairly melted me out of my mutton tallow prison.

The third day I discarded Southdown, being like Beecher, Down on the South, and adopted plain mutton bones, the consequence was the cook made a bath-tub full of glue, and when I jumped in it was "always ready and up to the sticking point"—and I—stuck. Again Alphonse extracted me, cruelly using me to mend a broken chair-leg as he put me in order.

The fourth day my faith in Mutton Baths wavered, but determined to give them a last trial I superintended carefully the preparation of the broth—unfortunately the calcined potash predominated and though I was early warned of its strength, I am writing this in a state of flesh closely allied to goose-flesh—and not much of it at that; barely escaped the fate of some of the early martyrs—that of being flayed alive.

I have lost all faith in Mutton Baths; having determined instead to follow the old adage, Laugh and Grow Fat—and make others laugh—I begin by sending you a hundred dollar check towards the dissemination of Vanity Fair among the Poor and Industrious Humorous Classes, believing it will do them good; any balance left over may be applied towards sending a copy to "J. B."

Yours Respectfully,

Le Roi D'yvetot.

Poor Kentucky.

Cassius M. Clay, (says an Exchange Paper) who has been hard at work stumping for "Old Abe" throughout the West, for the past three months, proposes going home to Kentucky and performing the same righteous work among the slaveholders.

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to Clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:"
Strange if the earth, which kept the world in awe
Should serve to stop some fierce opponent's jaw.

A SIGNAL TRIUMPH.

E do not profess to be very expert in nautical matters, and yet there is a certain fascination about them that always makes us anxious to know more. That the holystoning of the deck and the combing of the hatchway are essential to the trim of a vessel, we are perfectly aware, though whether the latter process is performed with a common finetooth or a curry-comb, we would not positively affirm. We have spliced the main-brace more than once, and found the operation very bracing. A pull at the halliards reminded us, once, of the flavor of Old Bourbon—which it was: and our first reading of that noble thalassic "The Sea! The Sea!" was on the summit of an exceedingly high mountain, with nothing inside the range of our powerful pocket-Dolland except exceedingly high mountains. The circumstances, combined, have given somewhat of a marine twist to our mind, though, as we have said before, we do not pretend to great smartness in such matters. Therefore, it was with feelings bordering upon fear that we found ourselves trembling upon the brim of the cup of nautical science, while we read in the columns of a daily paper an instance of the perfection to which the system of conversing by flags has been brought, as illustrated by an experiment with ROGER's International Code of Signals.

'Twas past meridien half-past twelve or one, of the eleventh of October, 1860, as the steam-cutter, "Harriet Lane," was smoking it up the bay, freighted with Lord RENFREW, that the renowned yacht "Maria" of Hoboken, gave chase, and, upon overhauling the cutter, with three sheets in the wind, initiated a conversation with the royal party—which, by the way, is contrary to etiquette—by sending up a ROGER's International with the observation, "*You are very Welcome!*" This observation was numbered 30,951. But the "Harriet" was not to be outdone by the "Maria"—at least in figures—for up she went in a jiffy with ROGER's International No. 30,961, responsive with the cheering assurance, "*Very well I thank you.*" Now this, for the "Harriet," was a signal triumph.

It takes ROGER's International to do this sort of thing, you see. It was by the skillful handling of that famous Code that the celebrated solution, "How are you off for soap!" was obtained to the query, "How much water is there on that shoal?" Previous to the introduction of that Code, vacillating the queries, how vague the replies! For instance, the writer of these remarks once hailed a barge in the Gulf of Mexico with the question, "Have you a washerwoman on board?" to which he promptly received the ambiguous, if not insulting reply—"Does your mother know you're out?"

Nevertheless, the latter mode of communication is preferred by some mariners, on the ground that the conversation never Flags.

A Stave for a Cooper.

Self-distinction did he drive at—
All unheeding polished hints,
He tried to keep the *Prince* quite *private*
And got in all the *public prints*.

Classical Hospitality.

"Bring your trunks with you," as Orpheus said to the trees when he invited a lot of them to a dance at his shanty.

THE CHRONICLES OF MANNAHATTA.

1. Now, in the reign of James the King, in the eighth month of the fourth year of his reign, the country was visited by a Prince of the land beyond the sea, even of England.

2. And it came to pass as he journeyed, that he came to a place called Gotham.

3. And FERNANDO and General CHARLES SANDFORD gathered together the chief council-men, the valiant men of might, and the elders of the city, and with chariots and with horsemen did go forth to meet him.

4. And behold, the Gothamites, with their wives and their children both great and small, had come forth to meet the Prince and to do him honor.

5. Now CHARLES, whose surname was SANDFORD, was a vain and fond man—particularly fond of playing at soldier.

6. And he was from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same in escorting the Prince from the Battery to the Fifth Avenue Tavern.

7. And lo! the people murmured.

8. Saying we are hungry and faint, having abode, abide or abidden in the street all the day, and lo, when he came it was dark and we saw him not.

9. And the elders and wise men spoke and said, "CHARLES would not take the hint of the gold-mounted harness—what shall be done to make this man resign?

"Not but that FERNANDO, the Chief Ruler, is as much to blame, and a great deal more so.

Part Second.

1. And it was so, that they made the Prince a great feast, and there came fair women, and danced before him; and verily many were ready for a smile from him, to offer themselves as a sacrifice before him.

2. And the chief among the people kept this thing unto themselves and suffered none of the baser sort to come in, lest the Prince should be shocked.

3. But lo—it came to pass that these people, the Chosen Ones of the tribe of the Elite, of which there were sealed Ten Thousand.

4. Crowded and rushed against the Guest, like unto wild bulls, or intoxicated Peorians, or delirious Dead Rabbits.

5. Saying "Hullo!—here he is—I want to see him—I will see him."

6. And some rushed up to him proffering their wives and daughters:

7. Saying "she is fairer than the others—your Highness has really no idea how pretty she is."

8. Crowding together so furiously around him that the floor caved in and divers fell through.

9. And there was a grand smash and a wild uproar—a letting rip of muslin and a promiscuous scatteration generally speaking.

10. Then the Prince began to be sore amazed, and he said to the wise men that were with him, "Behold and see this people, if there be any like them under the sun?

11. "For I have heard from my childhood, how that they, being republicans, would not have a king to rule over them, neither would honor Royalty."

12. Then answered the wise men, "not, O Prince, because of thine own worth, nor of thy mother's, nor of the might of thy ancestors, do this people honor thee:

13. "But for that they having sold themselves to the rulers of the whole earth, even Money, and to Fashion his Queen are ready to serve, ay, even to lick the dust before them whom that great King and Queen delight to honor."

14. Then the Prince departed, and great quietness, even dullness fell upon the *World* of Gotham.

15. As there had been in the beginning, in the first number, and as there is likely to be even unto the end thereof.

Bliss, Indeed!

It was with feelings of ineffable felicity that we perused the following satisfactory announcement, which, next to the address delivered to the Prince of Wales, by the Chancellor of the New York University, may be looked upon as about the happiest thing of the season.

"NOTICE TO BARBERS.—French china mugs decorated to order, cheaper and better than anywhere else. Old mugs restored equal to new. Orders promptly executed."

As we are of Anglo-Saxon origin, we did not care so much about the French-China mugs alluded to in the above; but as we read on, and were informed that old mugs in general can be restored equal to new, a sentiment of sweet assurance took possession of us, while we inwardly resolved to devote our first leisure day to the advertiser for the purpose of having ourselves reformed into a "nice young man."

SENTIMENT NOWHERE!

Clementina.—"STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS BEINGS THEY ARE! HOW I WISH I WAS A BIRD!"

Sententious old Macaw.—"AH! YES, THAT'S ALL VERY FINE—BUT WHEN YOU COME TO MOULT!"

What Vanity Fair Thinks about It.

It has been announced in the dailies, that on the expiration of his term of office, J. B. will write a series of auto-biographical sketches for It, which Mr. BONNER expects to be especially good, as the Old Public Functionary, being then rid of the cares of State, "can give his whole mind to them."

If J. B. does give his whole mind to them, one thing is certain, he will not establish a reputation for benevolence.

Suspension of payments.

CHING WANG lately hung himself at Jones' Bar, California because he was unable to pay a creditor, and face that other and grislier Bar, the Bar of public opinion.

Medical.

JIM D. KUSS asked the other day why a physician with a drug store was agricultural? "Because he has a Pharm-I-see."

Query.

Can judgment be obtained against a defendant for non appearance, when the summons tells him distinctly to "com. not ser?"

By our Special Horse Marine.

Those who have never seen the crossing of Bay o' nets should try to sail during shad time, in New York harbor.

Don't Break that Bank.

It is estimated that BERGER can "discount" any one in this country. Let's keep him here for the next Panic!

Motto for the Sporting Fraternity.

Put not your trust in Princess.

OUR HARP "DISCOUNTED."

A Spanish newspaper tell us of a novel and ingenious piece of mechanism intended as a present for the Empress of the French. It is a guitar, the handiwork of a shepherd of the Province of Murcia, and composed of more than ten millions of bits of wood. So the Spanish man says.

If we believed in that guitar of ten million chips—which we don't—we should decidedly admit the probability of its taking the shine out of our own American "harp of a thousand strings;" which noble instrument, it may not be generally known to our readers, was originally modelled after the divine stringed instrument invented by APOLLO, its strings being strained across the hollow shell of a tortoise or some similar animal of the *testudo* tribe: on which account it may be said in allusion to it that "The voice of the Turtle is heard in the land."

Should the guitar of ten million bits turn out to be a fact, however, and the veritable production of a shepherd, it will be our duty to suppose that the shepherd in question is a lineal descendant from PHEBE, the sweet, sophistical shepherdess in *As You Like It*, who exclaims:

"Dead Shepherd! now I find thy Saw of might;"

admitting which, it will further be our duty to maintain that the "Saw of might" referred to, became an heir-loom in the family of the Murcian shepherd, and was the instrument with which he cut up the two million bits composing his guitar.

If, on the contrary, the guitar turns out to be no guitar after all, there will be some compensating counterpoint in the fact that the Spanish journalist turns out to be a Lyre.

Preaching from the Shoulder.

A correspondent of a Buffalo paper asserts that HEENAN, while on a visit to Brooklyn, called on HENRY WARD BEECHER, put on the gloves with him, and found that he would make as good a Shoulder-Hitter as Preacher. Just so!

'Tis said that HEENAN thinks that Hen
Would make as good a "sport" as preacher,
And should he change his name again
'Twould be from WARD to Ward off BEECHER

OUR LAST GREAT ROMANCE.

The Last Shirt.

It was a pitiful sight seen (by the stars) through that garret window:—Solomon Snipes surveying a colorless object that fluttered from two long arms,

"'Tis the last shirt of summer,
In tatters and tags."

He improvised,

"All its cotton companions
Have vanished to rags."

"Well this is what I call being in re-*deuced* circumstances," he added after a long whistle, "I've used the backs of all my old love-letters for dickeys and now I'm high and dry. I'll send for Jack's washerwoman, she don't know me—she'll wash a shirt for a poor fellow that's sick—of the world generally, and poverty particularly."

"Massy!" exclaimed that rosy individual after toiling up six flights—"That shirt! why it'll wash in two!"

"Dame, are you in earnest?" asked Solomon, vivaciously tucking the sheet about his chin—"do you assert that *that* shirt will wash in *two!*"

"I'm sure it will," reiterated she of the tub.

"Then take it ladye, take it for heaven's sake. You have my entire approbation—wash it *into a dozen*, and I'll pay you the usual price."

"Poor man! he's out of his head," said the laundress compassionately.

"Might as well be out of my head as out of my shirt," muttered SOLOMON, as the ninepenny calico fluttered down stairs.

Disbanded.

The 79th Highlanders since they were all "kilt."

From our worst Contributor.

A good scentsible Word for BERGER—Bergermot!

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

N NOMINE DOMINI—olla fervet.

A free fight gentlemen—a free fight. Count yourselves in!

VANITY FAIR has received numerous and several letters from Hartford on the subject of PRESTON B. SILL,

P. B. S. it seems, was a student. Elder students seized on PRESTON and were dragging him into a carriage for the purpose of avowedly hazing him and putting him through a painful course of tormenturous sprouts.

P. B. S. was from the South. P. B. S. had heard of underground railroads. P. B. S. didn't know what was coming—battle, murder or suendd D. So P. B. S. drew out his revolv and revolved. Missing.

VANITY, as a general thing, don't approve of revolving. At the same time VANITY is compelled to admit that he has seen folks shoot shot and been shotten, stick and been stucken for less than this. At Heidelberg V. F. saw SCHLAGENWEIT SCHLACHTENSCHLAGER slit ALOYISIUS MEYERHUBER'S Bavarian nose for much less than hazing. At Padua he remembers that GIACOMO AVEZZANO had thoughts of Poisoning the whole town because the Professor *Utriusque* marked him 3 in *Corpus Juris*. And never shall V. F. forget how at Singapore the Malay Freshman ORANI BHEELI slapped out his *creese* and run *amok* right through a whole class of Chinese Sophomores just as the Yu-King recitation was letting out. "Oh—'twas Awful! The way those Chinese were turned into chow-chow by BHEELI was a caution to carbonadoes! He ripped and he slashed—had got more'n a pound *B'hang* aboard—raving, roaring, hashish mad—and went through those Sophomores like the devil through a nigger-meeting, like a strong telegram over a new wire. Blood! Steel! Death! After he'd gone by, the ground was covered with cracked China-men—all spoiled. We picked up 17 livers, 240 aortic valves, and no end of jejunums, pig-tails, colons, lobes, ilia and things. Looked like a slarter'us in hog killin' time. At last the Prof. came in—'twas old TI-WANG-AMOY who knocked BHEELI down with a bamboo and then laid a copy of KONG-FOU-TSE on him to keep him down. It did it.

Now these were all very wrong. Our Instinct tells us so. Freshmen ort'nt to run *amok* or a-muck. At the same time it *should* be remembered that there are sporadic cases of Freshomania—of Irrepressible pyrotechnification—when mere humanity, unable to stand more than a given amount of insult and bully-ragravation flies off the handle. That's all. When you come across such, dont do it so much.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, Oct. 16, 1860.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair:—I see that you have generously thrown open the columns of your paper, and offered it as the "organ" of the *Students* of America. Although Trinity is not especially mentioned, you evidently mean to include *all* the universities in the land, and I accept your proffer with the more pleasure that I know you will profit by it. For are we not, proverbially, the most intellectual, the most advanced, the wisest of each generation that is honored by our studies, our acquirements, our dissertations and our commencement orations?

I think so!

I am a Junior at Trinity. Trinity, I know, is at present small. I could almost say—in the beautiful language of What's-his-name:—"We are seven!" We do, however, exceed that mystical number somewhat, and we are equal to a great many more! We are *multum in parvo* or, as the vulgar have it:—"Little but oh——!"

What I would write to you about to-day is a gross outrage upon the Junior class by a besotted Freshman!

The man's name—and I herald it to the world, for universal exceretation with pleasure—the creature's name is *Preston Davis Sill!*

This SILL—(if I dared I would say this mud-sill) [scratched out in the copy, Ed. V. F.]—this SILL refused to be put through the "Tribunals" or annual Freshmen initiation, one day last week.

We had already left one man in his class tied to a tomb-stone in the cemetery at midnight, and had lowered another into an old well—whence he was drawn up by the proprietor at six A. M., for the purpose of boiling the kettle—all this we had done to deter them from venturing to dispute our long established authority, and still SILL "hung out" against us!

I believe he thought that because he published poetry in the magazines and newspapers, and came from South Carolina, we couldn't put him through!

At length, last Thursday, when we seized him after chapel, in the evening, and hurried him towards a carriage we had in waiting to receive him, he actually drew a pistol—one of Allen's revolvers—and fired it off!

He didn't hit any one, but he brought out the Faculty—which was worse—and we were obliged to let him go.

I state the facts to you in the most concise manner, merely inquiring if nothing can be done by the united Juniors of America to bring this man's name—and the practices of all rebellious Freshmen like him—into merited disgrace?

Awaiting some expression of your valued opinion,

I remain very truly yours,

JUNIOR.

A FRIEND OF SCHOLASTICUS FIGHTS THE TIGER!

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, Oct. 22, 1860.

Dear Vanity:—How you could be such a stupid as to make me say, in my letter of the third inst., that I am a member of the class of "'60," I am sure I cannot conceive. I wrote '64 plain enough, because it was easier than saying I was a Freshman. Hereafter, you see, I shall have to speak of Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, instead of more pleasantly describing them as members of the classes of '61, '62, '63 and '64. But enough on that head, as the man said after he cracked his wife's skull open with the broad axe!

I am in a quandary, and I want your advice how to get out of it.

You see a few days since a Senior who has taken a great fancy to me—on account of my family, he says—came into my room and wanted to write a letter. Well he sat down at my table and spoiled three pens and several sheets of paper before he could suit himself with the writing materials. Then he wrote his letter. Just as he got it finished, he unfortunately knocked the ink-stand over into a basket of clothes just from the wash, but he poured the sand on the ink and made a good joke about it which I forget. I felt a little bad, at first, but—as he said—they could go to the wash again, so it was no matter, after all!

Then we tossed up a cent to see which of us should carry his letter to the post-office; it fell on me, and he agreed to wait and smoke a few of the cigars my Uncle William sent from Cuba, till I should return. After I got back, and he had finished my third cigar, he put a couple of dozen or so, in his pockets, and proposed we should go out "for a night of it." "A night of *what?*" said I. "Well!" said he, "I don't know; do you feel like bucking the Tiger, a little?"

Now I always was afraid of wild beasts, and so I told him, but he said this animal only bit those that meddled with it, and, in fact, that by "bucking the Tiger" he only meant a little play at the faro bank. I didn't know much better then, but I told him I would go, adding that I wasn't much used to banking, besides being short of funds since my unfortunate adventure with the billiard table. He said that was no matter; that he was only going down to MAC's for a little sport on his individual curve, and that I could come along if I liked, and look on. So I went and very soon learned what the "Tiger" is.

I found a table with a crowd about, and a young man, of a mild and pleasing exterior, seated behind it, who drew small cards out of a box. There were also cards pasted on the table, and you could go a "V" on the ten spot and "copper" on the ace, if you chose; or you could bet down as low as a quarter of a dollar; and you could bet on anything you chose as high as you chose, and the chances for a skilful and careful player (I am repeating the instructions of my friend, the Senior,) were strongly in favor of breaking the bank, provided you kept cool and followed some regular plan.

I am afraid my friend didn't keep cool. At all events he lost about fifty dollars to the mild young man behind the table! I never saw so much money go so quick in my life. I'm sure *I* couldn't see how he lost it; I only knew it was raked down pretty much as fast as he laid it on the table. Then we went and got a drink; and then my friend suddenly cried out that he had hit on the right combination and eagerly asked me to lend him my watch for a short time.

Now my watch is really my father's watch. It's a very hand-

some hunting-case, golden time-piece, that he loaned me in boyhood's happy hour—that is about two months since, when I left home for old Yale—and I didn't think I ought to lend it, exactly. But my friend, the Senior, said he only wanted to "spout" it, and that the operation would be rather beneficial than otherwise. So I let him take it, and he "spouted" it for twenty-five dollars and bucked the Tiger fiercer than ever.

In ten minutes that twenty-five dollars had all gone into the pocket of the mild-eyed dealer behind the table!

Then said my friend "come, let's go!"

"Get me my watch first!" said I.

"I can't," said he; "it's up the spout!"

"I don't see any spout here," said I, "and I want my watch."

"What's the matter there?" said a gruff individual who had hitherto been quietly standing near the bar.

"I want my watch!" said I.

"Here 'Boston,'" said the gruff man to the mild youth who sat behind the table, "I'll take your place, while you clean that fellow out of here; *he's drunk*!"

I looked at my friend, the Senior. He was evidently repressing violent emotions, but he only said, "come let's go, there'll be a row here;" and so, as I saw the mild youth called "Boston" coming from behind the table, I left.

Now I want to know what to do. I expect my father here every day, and I *know* there'll be a rumpus when he finds I haven't got his golden time-piece about me. I am sorry to say that valuable article of furniture is still up the spout! I don't see any present prospect of its ever coming down again. It is now three days since we were down at MAC's, and I haven't seen my friend, the Senior, once in that time. I went towards his room yesterday, but some one poured a bucket of dirty water over me when I was going up stairs, and of course I could not present myself in *that* plight. I have great fears that my friend may be ill; otherwise I should certainly have heard from him. What shall I do?

Please inform, yours despairingly,

SCHOLASTICUS.

P. S. Last week we had our annual regatta in fine style. The race for shell boats was won by the *Thulia*, (Junior boat) against the *Atalanta* (Senior) and the *Glyuna* (Soph.) Time 19 minutes; distance only a few rods less than three miles. It is supposed that the *Atalanta* would have won but for her unfortunately fouling with the *Glyuna* early in the race. This delayed her more than a minute, and still she came in only 37 seconds behind the *Thulia* Afterwards there was a barge race, in which the distance was made by the winning boat in 20 minutes and 23 seconds, which, they tell me is remarkable time for such boats. You shall have another letter from me when I write again. If you do not receive this, let me know, and I will send down a copy I have preserved to provide against such accidents.

S.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM "SCHOLASTICUS."

NEW HAVEN, OCT. 17th, 1860.

Dear Vanity:—Since I wrote you last, some of the men in College have had such a lark, taking off gates.

You see it's the correct thing at this season (I didn't know it till last week, though) to take off persons, gates and carry them away.

Some of our men wanted me to go along, but I always believe in keeping out of trouble unless you know there isn't any danger, o I didn't. Besides I don't like to spoil my clothes till I get another order from home on my tailor. Well, you see, some of the men went out last Saturday night, and they hooked a cart and got sixteen gates piled up on it, when the police made a fearful descent in the shape of two Irishmen who belong to the force. Our men were quick and they got away, but the police captured the cart and its contents and carried them to the station house.

You ought to have seen the fun, Monday morning, when the people on York Square who had lost their "yard doors" (an *original* joke of mine) came and reclaimed them. Guess they didn't make much out of our men, though.

Since I wrote you last, I have had a remittance, and last night, I, and a man of seventeen in the class of '64, who plays a very handsome game of billiards for his age, made a match of a thousand points for the suppers.

We had played some four hours, and had only a little over seven hundred to go, each, I was ahead, too. I am not much on caroms, mind, but I make some occasional, splendid pockets!

Just at this junction I made a magnificent nine shot—the first one I ever achieved! But by unfortunate miscalculation of angles, I, at the same instant, thrust the point of my cue through the green cloth on the top of the table! I am sorry to say that the proprietor of the saloon was so ungentlemanly as to make use of profane language!

He said something that I did not understand about *boys* not being allowed in the rooms, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians!

I knew, well enough, what he meant, however, when he advanced in the most threatening manner, and demanded *twenty dollars for the damage to his table!* I had not nearly that amount with me, but some of our men who were present kindly made up a purse and I paid him.

I do not think I shall play any more billiards this term!

SCHOLASTICUS.

P. S.—I have felt very much depressed in spirit in consequence of present inability to liquidate necessary liabilities, and I write this postscript to intimate that remuneration for the letters in the form of checks on any responsible bank will be very acceptable. A note addressed to me ("SCHOLASTICUS"—my assumed name, you know) will be eagerly looked for at the post-office—gentleman's general delivery.

PURELY PRE-RAPHAELITE.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers, this week, with a sketch from our Young Artist. The boldness and decision of the author of this beautiful production, are strong indications that his next will bring Art, in this country, to that height of excellence, which will cause the boasted superiority of the Old World to sink into utter insignificance. We would particularly call attention to the happy arrangement of the figures: the gentleman indulging in a walk accompanied by a favorite grayhound, which are so perfectly depicted, that we can almost see the movement, and expect every moment the other legs to be raised. What an expressive eye, too, is here given—full of fire and intelligence. And how beautifully bold is the figure of the dog, what a magnificent chest, and noble tail! The first point in the picture, however, we should say is the *chiaro-oscuro* of the pocket. The absence of all background is an extremely happy idea, as it gives to the picture a naturalness, almost stereoscopic in it its effect. But it is needless for us to call attention to all the beautiful points in this production, they must speak for themselves. The only fault we can find, if there can be a fault where everything is so excellent, is the style of the coat—the collar is a little too high for the present fashion; this, however, does not mar the general beauty of the work, and is merely a matter of opinion. We trust our young friend will continue in the path he has marked out for himself, and we predict for him a brilliant future.

Drawing It Mild.

"Some *little drawback*," as a Boston paper mentioned, "occurred during the passage of the Prince of Wales from Longwood to Boston, owing to the *breaking down of a carriage*, and the *explosion of a cannon*."

Wonder what they would have said to an *earthquake?* It would probably, have caused the party a "slight inconvenience," or a "momentary delay."

We don't positively *object* to this rather reticent style of describing little events, but merely noticed it as a new wrinkle in the physiognomy of JENKINS. Who knows but that a little more of the same modesty may get him elected a member of the Mutual Admiration Society?

"BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES."

After Smiles (several.)

DR. HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is one of the most remarkable bricks in the country, as this brief biography will show. He is the son of the Rev. JOHN HOME of Edinburg, the author of "Douglass," a touching tragedy, founded on the adventures of one of the ancestors of STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS, who had a good deal of trouble in finding his mother, (a difficulty under which the family still labors,) and the sufferings of Lady RANDOLPH, the wife of the Hon. JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke. Originally from Holmes's Hole, the infancy of Dr. HOLMES was passed in Boston. The first objects that met his childish eyes in the Modern Athens, were the State House, which he has never ceased to regard with affection, and the Common, for which he has an uncommon reverence. As might have been expected from his poetical temperament, the childhood of OLIVER was rather wild; indeed, he was so wild at one time that he was actually sent to the Tread Mill! The occasion was as follows: Being one day in want of a tail for his kite, and not finding anything adapted to his purpose in the family rag-bag, he crossed over to the Charleston Navy Yard, where the Constitution was then rotting, and, smuggling himself on board, stealthily climbed the lanyards until he reached the cut water, where the Union Jack was flying. He appropriated it for his kite-tail, but was fortunately detected, and sent to the Tread Mill for three months. He laughed at his punishment, in a poem entitled "The Tread Mill," which, very appropriately, ran the rounds! His constitution beginning at length to flag, he recruited it by writing about the Flag of the Constitution—a spirited little lyric, which, strange to say, is always incorrectly printed. The very first line is wrong, for instead of,

"*Aye, tear her tattered ensign down.*"

it should read,

"*I tore her tattered ensign down.*"

(Will not Dr. HOLMES correct the reading in a variorum edition of his poems? But perhaps he wishes to veil in mystery this romantic episode of his youth.)

Freed from the Tread Mill and the odium of imprisonment, OLIVER commenced the study of Law, but growing weary of JOHN DOE, RICHARD ROE, and the rest of that large legal family, he turned his attention to Medicine. He served an apprenticeship with a distinguished apothecary on Beacon Hill, and, graduating with distinction, started for a Paris to finish his education. Not being able to walk into the hospitalities of the French, he contented himself by walking their Hospitals, and studying Anatomy, from living models, in the Quartier Latin. Here he met a beautiful *grisette*, named Clemence, who persuaded him to marry her. "Do you care where it is done?" he asked. She answered "Not a d——n!" So they were married in Notre Dame, an obscure little church in the dusky suburbs of Paris. Poor OLIVER! his dream of happiness was short, for one day Clemence disappeared. She was found at last in the Seine; an inquest was held on the body, and not knowing what else to say, the jury brought in the verdict of "Insane."

OLIVER returned to the United States, and commenced the practice of his profession, but often when making his calls his thoughts reverted to his lost love! Like the gentlemen of the Spanish song, whose body was in Segovia, while his soul was in Madrid,

"His body was in the one-horse chay,
His soul in *Pere la Chaise.*"

To drown his grief, and at the same time earn a living for himself and family, (for he married again,) Dr. HOLMES devoted all his energies to his profession, and was at last chosen Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, in the place of Dr. WARREN, (the inventor of WARREN's Blacking, and the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," which, by the way, was the income which his Blacking gave him,) who was unfortunately killed on Bunker's Hill in the flower of his youth, as the reader of American History will at once remember. "He was also," a correspondent informs us, with what truth we know not, "Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Theology in the Massachusetts Water Cure Establishment, and held the Homœopathic Chair in the Allopathic Cemetery. It was under his wise guidance that the practice of medicine attained such unerring precision in Boston, that not two patients in six survived a call from the one-horse chay."

Dr. HOLMES has written several medical works, with alarmingly scientific titles, (we shall not punish the readers of V. F. by enumerating them,) and a volume of poems, which occasionally smell of the shop, though they are anything but a drug in the market. He resides in a palatial mansion on the banks of the Charles River, not far from the cottage of his publisher, Mr. FIELDS, (known in England under the *soubriquet* of Kenny Meadows,) and in sight of the object of his early admiration—the State House! His devotion to the cupola of the State House is so ardent, that he calls it the Hub of the Universe! His and *its* enemies scout the idea, which certainly *is* extravagant, and say it is but a small part of even the Common Wheel of Massachusetts!

Dr. HOLMES is a great proficient in boating, so much so that the master with whom he studied, (MARTIN, the Vegetarian,) calls him his best scholar. (Query? Sculler?) COMBE, the Phrenologist paid him a similar compliment, saying he was the best skull in Boston! The proximity of the Dr.'s residence to the spar-yards on the banks of the Charles, led him to sparring, and he is now so devoted to the Manly Art that he never takes a walk without putting on his gloves! His habits are pacific however, notwithstanding his connection with the Atlantic! His first contribution to this Magazine was the "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It was originally his intention to have continued the series with "The Democrat of the Dinner Table," "The Sovereign of the Supper Table," and possibly "The Loafer at Lunch," but some injudicious friend persuaded him to change his plan, and give us "The Professor" instead. We should like to analyse these works for the delectation of the readers of V. F.; but unfortunately our ANN ELIZA is absent, having gone into the country to see her sick mother; so we will pass them by saying they are worthy of V. F., which is the highest praise that we can give them.

The portrait of Dr. HOLMES at the head of this Biography, is from a rare print by some unknown artist, supposed to be BARRY of Boston. At any rate it is like BARRY's acknowledged works, for speaking musically, it has a BARRY tone! The Dr. is represented standing on one of his great medical publications, and brandishing his pen in the faces of his foes—in this case the whole Medical Faculty. We are not very well informed as to the exact cause of the quarrel between Dr. HOLMES and his whilom brothers of the lancet; but it may be summed up, we believe, by saying that the Dr. thinks Medicine, as generally understood and practised, a Humbug, and that consequently the less we have of it the better. Of course the Faculty object to this piece of State's evidence on the part of the doctor, and pitch into him right and left. We shall watch the fight as it proceeds, and chronicle the various rounds. We bet on the Doctor's drawing the first blood. Go in, little one, V. F. will back you. Ten to one on the Boston Chicken!

Wide Awake Motto.

Pro Patra More-eye.

THE LAST FASHION

MADISON SQUARE, Oct. 25, 1860.

Editor of Vanity Fair.

SIR:—I call upon you, as I would be happy to call on Mister THWACKAWAY if he were in this city, to at once direct all the available satirical engines in your employ against putting out The Last Fashion. I allude to the rush of cheap jewelry, to the bonnets of our wives, our sisters and our women generally. I shall say nothing of the bill sent to me yesterday for my wife's new bonnet, price $150, for I wish you to believe that I write solely for the good of my country—and not from personal motives. Nor do I wish to interfere with harness and fancy trunk-makers, who are thus able to part with much of their brass-ware to women wishing to adorn their bonnets *à la mode*; my sole desire is to crush the demon of luxury reclining on top of the heads of Republican Matrons who should be Patterns of Simplicity, and not Patronesses of Fashions.

Strolling up Broadway yesterday I met Madame CAPLANIER with a bonnet shining like a brass helmet; it was covered with gilt leaves, beads, watch chains, and looked very much as if she had run her head through a Gift Book Store, and then made a clearance with the pendant spoils, exclaiming,

"My guilt be on my head."

In Amsterdam I once saw a crowd of Hollanderesses, alias Dutch women, with gold bands, flowers &c., on their heads, but this was no gilty thing. We all know how much an Egyptian fellaheen is worth by one glance at her jewelry, including strings of sequins, piastres, &c., and what I would wish you to suggest is simply this: Instead of brass bugs, gilt-cockroaches and gilt beads—let our bonnet wearers, (I refer to the unmarried,) wear on their bonnets their dowry—in Eagles. This would be neater than the exploded birds of paradise, wouldn't it? Or if they haven't Eagles—new silver dollars. If their wealth is too heavy to be borne on the head in gold—it would be a neat thing to twine a check for the amount among Solferino, or Magenta, or Eugenie, or Pompadour pink silk, but so placed that the figures could be seen instantly, *comme ca*:

This would obviate much valuable time now lost running around to find out "how much she is worth?" the information thus obtained, alas, too often invaluable; that is worthless.

This plan would have the advantage also of pointing out those whose wealth lay in their heads, and who not being able to turn it into money would be compelled to wear unmonied bonnets or go bare-headed, thus giving The World a fine opportunity to dodge people having nothing but education, refinement and talent to recommend them.

Proud of this suggestion, and hoping to see it at once adopted.

Yours &c.

C. DE ODDFISH

From the Orient.

The *Herald* of last Sunday has a leader under the heading of "THE MISSIONARY BROIL AT CONSTANTINOPLE."

We were not previously aware that the Turks are cannibals.

From our Half-Shell Contributor.

"There's something raw in the air"—as the man said when he threw away the bad oyster.

LETTERS TO GENERAL CHARLES W. SANDFORD.

No. II.

A fortnight ago, under circumstances of a very aggravating character, or, to speak plainly in unswallowable wrath, we said a few words in great haste to Great Incompetent, better known as Maj. Gen. CHARLES W. SANDFORD. The matter has been worrying us ever since, and, in short, we can't let him alone. We must speak our mind. And we most respectfully suggest to him that he should endeavor as much as possible to keep his temper; and not let his angry passions become too many for him.

Indeed Maj. Gen. SANDFORD we put it to yourself, don't you think that to do our duty to the dear public, we ought to haul you over the coals slightly, for your abominably double-slow way of doing things? Honestly now, don't you? And just to show that *we* are magnanimous enough to do the fair thing, we acknowledge that some of our language the other day was, perhaps, a little too hasty. For example, we compared you, CHARLES, to a "freshly-pulled turnip"—not even a respectable capital T prize turnip. Well, we admit that such comparisons are sometimes unpleasant and, so, suppose we withdraw the turnip; will that be satisfactory? As for the "old fogy," the "no snap in you," and similar phrases, we really don't see how we can withdraw or even modify them. We rather admire your brave, straight-backed, stiff-upper-lipped manner on parade—*parole d'honneur*—but then, you see, the day of wooden soldiers has gone by. Soldiers are live men now-a-days, and they want and *will have* live Generals to command them. It's entirely on your own account, me-boy, that we advise you to quietly make way for some ugly devil of a martinet, who will put the whole town through a course of sprouts in jolly good style; prevent all the silly women and babies from complaining about waiting six or eight hours to see a Prince after dark; to teach the Public generally, that when he (U. D. aforesaid) does once get hold of a good thing, by Jove! he'll make the most of it. That's the man we want. Not an old Fuss and Feathers, but a man with some vim in him.

Now what in thunder would *you* have done the other day if you had had the material for such a *revue* as some of us have seen on the *Champ de Mars?* Sixty thousand men! all reviewed in an hour and a half! An hour and a half! It's impossible! It's absurd to think of such a thing, isn't it General? In what a slip-shod way it must have been done! If it takes four hours to manœuvre six thousand—hold on! let's state it mathematically:

6000 : 4 :: 60,000 : 40

—that's all—only a couple of days.

Now, you dear old boy, don't you think that in order to bring about the before-mentioned state of things in this community you ought, in justice to your noble self to seek in peaceful retirement, that repose which awaits the brave and virtuous? We don't wish you any harm, CHARLES, but *couldn't* you manage to find proper accommodations in ABRAHAM'S Bosom, or some other similarly delightful place of refuge from the trials and torments of this life, military as well as civil? We don't mean ABRAHAM of Illinois, for we believe that you are the hardest kind of an old Democrat—or Soft—which is it? However, Hard or Soft we do seriously recommend that you should modestly step into our office some fine morning, and sign your old name to a nice little document which is all ready for you. You know we warned you that in a certain—indeed a *very* certain contingency we should immediately accept your resignation. The fact is, CHARLES, that we have, after mature deliberation concluded to *accept it at once* and thereby relieve you of all further responsibility, and ourselves from all annoyance and disgrace in the future, on occasions like that of the 11th of October.

Just drop in any day before the 1st of next month.

Keep this Shady.

Much complaint has arisen regarding want of shelter, in the Central Park, from the disrespectful sun, who tans with equal assiduity the damsel of high and her of low degree.

To ascertain what foundation there might be for these grumblings, we sent a special reporter to the "Central," one fine Saturday, lately, when the band was playing there, and, as the *Herald* generally says about such things "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

As we had instructed our reporter to be very precise, nay, minute, in his communications on the subject, it of course, took him some time to prepare his report, which we have now, however, the pleasure of laying before our readers. Here it is.

"There are no trees to be seen in the Central Park, at any time; but there's always no end of Magenta Shade there on Saturdays."

A Fruit closely resembling old Monkeys.

Gra-apes.

AGGRAVATION IN AFFLICTION.

Newsboy.—"'Ere's the Weekly Scalawag, Mister. Grand story of the Bloody Frying Pan or M'sterous Cart Wheel of the Desert. You'll have plenty er time to read her through 'fore that hoss er yourn 'll git up agin."

FROM OUR BEAUTIFUL CONTRIBUTOR.

Lexington Place, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1860.

Dear Vanity:—Oh the wretches! The *abominable* vile creatures! *Les coquins—les scélerats!* (Why *can't* ladies swear? Do swear some for me, Vanity—they say *you* can do *anything.*)

Oh! Just imagine how I felt this morning when Fred told me that last night it was *town talk* at the *Athenæum*, and *Century*, and *New York*, and all those *horrid* places, that I had hired my diamons for the ball! Yes—*hired* them—some said at Blackball's and some at Stiffknee's.

The creatures!

Hired, indeed! After all the *agony* and *suffering* I endured to get that *riviére*. After the *tortures* which my rings gave me. And after the *excruciations* of my bracelet! How I teased Pa for the *riviére!* How I tormented Aunt Edith for the brooch! I admit that that dear, good, sweet kind Mrs. Spuytentuyfel (Miss Catalpa that was) *did* lend me just one lovely *solitaire*—but she has *given* it to me since, (the sweet darling) so that I can say *with truth* that every diamond I had on was my own.

Now just to *confound* those wretches I send the following "document." *Do* print it dear Vanity. *Please* do.

New York, Sept. 15, 1860.

To Miss Clementina Macfaden. Dr.

For one diamond *riviére*,	10.000
" " brooch, opal and diamonds,	2.000
" " " emeralds and diamonds,	1.000
" " bracelet—diamonds,	2.500
	$15.500

Received Payment.

$15.500 Blackball & Co.

There now. I hope that will satisfy them. As for Dr. Tyng, (I hear that he meant *me* by those odious stories of his,) I shall never enter the doors of his church again so long as I live. *Hire* my diamonds!

Yours very truly,
Clementina Macfaden.

A PUGILIST TO A PROPHET!

Apropos of Whittier's ode to St. George Cheever in the *Independent*, and of the late scrimmage in the Saints' Church.

Take up the gloves, oh thou Prophet!
Strike out right and left, brother Cheever,
Give the good brethren enough of it,
Hit like a real coal-heaver.

Let out your church to Ottignon, he's one of 'em—give him a lease for the week days—
Hire the ancient Bill Tovee for assistant,
Preach Samson to the Musclemen on Sundays;
Be persistent, brother Cheever, you're consistent.

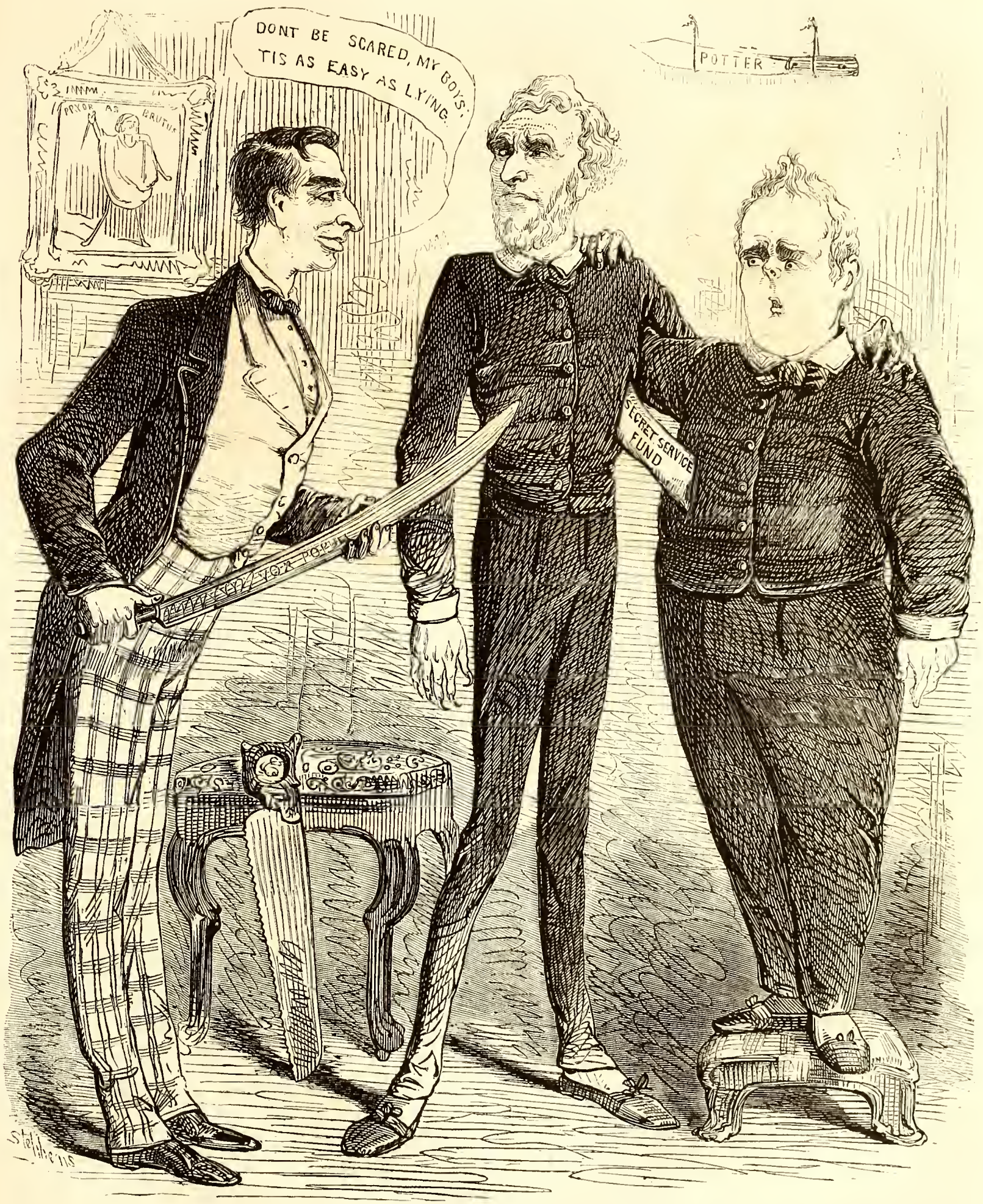
Don't have any more prayer-meetings, have "free-and-easys,"
Elegant little set-tos between your communicants;
Call in the Lazarus boys, the "Izzy's,"
To help you up in the rudiments.

Cut the *Independent*, don't pay your sub., take *Bell's Life in London*;
Don't read the Bible, study the P. R. annals—
Don't scoff so much at matters natural and mundane—
Let things run in their legitimate channels.

Thus, Cheever, though I presume, it won't exactly satisfy the Lord,
You will certainly offend Him more rarely;
Which is a consideration hardly to be ignored;
Ite missa est. Pax tecum, vale!

When did the Ocean first bear grain?

In the time of Ce-crops.



WONDERFUL SURGICAL OPERATION,

PERFORMED BY DOCT. LINCOLN ON THE POLITICAL CHANG AND ENG.

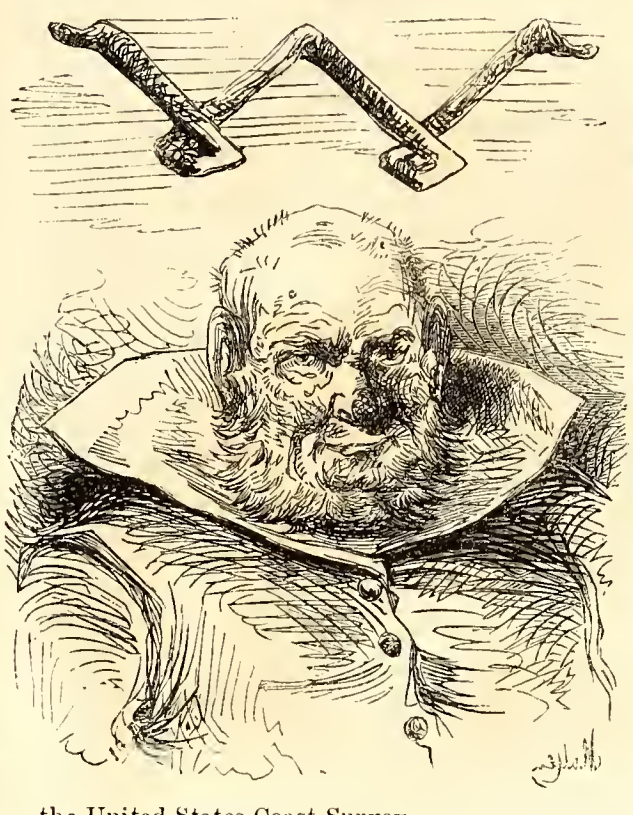
POLITICAL CHANG, J. B——N.
POLITICAL ENG, J. G. B——IT.

STUPENDOUS EXTRAVAGANCE!

C—— A SMALL VILLAGE, NEAR THE "HUB OF THE UNIVERSE." OCTOBER, 1860.

Editor of Vanity Fair.

SIR:—



WITH a heart full almost to bursting with alarm and indignation, I come to pour into your sympathizing ear, my grievances, our grievances, the grievances of the people of the United States.

As one of the sovereign people, I remonstrate, as a free and enlightened citizen, I object; as a moral man—and, I trust a Christian, I utterly denounce and condemn the outrageous and reckless extravagance the United States Coast Survey.

Listen calmly, Mr. Editor. You no doubt can do so. I cannot, I acknowledge it. I did tear my best shirt, and break a buhl table when I first read what I here relate. But you are superior to other men in most things. (I know it. I look upon you with Awe, but dare not imitate you) therefore, I say, listen calmly.

In the *Astronomical Journal* for September, I discovered the following sentence, which occurs in "Lieut. JAS. GILLISS's Report to the Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey" on the late eclipse of the sun.

"It had now become so dark, that I was unable to detect the second marks on the GOLD chronometer; and &c."

Observe. It was not a gold chronometer-watch, with which this difficulty arose. Oh no! It was a *gold chronometer*. Fancy to yourself, dear V. F., a cylinder, whose horizontal diameter is four inches, and its vertical diameter three-and-a-half inches, composed of solid plates of gold. No doubt, although Mr. G. does not mention the circumstance, the box in which the chronometer reposed was of the same material, richly encrusted with precious stones, or at least inlaid with other metals in the most sumptuous and regal manner. Regal, did I say? What monarch, however rich, however great, ever possessed a gold chronometer? This climax of extravagance could only be reached by the U. S. Coast Survey. Now, Mr. Editor, I want to know why in the name of Crœsus should such extravagance be permitted—and not only permitted but indulged in—and not only indulged in, but boasted of, even in the public prints? Else why does Mr. GILLISS find it necessary for the advancement of science to mention the material of which his chronometer is composed? Your correspondent feels like exclaiming after the manner of Miss TROTWOOD—"in the name of all that's ridiculous, why" *gold* chronometer? Why not chronometer? Oh no! That would not do. Lt. JAS. GILLISS, like a boy with his first pair of boots just donned, struts proudly before our eyes, and says, as Gheezir, the sun, is reported to have said—"Behold me!—behold my riches—I possess this wonderful treasure—or at least the department under which I labor possesses it.

Mr. Editor, are you aware of any gold chronometers at the National Observatory? I never heard of one in the fitting-out of the princely yacht "Wanderer;" and I much doubt if the Great Eastern had one. But Lieut. JAS. GILLISS who goes to the western prairies to observe the eclipse of the sun, not only has one, but refers to it proudly, as above.

This is "Coast Survey economy!" This is the "system of retrenchment" going on under Mr. Secretary COBB! This is the "excessive avoidance of expense," to which "Public Documents" called our attention two years ago, in the columns of the "*Times*." I read that article of "Pub. Doc's" through and through. I retired from its perusal with a hazy idea that the Coast Survey was capable of living on nothing a day, and find itself, and at the same time perform miracles of surveying; and a very clear idea that aids in the Coast Survey received fifteen dollars per month. *But, I saw no reference to gold chronometers!*

Let us follow out this idea—I mean the idea of the gold chronometer—(if you Mr. Editor, will allow me to call a gold chronometer, an idea) Imagine these luxurious scientists carrying with them into the field, (as I have no doubt that they do) theodolites of gaily-chased *aurum*, and ponderous astronomical instruments whose eye pieces are diamonds of untold value! And Mr. Editor, when I hear, as I momentarily expect to, that they dwell in tents of silk, and purple, and fined twined linen, and dine off golden plates encrusted with jewels, the tidings will not excite the faintest emotion of surprise. For, after all, what are all these latter? We read of the ancients having so dwelt and so dined. But who, in all the pages of history, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, ever heard of a gold chronometer?

Mr. Editor, the usual remark with which an epistle of the complain-of-grievance style, is closed is "where's the polis?" Now, anxious to be in the fashion, and yet, not exactly seeing what good the "polis" could do in this case, I close my epistle with the inquiry, "where's JOHN COVODE?"

Indignantly Yours,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

P. S.—Perhaps these reckless squanderers may attempt to get from under the heavy load of obloquy and shame which will be east upon them by this article, by saying that it was a *gold faced* chronometer that was meant to be referred to by Mr. GILLISS. Shabby and paltry excuse! Which dear VANITY FAIR is the greater sin to commit in these enlightened days, to squander public money in the purchase of a gold chronometer, or deliberately and impudently to murder the good, kind, benevolent old English language?

GERARD.

Vanity:—I have a suggestion to make—to GERARD. Not the slayer of lions but the lionizer. Impressive GERARD. Mighty, magnificent, moral GERARD. GERARD with the collar, the blue coat, the curling wig, the irrepressible walk, the non-imitable manner. Courteous GERARD. JAMES W. GERARD; he who said the other day, that he would like to live in a monarchical country, under a King or a Queen. (Perhaps he forgot he lived two years under the fatherly care of JOHN A. who come from Queens.) The idea I wish to convey to him is this.

That if he desires to live under Royalty, steamers leave New York twice each week—Cabin Passage—$100. If he desires to go I am willing to pay my share of his passage money.

GERARD need not be afraid to go. Meetings *can* be held without him. Schools may hold receptions without him. Ladies may live without him. There are other leaders of fashion.

Even as the world withstood the destruction of the idol Serapis by a Christian soldier, so will goods continue to be bought and sold if GERARD does leave us. Go, GERARD! go in peace. If you choose, go into pieces—no matter. Anything but being here again when a "Princ" dances in the Academy!

Yours,

TERRIFIED.

The Explanation.

CHARLES, discoursing rather freely
Of the unimportant part
Which (he said) our clever women
Play in Science and in art,
"Ah; the sex you undervalue;"
Cried his lovely cousin JANE;
"No, indeed!" responded CHARLEY,
"Pray allow me to explain:
Such a paragon is woman,
That, you see, it *must* be true
She is always vastly better
Than the best that she can do!"

Hail! gentle Cab!

A few weeks ago we had occasion to characterize our "Young America" representative abroad as a "TRAIN off the track." But now that we learn that he intends to do the Hansom thing by New York, we consider his former error amply atoned for. GEORGE FRANCIS, in this instance, is on the right track, beyond all per-adventure. May he glide along on the smooth T rail of prosperity, and may that great stoker, the Public, feed him ever with the fuel of appreciation and patronage!

"One of the coarser leaders of New York fashion went up to the Prince w le he was yet talking with a lady with whom he had danced, seized him by the arm, and requested him to dance with his daughter. A gentleman in waiting interfered; the angry New Yorker, still holding the Prince's arm, compressed his lips, protruded his chin, and growled, "What is it to you, I should like to know?" The equerry explained that it was the height of rudeness to touch the Prince; but this leader o fashion in the mighty metropolis "differed in opinion." What was the use o circumspection when such a fellow as this could buy his way into the presenc of Princes?"—*N. Y. Correspondent Washington Intelligencer.*

LAYE OF YE BRUTALLE BOOKBINDER.

I.

Of ye anciente bookbindere who lefte hys countree.

T was an anciente bookbindere
A manne of lowe degre,
Butte famouse in ye councilles of
Saynte George Societie.
Ande eke a Saxonne manne was hee,
Ande as a Saxonne shoulde
Hee lefte theye saye hys owne countree,
Alle for his countree's goode.

II.

Howe hee woulde not associate wythe anie butte Saxonnes.

Nowe whenne hee reached a foreigne lande
Quite farre beyonde ye sea,
Hee dide not seeke as others didde
A cit-i-zenne to bee,
But rathere helde himselfe aloofe
Ande ne associate
Wythe aughte butte Saxonne menne didc hee
Wythin hys chosenne statc.

III.

Howe a Prynce came fromme afarre offe, and howe ye Bookbindere soughte hys acquaintance.

There chanced inne tyme a Prynce to commc
Fromme Saxonne lands afarre,
To visitte all ye strange countree
At ye wishe of hys mamma.
So whenne ye bookbindere yt hearde,
Hys heade itt grewe quite vayne,
Ande for to bee presentedde
To ye Prynee hee tryed amayne.

IV.

Howe hee spoke butte wythout successe.

He rose hym uppe in councille-halles
Inne ye So-ci-e-tie,
Ande cke wythoute ye councille-walles
Hee spoke righte earnestlie.
Butte NO! theye lystened not to hym
Ye solidde menne inne towne,
For welle theye knewe his heade was turned
To gayne hymselfe renoune.

V.

Howe theye gave ye Prince a Balle and whatte happened thereatte,

Ye citie gave ye Prince a balle,
Ye bookbindere was there,
And there hee tooke wyth wronge intente
Hys youthfule daughtere fayre.
And in ye daunce whatte joye was hys,
Whenne dauncinge toe and froe,
Ye youthfulle Prynce by accidente,
Trodde heavye onne hys toe.

VI.

Howe ye Prince apologised for ye mischaunce.

Ye prince wythe gentle meeknesse turned,
As everie prince shoulde doe,
Ande looked in sorrow downe ye whyle
On ye offendinge shoe.
Thenne wythe a sweete and pryncelie smyle
Ye bookbindere untoe
He sayed, "I truste ye payne dothe not
Much inconvenience you."

VII.

Howe ye bookbindere exhibited hys brutalitie.

Nowe fulle to burste wyth pryde I weene,
Ye bookbindere wasse hee,
To bee thus flattered bye a Prynce,
Toe hym was ecstasie.
Emboldened by ye kindnesse, hee
Didde turne ye Prynce untoe,
Ande clapped hym on ye shouldere-blade,
As vulgar fellawes doe.

VIII.

Howe ye bookbindere continued to be brutalle

Prynce, I have here a daughtere fayre,
And joyouse too, I weene,
Fitte aye to be a Princesse,
Or yette to be a Queene.
Come daunce wythe herre, bolde Prynce I pray,
Whenne you att leisure bee,
And itt shalle charme and pleasure herre,
Ande much delightenne mee."

IX.

Howe his brutalitie was punished.

Oute stepped ye bolde Equerrie thenne,
Ande seized ye bookbindere,
"Nowe take youre hande awaye," quothe hee,
"And goe awaye fromme here."
Thenne redde and wrothe ande surlie too,
Ye bookbindere got hee,
Toe be in publicke balle thus served
Wyth such indignitie.

X.

Howe hee was greatlie shamed.

They pushed hym oute intoe ye crowde,
Ye sillie bookbindere,
And shamed and wounded to ye hearte
Hys lovlie younge daughtere.
And all ye newspaperes next morn,
Inne blacke ande whyte spake theye
Alle of ye sillie bookbindere,
Ande whatte he didde yt daye.

XI.

REMARKS.

Ye authore's Remarkes onne ye foregoinge hystorie.

No Yankee manne in alle ye lande
So big a loute hathe beene,
And suche moste vyle discourtesye
Ye Prynce hathe never seene.

SPLENDID CAROM OFF THE TABLE-CLOTH EXECUTED BY MR. CHAWKS, AS HE WAS TRYING A LITTLE BIT OF FANCY PLAY, A LA BERGER.

A Suggestion for It.

Having secured Mr. EVERETT to do the fancy articles, Mr. MORRIS (G. P.) as satirical bard, HORACE GREELEY as polemical writer, and ex-President BUCHANAN as political biographer, there only remains for Mr. BONNER of the *Ledger*, so far as we can see, one more literary giant whose services, if they can be obtained, will conclusively immortalise it. Our readers will at once see that we can only allude to Mr. EDWIN FORREST, whose dramatical capacity is unrivalled, and who could certes contribute the most powerful notes on SHAKESPEARE that have ever been heard—(of.) We venture to suggest Mr. FORREST to Mr. BONNER, as his SHAKESPERIAN clow—we should say critic.

The Reign of Music.

The Plumas Standard, California paper, thus pours down:

"Lately we had in this region two hard, pelting rains; one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, and both set to the majestic music of the spheres."

Evidently with an accompaniment of wind instruments and to the tune of

"Thou, thou Reign'st on this bosom."

Con: By a Showman

Why was the end of the Flood like the successful début of a performing horse? Because it (t)rained for a long time previously.

Another by Another Person.

Why is MR. BROOKS, of the "Thunderer," like all great discoverers? Because he is a head of the *Times*.

Thenne joyne mee alle, bothe greate and smalle,
Who these poore lynes doe heare,
To shame ye sillie Saxonne manne,
Ye boorish bookbindere.

XII.

MORALLE.

Ye authore poyntes ye morale ande adornes ye tayle.

Nowe liste toe mee a momente yette,
Eache burlie Saxonne manne,
Whenne ye doe comme toe thys countrie
Becomme a citizenne;
Ande leave behinde youre clownish wayes,
Youre vanitie ande pryde,
So shalle you neverre shame yourselves,
And alle ye lande besyde.

Ye Ende.

IRISH NEWS.

Troth! ef you are afther the News it is in the Irish Newspaper ye must procade fur saking the same.

We looked in it and discovered that a Stone-cutter was a Sculptor, it must be so, Mr. O'BRIEN writes it down in black and white. Mr. O'BRIEN offered to model a figure of PERRY to compete with that of Mr. WALCUTT but was refused—probably the inhabitants did not like his Perigraph—whereupon Mr. O'BRIEN writes, "they accepted WALCUTT's without any competition—a new system in the rule of art." Now Mr. O'BRIEN are n't you thinking about Trade? Competition is the life of Trade—as for Art, that rises superior to petitions. Mr. O'BRIEN's model being refused he undertook the reproduction of WALCUTT's model in marble. How did he do this? He writes: "any honest man who will examine both, will admit that the latter (copy in marble) scarcely prefigures the former. There is a detail in the statue (marble copy) for which I had no model. So much the worse for you—why did n't you follow the model you were paid to copy? If Colonel COLT gives out a pattern of his revolver to a workman and the workman does n't follow it—Col. COLT probably kicks him out of his factory. It is not for the workman to say what is to be done, his business is to do as he is told.

Mr. O'BRIEN while improving his chisel in Rome would have done well to have entered the studio of a sculptor and inquired if CANOVA or THORWALDSDEN, had been, or GIBSON, IVES or HOSMER were, stone-cutters? How much they paid Italians a day for cutting the stone in the rough, and if four and five scudi a day was paid to the Finishers. *Basta!* Mr. O'BRIEN you cannot pull the wool over the eyes of New Yorkers, whatever you may do with the Clevelanders.

Your whole course of conduct, Mr. O'BRIEN the Corkonian, towards Mr. WALCUTT "reveals alike want of fairness and artistic capacity, and deficiency of common sense in newspaper quarters" as Item says.

Instead of Phidias you are Perfidious.

Alas, Poor Turkey.

In ROMER's Pilgrimage, we learn that the Egyptian secret of rendering the flesh of the Turkey particularly tender is, that "half an hour before the bird is killed, a glass of brandy is poured down its throat, which produces intoxication, and the flesh of the tipsy turkey acquires a tenderness superior to that which is produced even by long keeping."

We have yet to learn that a turkey acquires tenderness by Long Keeping, and therefore incline to the belief that it would get Mellow on a glass of brandy, although it is a small amount to Get a Turkey on—which, as the readers of the *World* know, is New York Hotel for Getting Slewed.

Found at Last.

Not perpetual motion, but the Philosopher's Stone which shall transmute base metals into gold. It was bought at Raw Hide ranche, Tuolumne County, Cal., by Mr. WILLIS, for $60. He has discovered a quartz lead—whatever kind of Lead that is—from which in ten days he obtained $100,000.

Any one having any more of that mineral at the same price, warranted to yield like the above specimen, will find a Fair purchaser wherever VANITY can be met with.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

To show what bucks we are going to be, it is only necessary to read the following little bit from the Board of Police Commissioners, reported a day or two since :

THE POLICE TO WEAR GLOVES.—At the meeting of the Board of Police Commis sioners yesterday, but little other than routine business was transacted. A resolution was passed adopting a uniform style of glove, similar to those worn in the army, for the use of the police. They are made of sheep-skin, quite heavy and of the Japanese-reception color.

In the above announcement, something is wanting of the perspicacity of the original JENKINS who followed the career of BRYAN O'LYNN, and treated his public to the following detailed report in connection with an important part of that person's wardrobe :

"BRYAN O'LYNN had no breeches to wear,
They got him a sheepskin to make him a pair—
The smooth side out, and the woolly side in—
'They're elegant small-clothes', said BRYAN O'LYNN."

This was explicit ; whereas we are left quite in the dark with regard to the distribution of "sides" when the sheep-skin material comes to be manufactured into *gants Jouvin* for the adornment of our noble Metropolitans. We prefer, however, to consider the woolly side out ; and so does our artist, as may be seen by the annexed sketch.

Lest our readers may be also left in the dark as to the meaning of "Japanese-reception color," we have the pleasure of informing them that the shade in question, although not decidedly *mauve* may be very fairly characterised as *mauvais.*

POLICEMAN OF THE PERIOD, TRYING ON A JAPANESE-RECEPTION GLOVE.

Not Unlikely.

An exchange says :

"It is estimated that the growers of Otsego county will this year receive about $600,000 for their hops."

This description of hopping is "cutting a figure." Perhaps it may be accounted for by the fact of this being *Leap* Year.

BOOLE and his fellow Scoundrels would—if they could—have made quite as much out of the city raised article. Unfortunately the Prince-ipal Hop slipped through their dirty yellow-kid-covered paws while the Ja-panic caused by the other, even yet prevents the settlement of that little bill !

The greatest Bee in Bonner's Hive.

J. B.

BENNET ON POETRY.

The New York *Herald* of the 22d October, having kept its head well under the blanket and guessed that no poetry was written on the Prince's visit, proceeds as follows :

"The principal reason, we opine, why so few poetic effusions were called out by the Prince's visit was that all the rhymesters in the country were engaged on campaign poetry, of which we have already given a very large specimen. As it was, only about half a dozen poems in honor of the Prince were published, and these were mostly the inspirations of young ladies in whom the graceful manners and pleasant smile of the royal visitor produced the divine afflatus. Had not DOUGLAS and BRECKINRIDGE, LINCOLN, and BELL, monopolised all the genius of the poetasters, we should, no doubt, be able to give our readers a whole page of poetry on H. R. H."

Feel better, eh ? Considerably relieved ? A nice, manly, truthful, honest, decent paragraph that—is'nt it now ? Half a dozen—*mostly* by young ladies ! Come now—HOLMES wrote one—but you could'nt mention him. *He's* nobody, of course. No more is R. H. STODDARD. Nobody ever heard of him, or of the poem which he wrote for VANITY FAIR ! Or STEDMAN'S ! But after all said and done, Master *Herald* what do you know about poetry ? Your highest flight of poetical judgement never rose to the level of a Park Paling Ballad. Your "Mary Ann" does'nt begin to come up to those penny productions. The composer of "The Bowery Girls" would turn up his nose at you if you should have the irrepressible insolence to offer yourself as a Melibœus (By the way do you know what that means ?) He who sang the Great Fight between SAYERS and HEENAN, with a red and yellow border, would laugh you to scorn. *You* a judge of poetry ! *Asinus ad lyram,* You Know—which means you *don't.*

But then if there only *had* been some poetry—or what *you* consider to be such—you would have re-published a whole page of it in your sheet ! *Ah !*—Is it there you are ! What a pity that VANITY let into you the other day about your nasty, old, ragged BUCHANAN coat. *Is'nt* it ! Oh yes. Therefore, on that account, there has been no poetry written on the Prince. Nay, HOLMES did'nt write any, either, for the innocent must suffer with the offending, that the sublime poetical judgment of the bard of "Mary Ann," may be fulfilled. Oh, you're a nice lot, you *are.*

And yet the *Herald* did dabble in "poetry," once. VANITY finds in the files of the first and second years of the *Herald,* quite a number of lyrics ! In one of these addressed to the then Secretary of the Navy there is allusion to

"A duck without a tail, on
The pond her ducklings sail, on."

Which affords a very fair illustration of the lame duck of the *Herald,* when completely "at sea" on the pond of poetry. *Herald* —stick to your last ! Stick to the philosophers of the *Tribune,* to WEED, Mas-a GREELEY and imbroglios ; to panic making, mare's nest hunting, and mud-slinging generally, and let Poetry alone. She don't know you, or the like of you. And what's more she don't want to. Neither Poetry or Truth. Thus endeth ye first Lesson. Let us continue by singing a piece of poetry (just received) which you are perfectly at liberty to republish :

There's an editor, rampant in Gotham,
Whose conscience deprives him of rest ;
And the Devil, at night, from a *nightmare*
Dismounts on that editor's breast.
There he sings, while his tail he is wagging,
"*I'm pleased with whatever you do ;*
And I never shall show any *coldness,*
When dealing, my darling, with *you !*"
On a paper, he sees by the bedside,
He gloats with a flame in his eyes ;
And he mutters, "Ha ! there *lies your Herald*—
My agent, to *Herald your lies !*"

P. S.—Since the above was written, you *Herald* have given it all additional point by doing what you said you would *not* do—and publishing in your Mendacious of the 27 Oct., divers and sundry poems and selections, from poems on the subject of the Prince. Among these latter are two from VANITY FAIR. Both, of course, WITHOUT CREDIT !

Herald !—are you aware that we paid for those poems ? They are just as much ours, as your property is yours. You've no more right or business to steal them without credit, than to steal any other property. But who'd expect any better of you ? You were false and foul in the Beginning—you will be false and foul to the end.

Joke by John B. Gough.

(*And just his style !*)

Q. What were the "slings of outrageous fortune" mentioned in *Hamlet ?*

A. Gin-slings of course.

ARTEMUS WARD

VISITS BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well, remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N. B. This is rote Sarcastieul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found,) which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & Scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, eussycally obsarves.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott thare was a lot of U S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned Ide willinly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on BRIGHAM YUNG, the grate mogull amung the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits & sed.

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "Ime on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister WARD. I sertinly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seek & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordinly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in a exceedin large room was his wives and children, which larst was squakwin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy & sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intenshuns, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze ritins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister WARD," sed YUNG.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister WARD," sed YUNG, "I hev eighty more in varis parts of this conscreeated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starein at him.

"Sealed, Sir, sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will thay probly continue on in that stile to any grate extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You air old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives," sed Mister YUNG.

"Long may they wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I dident look out.

In a privit conversashun with BRIGHAM I lernt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats calls him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't hev a minits peace. His wives fite amung theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit & when too of um git into a row he has um turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulld the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflictid with mop-handles, broom-sticks & sich. Occashunly thay git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, dresst in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish Ide remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tarvern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a lurge krowd of Mormins, which thay surroundid me & statid that thay was goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooul who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, Ile let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. WARD's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollerd a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my Show?" sez I, gittin putty riley. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowd & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizniss, subjeck only to the Konstitushun of the Unitid Staits!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femailes, puttin thare arms rownd me in luvin stile. "Becum 1 of us. Becum a Preest, & hev wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horrer at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall, gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd." stay, & Ile be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh BETSY JANE! [N. B. BETSY JANE is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil crltters.

"Ile see you all essenshally eussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall gawnt femaile.

mad as I cood be at thare infernul noncents. I girdid up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipuld a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe.

Artemus Ward.

SURSUM RECORDER.

Recorders are high and mighty personages. Recorders are supposed to know everything from the Rule of Three up. We are partial to Recorders. Barnard is a Recorder. That's why we love him so. But much as we love Barnard our affection for the friend of Munday does not equal that which we entertain for Smith. Smith is an ex-Recorder. That's why we love Smith more than Barnard. Besides, Smith, like most other men is mortal and so prone to error, both weaknesses which Barnard was never accused of indulging in. The liability to err on the part of Smith produces queer results sometimes. Smith makes frightful blunders in such matters as geography, truth "and sich." Week before last, for instance, Smith had the case of Enright and Stewart to attend to in the court of Oyer and Terminer. Enright and Stewart amused themselves, not long age, by manslaughtering one Horrigan, conjointly. This species of enjoyment not being relished by the authorities, Enright and Stewart were arrested and put in prison or held to bail, or something. Enright and Stewart thought it would be all right if they engaged ex-Recorder Smith to defend them. They did engage ex-Recorder Smith. And it is all wrong. When the case was called, the ex-Recorder asked for a postponement on the ground that a very important witness, John Welch, a sailor, was absent on a voyage to Ireland, and that his testimony was an absolute necessity to do justice to Messrs. Stewart and Enright, the elegant and accomplished prisoners. A moment after entering this plea the ex-Recorder changed his mind. The indispensable witness was not absent on a voyage to Ireland. He had gone to New Orleans. In the affidavit which the ex-Recorder now began to prepare, he changed his mind again. John Welch *had* gone to Ireland. Gone in the steamship Connaught some three weeks ago. The steamship Connaught was burnt to the water's edge "some three weeks ago" near Boston, on her return *from* Ireland. This little matter did not concern the ex-Recorder in the least. He persisted in his original statement. In the meantime some enterprising reporter found out that John Welch aforesaid had not sailed in the Connaught or any other vessel but had been for some three weeks acting as porter at the Astor House. For a time this made it look bad for the ex-Recorder. But the ex-Recorder was not to be overcome by a common reporter. The ex-Recorder squelched the common reporter utterly by stating next day in open court that the affidavit should have read that the witness had left *for* Connaught, and not that he had sailed *in the* Connaught. What did the ex-Recorder care for the fact that Connaught is not a sea-port town, that it is not a town at all, that it is a large province, in fact, so long as he used up the common reporter? Not a darn. Why should he care about a common reporter anyway, if the astute Gould, Judge of the Oyer and Terminer, accepted the affidavit as satisfactory? And the astute Gould did accept the affidavit, and did postpone the case. This was not a very bright thing on the part of Gould, to be sure, but then how could we expect brilliancy from him. The proverb "All that glitters is not Gould," must be familiar to every one by this time.

And here it is that we think large quantities of praise are due to the ex-Recorder. Had it not been for his indefatigable exertions the stupidity of the supreme official of our highest criminal court, the ignorance of our District Attorney of even the most important events of the day, and the generally distracting manner in which business is carried on in our so-called "Halls of Justice" would not have been brought to light. Wherefore we should be grateful to the ex-Recorder and permit him, with Barnard, to have a share in our affections.

VERY ATTRACTIVE SALE.

We should think so:—read the following list:—

150 Very rich Lucias.
200 Leonoras very desirable and scarce.
150 Extra rich and highly polished Eugenies.
500 Heavy extra finished Violettas beautiful figures.
200 Splendid quality fresh Mirandas. Very expensive.
100 Magnificent figured Marcellinas. Very expensive.
100 Superbly lovely figured Isidoras. Extremely costly.
100 Soft wool Clara Bellas.
100 Auroras still higher cost.

The larger proportion of these Goods are entire new styles, adapted to City Trade, and have never been offered at Private Sale.

Liable as foreigners are to err in their judgment of our Peculiar Institutions, assisted as they are by a willing and ready set of practical jokers, we are sorry to see leading papers under the Auction Sales headings, lending their aid to carry out Arrowsmiths like the above. What must be the opinion of an Englishman, of our Social life, when he reads—For Sale—

"100 Superbly lovely figured Isidoras. Extremely costly."

and this not at Newport where among the yachts for sail an expensive Isidora may be found, but in a busy market where the Auctioneer's hammer comes down practically to actual bids. It may be understood among Drygoods-ers that an Isidora is a piece of goods of such and such style, and so many yards, but with the majority of mankind the name suggests—well what does Isidora suggest? A subject for the poet, painter, photographer and philosopher of course:—and not the object for an auctioneer's hammer.

Vanity Fair would beg Messieurs the Foreign Manufacturers of Dress Goods, to give their attention to more familiar names among Americans, assuring them that by bestowing them correctly they would make Ten Strikes—thus an Invoice of

100 Colored Dinahs, warranted to wash.
150 Plain Biddies. Stout quality.
200 Light Abigails. All colors.

if disposed of as Domestics, would prove a good venture.

Measure for Measure.

We read in *La Patrie* that "Prince M., of Palermo," lately sent his photograph, accompanied with a topographical survey of his person, to a well known Parisian tailor named Humann, with orders to give him, "Prince M,," fits according to measure.

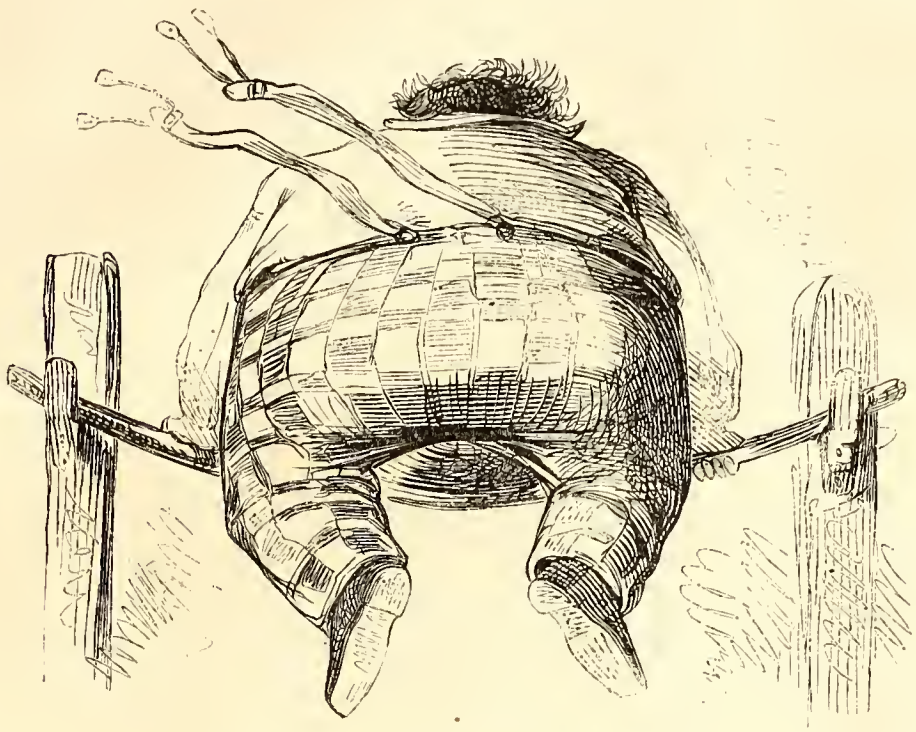
So far *La Patrie*; but our special correspondent at Palermo tells us more. From him we learn that, when Humann sent in his little bill for the clothes to "Prince M.," the latter noble person forwarded to him, by return of post, a check for the following amount:

"*Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

This, of course, settled the little business at once—the "tailor's measure," as our correspondent says, "being nowhere beside the Prince's line."

How's this, World?

It is a somewhat singular fact, that although our pious cotemporary around the corner displays conspicuously in its heading, the motto "The Field is the World," it has never yet contained a single tem of Sporting Intelligence.



HERR GRUFFENSTEIN, OF THE TURNVEREIN ASSOCIATION, IS VERY ANXIOUS TO HAVE A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF AS HE APPEARS IN ONE OF HIS FAMOUS FEATS; BUT, AS HE ALWAYS PERSISTS IN TAKING A WRONG TURN JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO BE TRANSFIGURED IN THE CAMERA, THE ABOVE IS THE ONLY PORTRAIT OF HIM THAT HAS YET BEEN OBTAINED.

Interesting to Sportsmen.

The ordinary, close-fitting pantaloons, as well as the old-fashioned knee-breeches and leggins, are giving way, in England, to the new article known as "Knickerbockers"—loose, short trousers, cut Zouave fashion, so as to close in just below the knee.

We were puzzled to account for the adoption of these ungainly garments by men who indulge in the luxury of shooting; but, on consideration, are inclined to suppose that it is because they Bag more than any other kind of trousers.

Worth Trying.

A western paper tells us that a lady residing at Toledo has been cured of consumption by a course of live frogs, taken internally.

How would it do to take one of our disunionist Croakers, and, following homœpathic principles, try whether his malady would not yield to a course of live frogs?

Fiat experimentum in corpore vili—let the Editor of the *Herald* swallow the first frog.

Useless.

Trying to catch the ferry-boat after it has started; in nine cases out of ten it will Give You the Slip.

From our Special Cockney

Good for a Cataract.
'Igh water.

LAMMING LAMARTINE.

Some young man of consumptive intellect who evidently has access to a French Dictionary, encloses the following to us with a request that we should "put her in type." We shall not say that he had not, prior to writing "her" read Mrs. ESTELLE A. LEWIS's epistle from Paris to the *Home Journal*, in which she represents LAMARTINE as being in rags, tags and an extensively vexed spirit to boot. But to the young man's letter:

Numero 1482¾ Bowerie,
NEW YORK, le 27 Oct. 1860.

MON PAUVRE LAMARTINE:—Je suis bien faché d'apprendre que vous êtes si malheureux par consequence de l'ingratitude d' un monde froid, cruel, et, enfin, sot comme un dindon. N'est-ce pas vrai? Sapristi! mon cher Alphouse, ça le fait mal pour vous.(1) J'entends que vous n'avez pas de savon,(2) donc c'est clair que vous êtes toujours dur en haut,(3) comme on dit chez nous. Mais, brave homme, courage! Ne cedez pas le navire! Restez tranquille! Ecrivez encore àpropos de vos amis, les nègres d'Hayti! Oubliez cet bête, votre tailleur, ce coquin, votre boulanger; et votre boucher aussi! J'etez leur demandes aux chiens! Sans doute, oieux garcon vous etiez un sanglant fou de n'avoir pas mis à part quelque chose pour un jour de pluie. Mais comme il est trop tard maintenant, tenez vos larmes, ou, comme dit nous autres Americaines, *dry up and bust*. Peutêtre vous croyez que nous avons allé dos sur vous; (4) on le fait quelque fois. Mais vos dents doivent être écorchés(5) par ce temps ci. V'yez vous?

Votre valet (DE PLACE), quand il était ici (c'est entre nous—comprenez) fait plusieurs grand fous de lui-même par son hauteur et son bottes poli.(6) Diantre! c'est le *swell cove!* Tout pour les tête-à-têtes avec les dames il étoit chaque soir au théâtre. Il buvait aussi du *brandy smash*, et tous les nuits n'était il pas *mops* et balais?(7) Je ne sais pas qu'est-ce que c'est qu'il faisait avec l'argent reçu pour payer vos petits billets. (Par le par!(8) Sont-ils plus que sept dollaires par mois? Ici cette somme est la limite avec les redacteurs de nos journaux du soir.) Sans doute D. P. est un Grand Chose(9) c'etait grand malheur pour vos poches que vous n'etiez par dans New York l'autre soir; ce que vous pourriez faire cinquante sous, par portant un flambeaux avec les Wide Awakes. Mais il faut que je finisse ma lettre parceque depuis le depart du correspondant du *Times*—Woods on l'apelle—les malles se ferment sans leur regularité usuel.

Enfin, LAMARTINE restez un peu froid! Je vois que vous avez dit que vous ne voulez pas venir en Amerique pour parler au publique (prix d'admission 25 sons, nègres et enfants demi prix, je pense) et vous avez raison. Parbleu! est-ce que LAMARTINE, le poëte, le grand, le faiseur de bon mots est aussi un "qu'est ce qu' c'est qu' ça?" (10) un "que peut-ils être?" Impossible! jamais! Dieu nous en garde! Vous êtes pauvre mais vous n' êtes pas un "qu'est qu' c'est qu' ça?" Donc tenez un ferme levre (11) superieure; criez "Bully pour vous," et croyez moi toujours.

Lo Vôtre,
JOSEY BRINDLES.

MONSIEUR A. LAMARTINE, Paris,

Our Book Notices.

In foreign literature, the most noticeable book of the season, perhaps, is one lately published in London by Lady CHARLOTTE PEPYS, under the title of "A Journey on a Plank, from KIEV to EAUX BONNES."

The London press does not speak very highly of this book; and yet, in taking a "A Journey on a Plank," one might naturally expect to find a good Deal in it.

Theatrical.

The original *Prima Donna*—EVE.

NOTE 1. Our young friend has evidently picked up a great deal of inelegant slang. We understand from our office boy that the expression "This makes it bad for you," is very popular in the Bowery latitudes.

NOTE 2. *Savon*—the French for soap, you know.

NOTE 3. *Dur en haut*—"Hard up." A very soft way of explaining the case, also indigenous to the Bowery.

NOTE 4. *Alle dos-sur vous*—"Gone back on you," whatever that is.

NOTE 5. *Vos dents doivent etre ecorches*—"Your teeth ought to be skinned." Heavens!

NOTE 6. *Bottes poli*. By polite boots our correspondent evidently refers to some that had been made by an affable cordwainer.

NOTE 7. *Mops et balais*. Possibly J. BRINDLES forgot to obtain sufficient Parisian for "mops," so he spoke it in "de Inglese."

NOTE 8. *Par le par*—"By-the-bye." Did you ever!

NOTE 9. He appears to consider D. P. a "Big Thing."

NOTE 10. *Qu'est ce qu'c'est qu'ca?*—"What Is It?"

NOTE 11. *Tenez un-ferme levre' superieure*. In trying to translate this we have reduced ourselves to a state of gibbering idiocy. The reader will therefore have to find out the meaning for himself. ED. V. F.

UP TO THE TIME OF DAY.

If the average American man is Wide Awake in this our time o' day, O! isn't the average American woman? It is only a day or two since the austere tranquillity of the Fulton-street prayer meeting was ruptured by a large, bony, stentorian, female person, who, on being informed that the rules of the meeting excluded her from a display of her oratorical powers within its precincts, declared in square language that, although thoroughly converted, and quite good, in fact, she'd never come near *that* place again.

But, rejecting large, bony, stentorian, female person, let us look into bright, irridescent Broadway, even at its brightest, like the sky, about an hour or so before the sun goes down, and see whether loveliness is not also wide awake, and up to the time o' day. We should think it was. Indeed, judging from the manner in which some of our nicest girls are recklessly converting themselves into hour-glasses—as shown in the annexed sketch,

WAISTING AWAY.

we should say that "up to the time o' day" is but a weak expression of their intentions.

It may be ruthless to say a severe thing of the dear dissemblers; it may be rash; but it "must be did." Here goes, then. The reason why our girls convert themselves into Hour Glasses is a political one; it is in order that they may correspond with the Minute Men of the processional societies.

TALL WRITING.

BY OUR SPECIAL GRUMBLER.

It may be owing to the influence of what is called the "current literature" of our time and country, it may be owing to defective system in the seminaries where American women are educated, or it may be owing to a combination of commercial crisis with aurora borealis, but, at any rate it's the fact, that American women, generally, are falling sadly from the high position lately held by educated dames as the jewel of private correspondents. The scores of letters that we used to receive from the American woman before there was much "current literature" to excite her emulation, were models of straight-forward, unaffected talk. She didn't want to have it published, any more than she wanted a couple of stenographic reporters to "take her down" when she undertook to objurgate Biddy, the cook. Therefore it was straight-forward, therefore it was unaffected, therefore it was charming. Now-a-days the American woman's letter is a bunch of unripe currants from the tree of "current literature." The most commonplace occurrences are clothed by her in sentiment of LAURA MATILDA-color trimmed with new adjectives. She couldn't call the ace of spades anything short of the "unit of cultivating-irons" for the world, lest her letter might get into print, and be short of the mark before the public eye. She wants to be FANNY FERN or something, O dear!

From a batch of *published* "private letters" kindly clipped from a newspaper for us by a correspondent, we select one, purporting to be from an American lady to her husband, and sufficiently illustrative of the drift of our remarks—particularly as it refers to a snow storm. Here it is.

"*Dear* ——: Eight inches of snow on the ground this morning!

"While you in New York are grumbling at the keen wintry air, and the clouds of dust picked up from the streets by an unseen hand and hurled into your faces, we, up in the mountains, look out upon a picture serene as holiness. A mantle of purest white, wove from the clouds, has been thrown over the earth while we slept. No drifting—it must have fallen as gently as the dreams of our babes.

"Our blessed country-wed boys, who agreed to go contentedly to New York for the Winter if we would let them take a box of white snow and their painted sled, are wild with delight. Old Newfoundland stands harnessed to their sled at the door, glad of the frolic. The boys have just put on mittens and comforters—off they bound over the lawn. Ah, it's a sweet picture to see—you must come home.

"Can it be that any titled boy Prince, with the world's shoutings deafening his young ears, can be as happy as these untitled, ruddy cheeked boys?"

At the risk of offending somebody, we must enter a remonstrance against the cultivation of "tall writing," of which the foregoing is a pretty fair average example. There is a charm about correct grammar, and especially about a proper appreciation of the participles, that the Brightest and Best Society would do well to cultivate. That charm is not invariably the companion of "tall writing." There is also a charm in terse elegance of expression. That charm is *never* the companion of "tall writing." Let us take the above letter, for example, and see whether the sentiment of it will be any the worse for being couched in familiar English.

"DEAR JOHN.—The ground is covered with snow, this morning, to the depth of about eight inches—and that in October!

"And yet we pity you in New York, where the weather is probably as cold as it is up here in the mountains, and you have dust to encounter instead of snow. Do not call me a little goose, now, for being poetical, but really as I looked out upon the table-land below our house this morning, I could not help comparing its fresh covering of snow to a new, clean table-cloth, economised (not *wove*) out of a piece of white cloud. I also compared it, mentally, to a fall of babies fast asleep.

"Our excellent boys, so happy with their rustic little wives, (that's the nearest we can get to *country-wed* V. F.) who said they wouldn't mind going to New York if we would let them take a box of white snow there (*black* would pay better, ask BARNUM, ED. V. F.); are in excellent spirits. Old Boxer, harnessed to the painted sled, is wagging his tail furiously at the prospects of a romp. GEORGE BOUGHTON could make a beautiful picture of the scene; only he is in Paris, now, talking French.

"I wonder, whether the young Prince of Wales is as happy as these rustical, ruddy-faced lads of ours? Perhaps he is, for he has an affectionate mother, and, I believe, a fond father, and there can be no just reason for supposing that these circumstances are calculated to render a Prince miserable."

When our own Brightest and Best writes to us—if she ever does again, after *this*—we trust that she will embody her sentiments in some such practical language as every sensible power of education can command. Otherwise, that she will invariably enclose a number of red stamps in her epistles, to liquidate the sale on expenses necessarily incurred for antidotes, by the wretched person condemned to the perusal of her "tall writing."

TOO BAD!

MY DEAR VANITY:—As a Republican, I subscribed for the *Tribune:* as a Republican I have read it. I was one of those who believed in H. G., and during his troubles as a "gentleman from Oregon," I did him some service in a speech or two; what then was my astonishment when I took up the *Tribune* the other morning and found this evidence of HORACE'S apostasy:

"It is undeniably true that splitting rails never qualifies a man for the Presidency—so let that point be deemed settled. Many a man has split more rails—perhaps better ones—*than Abraham Lincoln, who never will be President, and never ought to be.*"

ABRAM LINCOLN never be President? Oh, HORACE! HORACE! was it for this, that I did the nice thing for you in that speech of mine? was it for this that I suffered the taunts and witticisms of BROWN, who is a SEWARD man, and "did'nt believe in H. G.?"

Please, Mr. VANITY, tend to HORACE, and oblige yours, etc.,

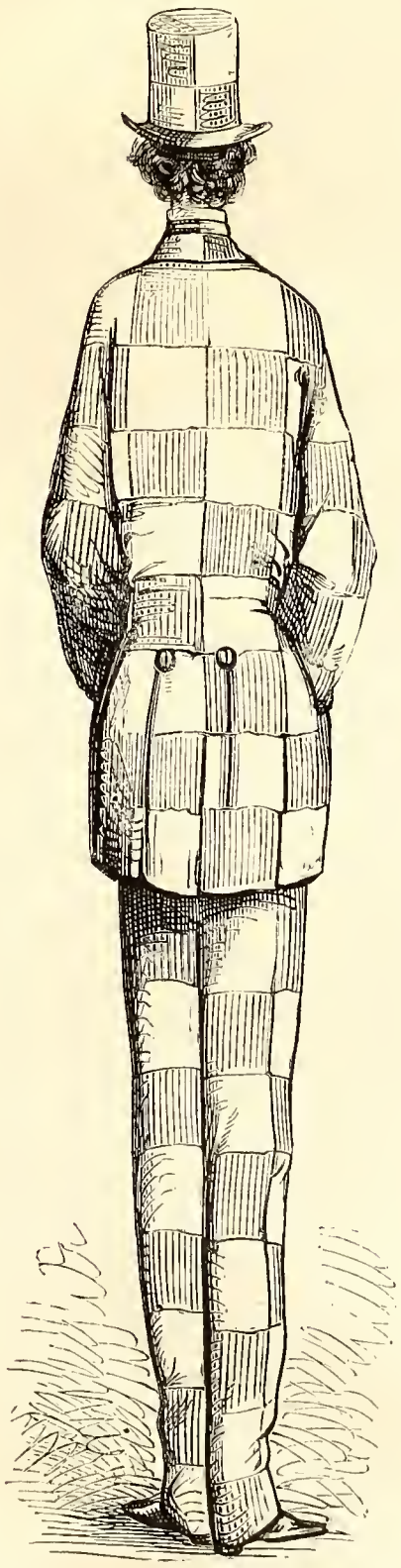
A. LINCOLN GREEN.

Irish Conversational Weapons.

Arrah's!

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

To our innumerable correspondents on the subject of Chess, we must content ourselves, at present, with stating, in the words of the shark when he swallowed the shoemaker—"your Last shall be carefully digested." This is a general notice. Specially we will reply to X, that although a King can check a King, Mr. PAUL MORPHY does not invariably wear plaid trowsers. "Problem" asks our opinion of "White to Black, mating on a particular square." We do not go in for amalgamation, but think Tomkins Square might be about the mark. He also inquires whether—"baiting your hook with Q you can take R for Black?" For a reply to this, we must refer him to BERGER, the French *maître du carom*, who being a Shepherd, of course has a Hook, and, who knows all about a Q. Our chess readers will be interested in the accompanying diagram.



THE LONGEST CHECK ON RECORD.

Salad for the Solitary.

Why was THACKERAY's last literary quarrel quite a *crusade?* Because it roused a great *Sala-din.*

WHITBECK ON THE HALF-SHELL.

Every newspaper taken up by us for about a month past contained some account of, or allusion to, a river of great virtue running through a district of the shire of Cumberland, England senior. The stream in question is called the Whitbeck, and its virtue consists in a mild impregnation of arsenic—so mild that anything except a duck, or a trout, will live in it. Upon the dwellers by the purling Whitbeck, the effects of the redoubtable mineral thus held in solution by its waters are promiscuously beneficial. People who came to Whitbeck several hundred years ago, and drank perennially of its charmed waters, might have been alive now if they hadn't died of something else than arsenic, so miraculous are its effects in prolonging life. Ugly children, who came into the world with pug noses and pig eyes, always grow up to be very handsome people, unless they emigrate from Whitbeck in their early infancy. The old women of Whitbeck are so young and handsome, it is dangerous for men under three or four hundred years of age to go around much at Whitbeck. There are several other advantages possessed by Whitbeck, on account of arsenic, which keeps everything there bright, and sweet, and handsome upon the half-shell.

As the *Great Eastern* is lying idle just now, why not charter her for regular excursions from New York to Whitbeck? Wouldn't she be full every trip! for lots of people want to be young and handsome upon the half-shell. And the passenger list of the G. E. would be quite a "happy family" announcement, so it would: ABE LINCOLN and the Editor of the *Herald*; a heavy selection from the RENFREW Ball committee, and another from the Corporation; GERARD; the "What Is It?" and a host of others. All the unmarketable spinsters, too. But, hold; if we go on at this rate, a fleet of *Great Easterns* will be required for our transport!

We are not a bit conceited about our own personal appearance; neither are we blind to the advancing footsteps of the crow upon the highway of our countenance, and the remarkable rapidity of the silver—quick silver, truly—in its alchemisation of our hair; but we *will* say that, rather than take one of those excursion trips *out*, in the G. E., or any other ship, we would see the Whitbeck particularly well—bottled off by BARNUM, and sold here at a dollar a bottle, to make us young upon the spot, and elegant, and handsome upon the half-shell.

The voyage *home*, after a month at Whitbeck, would of course, be a very different sort of thing. WALT WHITMAN himself could hardly catalogue the probable delights of it. Elfland, Elysium, Lalla Rookh, ducks and green peas, Madeline the *battle*, Shrewsbury oysters, you, whoever you are, ourselves—all upon the half-shell, would be nothing to it.

WHITMAN, indeed, should be the bard of Whitbeck, the newly-published fountain of perpetual delight. Let us hope that he will indulge us with a hymn to the arsenicated Undine of the rejuvenating river; or with an epigraph upon the Palingenesy, as illustrated in the history of Whitbeck on the Half-Shell.

"Powder."

We think a good deal of ourselves, here at New York, and yet, in the matter of real curiosities, we are immensely behind many tight little provincial places, that are never heard of until they come to light in some such newspaper item as the following:

POWDER.—The powder used at Old Point, Virginia, in firing the great Floyd gun, is in lumps as large as hickory nuts, and almost as hard as granite.

If that's what they call "powder" at Old Point, we should suppose that good stuff for macadamising roads might be taken from any average Old Point hour-glass. Think of the snuff made at Old Point, too!—why the Old Pointers who take it must be double-nosed pointers. And then the Dover's Powders at Old Point, and the vermifugitive powders, and, O dear! the salt—all in "lumps as large at hickory nuts, and almost as hard as granite." Reflecting, thus, upon the existing idea on the subject of powder in general at Old Point, our mind is lost in endeavoring to realise the probable average dimensions of a lump of sugar, in that Brobdignagian locality.

Drill for Dinners.

The dailies are in trouble. The Republican Governor declined to invite his Publican General to dine with the Prince, because the General "keeps a hotel" instead of selling codfish and molasses, which is infinitely more respectable, You Know. The spirit of the publicans is aroused, and it is very probable that Governor MORGAN for having cut his staff in October will be allowed to cut his stick in January. Our military contributor thinks that if this case is to be made a precedent, it will soon be a rule at table as it is in tactics, that the post of honor is occupied by the Left Company.

DEPLORABLE RESULT OF LINCOLN'S ELECTION.

AS DEPICTED BY THE *HERALD* AND *EXPRESS*.

ON THE HOUSE-TOP HORACE GREELEY IS, OF COURSE, SEEN FIDDLING OVER THE RUINS OF OUR BELOVED COUNTRY. TO THE LEFT YOU BEHOLD THE PURE-MINDED AND UPRIGHT J. G. B. SHUTTING UP SHOP, PREPARATORY TO RETURNING TO HIS NATIVE LAND. COWS GRAZE IN FULTON STREET. DESOLATION EVERYWHERE, AND THE WORLD DONE FOR GENERALLY.

UL-TRE-MONTANI.

My Vanity:—According to Dr. BACON, the principal item of belief in the creed of your friend Dr. HOLMES, is, that he "believes in Boston."

There be others, oh VANITY of VANITIES, who not only hold the same omniverous faith, but grasp at bolder marvels. Like that of St. THOMAS their creed begins: *Credo quia absurdum est.*

They believe pugnaciously in the Present of Boston. They believe ferociously in its Future. They believe severely in its Greene *Post*—and they believe—oh, how they *do* believe in its Verdant Past.

To tell the truth there *are* three or four good stories looming out of that Past.

Some years ago there took place in B. an annual highly colored festival at which the mulatto element in our midst, (by the way what *is* our Midst?) spread itself "co-extensively and metaparegorically" on toasts. The Mulatto, You Know, when not otherwise engaged in yellow neckerchiers, and thunder-pattern shirt-collars, runs violently to Toasts. Among the propounded was the following comp. to an Ex-Governor.

"De mantle-piece ob CALEB STRONG—may it fall on de head ob he predecessor!"

Ah, Bosson neber cums up to dat now-a-days. Do he? Dat's all.

Yours affectionately,

PETRA.

Our Social Scale.

That thing—our Social Scale—is going to give trouble. Ever since the advent among us of a Prince Royal, there seems to be a screw loose in it, somewhere; and somebody is sure to be pinched if that screw comes to be tightened up. Our Social Scale wouldn't allow MITCHELL, of Albany, hotel keeper, to dine with Governor MORGAN when he fed the Prince, although MITCHELL is a Quarter-Master-General, and a prominent member of the Governor's staff. The *Herald*, in these distressing circumstances, undertakes to speak for MITCHELL; but, in doing so, makes either a bad blunder or a bad pun, no matter which, saying that the fact of MITCHELL keeping a hotel should be "no Bar to his reception at any table in this free and enlightened country." This allusion to the "shop" is the reverse of polite—it is revolting. Our opinion is that the military rank did the business, not the hotel; for we have reason to know that THURLOW WEED, who undertook to Nettle MITCHELL, so as to "choke him off" from the dinner, did so by note, to the effect that as he, MITCHELL, was "only a ¼ Master-General, he couldn't be considered as ½ a gentleman, and had better confine himself, therefore, to keeping a hotel."

THE POPE AND SULTAN.

A badgered life the Pope doth hold,
He lives with ANTONELLI bold;
On Peter's Pence he pays his way;
French soldiers guard him every day.

Per Bacco! 'tis a wretched lot,
For GARIBALDI loves him not;
And soon from Rome he'll have to flee;
The Pope, the Pope I would not be.

The Sultan rolls in borrowed wealth,
But rather stumbles in his health,
A Harem-scare'em life leads he—
Yet does not live in jollity.

By Allah! how his money flies,
While ABDUL MEJID's buildings rise!
Peace in his Harem he can't know—
Sir HENRY BULWER scolds him so!

Their separate Fortunes are so small,
I wouldn't share them—not at all:
But would to this right soon agree,
That Pope and Sultan banished be.

A HINT TO OFFICE-HOLDERS.

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

YE WAYES OF YE FRESHMANNE.

FRESHEMAN is of ye grass, grassie. He is a particular lie greene branche of ye familie tree. He possesseth a fayth unwaverynge in ye alledgede compositionne of ye moone demoninated ye greene cheese, accountynge for ys lactealli characterristicke by ye phenomenonne of ye "cowe that jumped over ye moone," which hee dyde learnne from Motherre Goose herre booke, wythe whome hee betrayeth an intymate ande recente acquayntance. Hys beliefe ys notte shakenne in ye traditionelle "shippe," whose "commynge inne" was bye hys nursse made basis of ye prospective enormouse expenditurre, ande ye propheticke extravagantte outelaye uponne herre "ducke" ande darlynge; all of which smacketh of ye nurserie. Ye Freshmanne smoketh notte ye weede. He knoweth notte of ye whiskeye-skinne, or ye cocke-taile; hee is oblivious of ye "THOMASSE and JEREMIAH."

Ye Witless Freshmanne thinketh that ye College is a place for studie, that hee goeth there for the purpose of acquirynge usefulle knowledge. Hee leaveth ye paternelle mansionne wythe a teare in hys eye; hee departeth wythe ye newwe shirte ande ye plumm cake in his trunke. Hee commeth to ye citie. Hee getteth himselfe outen ye carres in a darke hole called ye *dèpot*. Hee perceiveth ye Sophomore, ye friend of ye Freshemanne, standynge nighe untoe himme. Ye kind friende of ye Freshemanne, wythe manie otherre kinde friendes, asketh if hee commeth to ye College. Hee replieth in milde ande gentle tonne, "Yea." He findeth that ye replie exciteth ye numerous Sophomores, ande one grabbeth ye greene Freshemanne bye ye legge, another graspeth in an uncomfortable mannerre ye shouldere, a thirde taketh himme uppe in hys armes, ande draggeth himme awaye fromm otherre two. A dozenne pulle himme ande haule himme untille hee becometh exceedyngelie redde in ye face, and wrothe wythe ye indignitie, ande thenne sufferre himme notte to departe in peace untille hee promiseth to joine ye beste of ye two Societies. Hee walketh outte in ye beautifulle citie wythe ye Sophomore, ye Freshemanne, his friende. Hee believeth ye Sophomore whenne he telleth himme that ye State-Housen is ye Chapelle of ye College where ye studentes assemble everie morninge and eveninge to studie or amuse themselves, for a fewe minutes with manie a harmelesse quipp ande joyfulle pranke, while ye Presidente reades in ye Goode Booke, ande ye studentes in ye gallerie who thinke they canne singe, butte who are chosenne by ye Facultie because they are ye ugliest and moste ille-favoured to prevente ye faire-maidennes who comme on ye Sabbathe to ye Chappelle from being strickenne wythe ye tendere passionne, while these, I doe saye, doe make a bigge noise in ye choire, ye Presidente prayes. Ande thenne they putte downe their heades ande studie ye mornynge lessonne and whenne ye Presidente stoppes ye heades flye uppe and ye devotionnes of ye studente are ended. Hee questionneth not ye assertionne of ye ye Sophomore whenne hee telleth himme that hee muste sitte uppe alle ye longe nighte ande studie ye lawes of ye College. Hee procureth from ye landladie a cuppe of stronge tea, ande hee peruseth ye Lawes of College, alle righte. Hee learneth that the studente must notte drinke anie of ye intoxicatynge beverages, that hee muste cat nothynge in anie tavernne, that hee muste keepe awaie fromme ye theateres, that hee muste notte have cardes nor playe billiardes, nor ryde oute uponne ye mudde in ye verie deepe harbore in saile-boates withoute permissionne of ye College its Presidente, alle of which he resolveth to obeye, which he doeth for the space of three weekes.

Ye Freshemanne commenceth his studies. Hee burneth ye oile of middenighte. Hee sitteth himself downe after ye mornyge recitationne. Hee riseth outie at ye noone recitationne. He spendeth ye afternoone in studie. Hee goeth atte itt aftere ye supperre. Hee wondereth why ye Sophomore laugheth atte himme. Hee knoweth notte that ye Sophomore understandeth ye meanynge of college educationne. Ye Freshemanne, his eye-teethe are notte cutte. He knoweth notte howe to make ye tutore thinke that hee studieth whenne hee doeth it notte. Hee is ignorante that ye tutore has ye appointment of ye office, soe that hee maye gette alle ye worke he canne outen ye studente, ande ye studente came to ye College to "gette rounde" ye tutore. Soe hee studieth wythe exceedynge zeale untille hee findeth outte his greate mistake ande thenne hee trieth various dodges, to humbugge ye tutore.

Ye Freshemanne goeth to hys prayeres. Hee ariseth while it is yette dawne ande paceth ye College Greene. Hee is notte late atte ye services. Hee goeth alsoe to ye evenynge prayeres. Hee sitteth himselfe quietlie downe while ye belle rings. Ye belle stoppeth. Hee heareth an exceedynglie greate ande terrificke noise behinde himme. Hee thinketh ye anciente salvages have brokenne intoe ye Chappelle. Hee expecteth ye tomahawke. He quaketh. Hee reassureth himselfe, whenne hee looketh arounde. It is ye Sophomore ande ye Juniore ande ye Seniore comynge intoe prayeres.

Ye Freshemanne laboreth underre ye hallucinationne that hee ys a manne. Hee even believeth that hee has a ryghte to bee of ye verdante complexionne wytheoutte beynge convinced of itte bye ye "hazynge" att ye handes of ye Sophomores. Hee perceiveth notte ye morale lessonne involved inne ye beynge pulled outen ye bedde atte midde-nighte, ande hee faileth to reckognize ye promotionne, hys wealfare generallie inne walkynge ye streetes blindefolded, inne havynge ye haire of hys heade shorne therefromme, orre in sittynge downe inne ye basinne of colde watere, Hys prejudyced eye looketh uponne hys Sophomoricke teacherres as rowdies ande thus hee misseth ye complete disciplinne which suche lessonnes afforde.

Ye Freshemanne frequentlie thinketh of hys parentes and writeth untoe themme. Hee telleth of hys joies ande sorrowes, ande howe hee antycipateth ye valedictorie. He receiveth as a rewarde anotherre installmente of ye plume-cake ande pumpkine-pye,

Ye Freshemanne looketh forwarde to ye tyme whenne ye catalogue shall be imprinted ande hee shall beholde hys name forre ye firste tyme inne printe. Hee, purchaseth fiftie, ande ye Sophomores do steale themme alle fromm himme. Hee bewaileth hys mysfortunnes and procureth more. Hee thinketh that ye Sophomores are thieves. Hee forgetteth that hee ys onlie a Freshemanne ande has noe ryghte to keepe ye catalogue. Itte taketh one yeare for ye Freshemanne to learne that anie Freshemanne what everre ys noebodie. Whenne hee ys a Sophomore he believeth itte.

Suche are ye wayes of everie Freshemanne, bee hys name SMYTHE whose surname ys JONE, or JONNES, wythe ye preffxe TOMME, or ROBINSONNE, ye sailynge of which wythe ye christianne name JACKE ys made ye standarde of inappreciable tyme. Ye Freshemanne ys ye same everiewhere.

"Save the Pieces."

We hear with regret that J. B.'s friend Mr. COBB (not the one who writes for It, but the Secretary of the Treasury,) is about to withdraw from circulation that useful little member of the currency, the Gold Dollar. Whatever the enemies of the administration may say of its other measures, this one certainly has not been dictated by a love of Change. We suppose our tasteless Mint will get us up instead, something in the singularly nasty style of the new cent.

Horrible thought!

"*Infandum renovare Dolorem!*"

J. B., you have given us a good deal of trouble on an average, pray during the Rest of your term (a long rest, we fondly trust) let us have this little piece.

A Fire Eater's Solution of the present political troubles.
Dis-solution.

Only one Story.

SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.

An Ex-chequered Career.

Secretary COBB'S.

OUR EXTRA PARIS LETTER.

SPUYTENTUYFEL ABROAD.

ANITY Vanity:—ADSUM—"I am present," as the devil says when evoked—that is to say am with you in the spirit, though, corporeally far away in Paris o'er the sea.

I say Paris—because it's the town name. That's all. In other respects it's no more the old Paris of my student days, than that was the Lutetia Mud-town of the old Gauls. *My* old Paris is being pulled out in large lumps and crumbled to pieces. Stood yesterday for an hour in Latin Quarter, seeing houses knocked down like persimmons after frost. Rip went the walls!—I saw the room where HORTENSE and CORALIE used to boil red wine and sugar with me at night, and cook breakfasts (with the tongs for a gridiron) in the morning, go rolling down in company with two parlors and an alcove—all bringing up in a fearful crash and a storm of lime dust!

Feelings!—yes you'd better believe it—a fellow has 'em when he sees such scenes of by-gone and high old times, literally going to thunder—at least let down by the run with the thund'ringest kind of a noise. Fortunately CAROLINE was with me. She observed that I was emotioned, and sympathized deeply when I explained. If there ever *was* a sympathetic brick it's CAROLINE.

In her kindness of heart and superiority to all vulgar prejudices and confined ideas, she had the angelic amiability to suggest hunting up some of my old friends—hinted that the police might aid me. Privately thought so myself if the old friends aforesaid had kept on in the paths in which I left 'em, but said nothing—only squeezed the hand of my queen and re-entered carriage—humming:

"Dans un gwenier on est heweux a vingt ans."

Having finished this Sensation, went to dinner for a new one. Party of Americans—old Paris settlers—heard it suggested that a new American café soon to be opened here should be christened either the LOWELL, the SAXE or the HOLMES? Fancy the "*Cafe au Jaques R. Lowell. Absinthe et tabac de la regie.*" Imagine the *Salle de O. W. Holmes—Specialité de Bourbon wiski et cigares de Virginie.* (They sell such things out here,) Picture to yourself finally Monsieur SAXE as the tutelar of a shrine where jolly pilgrims from Columbia may assemble and sherrycobblerize and whiskeypunchify the live-long night. We would have had his picture by LEUTZE or ELLIOTT at one end of the tavern, and kept the cigar lamp and punch bowl directly before the good saint. It would not be a bad idea, beloved VANITY, to have such shrines erected to eminent Americans all over Europe. The one to LOWELL ought though, by rights, to be kept somewhere in *Theleme*—the monastery of fair dames with many beautiful cousins, and of all brave-hearted joyous Bon Gaultiers. There would be, far into the perfumed night, tinkling of lutes and the moving of small feet in the dance—*vive la vallera*, sing and rejoice With claret and sherry, Theorbo and voice. Through the long lazy summer day under green leaves, lulled by ever dropping fountain show'res—with my head in thy lap, oh, GLORIANA, of my golden hour—and thy feet in mine oh, SAPPHO!

"Look away! look away
Look away! look away!
Deu I wish I was in Dixey's land,
Oh, oh, oh
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live an' die in Dixey's land—
Away, away, away,
Away down Souf in Dixey."

More or less—as the case may be. Should I come across Theleme in my travels, dear VANITY FAIR, *there* will I dedicate the temple-café to LOWELL—and not to any other man.

FRED COZZENS! The *Cabaret Cozzens—or Estaminet Cozzens*—that would be a good thing to have in the country—somewhere a man could have a "big drain" handy. Say on the Johannisberg. I'd like to see SPARROWGRASS keep *that* hotel. Somewhatually. By the wine divine!—by Saint VENUS when BACCHUS makes her blush—by the dear good sweet nuns of Saint ROSALIE in *Roberto*, when they rise to life and begin to sip their infernal Burgundy—how we *would* bowl down the bottles in the Chateau COZZENS! And THEN.

"Rip, snap! set her up again!
Rip, snap! set her up again!
Rip, snap! set her up again!
We're all of the Choctaw tribe."

The Café ALBERT PIKE for the repose of holy pilgrims should be at Baden-Baden. There all cleaned out good fellows, should be entertained free, and cured of the bloody scratches of the Tiger. "And she cured divers gentlemen of the St. JOB sickness by putting a purse with eleven thousand gold crowns in it into their pockets." Saith RABELAIS. There should they nurse the invalids.

"Now when his money all was gone he took unto his bed,
And the chambermaid, who had a great affection for him, with her arm held up his head."

That *would* be a popular café. Confound it all—why can't good fellows be always set up again when tilted over! I wouldn't mind being caved in about once a week myself, if there was only some place, by way of a change, where the game was always open and every man only need say *va banque*! as an Open Sesame to bust it! Where the red always won!

The *hospice de* SAINT LONGFELLOW should of course be stuck up on Mount Bernard, on or about the spot where our young friend EXCELSIOR was friz. There pilgrims might find milk and German pancakes, with a cushion for their orisons. HAWTHORNE should have his'n—say down in the catacombs—at present irreverently termed by American artists in Rome the Cattle Combs.

And MISS PRESCOTT!

Ah!—Mlle. PRESCOTT should have—but what place is dreamy and gorgeous and tenderly sensuous and loveable enough to do sufficient honor to one whose Amber Gods belong to a more exquisite fairy-land, a more bewildering Olympus than any which those cold immortals in the Vatican ever came from. The Lord bless her! through the entire litany of his best blessings! Right in LESBOS would I stick the *Café alla Santa* PRESCOTT—and there—could they be re-discovered—should true hearts drain from Iona goblets those Rosicrucian-stilled draughts of intensest rapture which once be-drunkened the Son of the Valley. And the Harp Girls who play for pence in *that café* should be the Lost Tones of the Slavonian music-god, which go ever wandering as beautiful shadow-maids of violet mist through the Elfin land.

"She . . . . .
Like an eagle o'er a foaming sea,
. . . . .
. . . brave CARMEN,
The light of life and death."

MADONNA *mia!*—when I sing that song out—when I learn it all—I shall be quite ready to die. It is full of the rarest gleams of my best ideals—*ça veut dire* my dreams, of course—my dainty, sorrowful, most exquisite shadow-forms, which thrill fine as the thread with which a ghost-lady stitches—between the tinkling of Aïsha's ancle rings (that is to say cascarilla and rose,) and the violet-flute-tones of eighteen. (These last are to me *very* painful.) Well, in that last hour, "When the Spirit and the Bride say come"—*then* I shall remember the whole verse and be led by *la* CARMEN over the bridge Al Sirat into an eternal Paradise of ❁ ❁ ❁

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

Zach.—"Look here, Pomp: dis heaw paper says—'Suckemstances may yit prevent Baldigarry from gittin' into Room'—what's de meanin' ob suckemstances?"

Pomp.—"Suckemstances?—yaas. Don't you know? why it's a word dey hab ober dere for Niggers!"

True Blue!

Perhaps you don't believe there is such a thing as Blue Dog—if so, read the following from a country paper:

LOST, a Blue Skye Terrier Dog, with "Archibald Weir, Malvern Link," engraved on the collar.—The above reward will be given to any one bringing it to Barnfield."

After that we will admit "Blue Devil" to be a possible beast. But, in case the other does not turn up won't the advertiser be content with a Sky Blue Terrier?

A Pretty Set.

We have seen an advertisement stating that the "Supper Set" which appeared at the Prince of Wales banquet in the Academy of Music, is on constant exhibition at a store in Broadway.

Why don't the old muffs go back to their Chamber of Commerce, instead of making a show of themselves like Barnum's atrocities.

Anatomical.

A new play was produced at one of our Broadway Theatres, lately, with the title of "The Dead Heart." From the nature of the audiences at the said theatre on the nights when this piece is played, we should imagine that something called "The Dead Head," would be infinitely more popular.

Con. by a Chiropodist.

Why was it very strange for John Bunyan to be the author of *Pilgrim's Progress?*

Because all other bunions that ever were heard of *impede* the progress of pilgrims.

Acknowledge the corn, eh?

The first part of the Game of Life.

Cribb-age.

c'est entre nous. Well, I've made a fine beginning of the week, as the man said when he was to be hung on Monday morning. (Still he might have done worse—for we have good authority for asserting that it is unlucky to be hung on a Friday.) Let me conclude for the benefit of all our dancing readers with an excellent story which I first heard a week ago in the *rue du Bac* if it *does* appear in the *Figaro* of this morning.

Young ladies—Broadway Spuytentuyfel asks you affectionately with his paternal hand on your virgin heads—do you know what it is, *vendre beurre,*—to sell butter?

It is to play wall flower and not dance; to sit still waiting and waiting for customers, like a market maid with her butter.

A nice business, isn't it? One of large profits. Rapid.

"But *I* never sell butter," quoth Mlle. de Couvreuse lately.

"And how not?"

"Easy enough, my dear. I always, if I can, at a party sit in a corner near a mirror. Soon there comes up some beau—he looks at himself—he can't help it—my dear you've no idea how many young men can't help it—ten to one he smiles as I catch him looking—and then to make me think that he didn't come to the glass only to look at himself—he asks me to dance!"

To be sure, dear Vanity, this is better calculated for young Frenchmen than our boys at home. But 'twill wash well in the Av— and not badly in Walnut Street, or in Monument Square, or on Capitol Hill—and so on down Souf. But Caroline wants me, and what *she* wants I supply promptually and punct.

As ever,
Broadway Spuytentuyfel.

A Revival.

An elegant newspaper writer, describing one of the Saturday concerts at the Central Park, says:

Here the people gathered, drinking down the melody discoursed by the band.

This carries one away back to the good old time when honest folk swigged their tipple out of Horns.

HURRAH BOYS!

At a recent meeting of the Board of Education the

"Committee on studies and school books, to whom was referred the subject of altering the method of teaching or giving out lessons in the Primary Schools, presented a report, accompanied by a series of resolutions which provided that hereafter no lessons should be given to the children which were to be studied at home; that the lessons to the Primary Department should be given in the class-room, and no books whatever given to the children of the Primary Department; and that, in the Grammar Schools, the teachers shall be required to occupy two hours in each day in preparing the scholars for the lessons to be recited on the subsequent day; and that no teacher shall be permitted to give out lessons that will take more than one hour."

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Whew! We distinctly believe that so much good sense was never before contained in so small a space as that taken up by the paragraph above quoted. Sakes alive! What a healthy, intelligent, respectable, hard-working generation the one just now rising will be! Only think of it! Stout, red-cheeked, broad-shouldered, energetic and Americans! What under the sun will the M. D.'s do about all this? That's the query. They'll starve and take hearses for heaven. Ditto the undertaker; ditto the apothecaries; ditto the cemetery stock companies. Really the only way of disposing of the surplus population which must inevitably result from the wise plan proposed by the committee, will be to request the most backward of our youth to become physicians, druggists or sextons, in order that they may be brought to penury and want, and *perhaps*, the graveyard.

By our Sparring Contributor.

We have all heard the human head described as a cocoa-nut. Since the prize-ring has added to our scientific vocabulary have not craniology and conk-ology become identified?

A STUDY IN THE ANIMAL SCHOOL.

DEAD RABBIT AND DOG.

THE CITY GUARD.

LETTER FROM VANITY FAIR TO LORD PALMERSTON.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1860.

MY DEAR.—Permit me to address you with a few brief remarks, on the subject of the projected invasion of England by our irrepressible New-York City Guard and a band of music.

I have just had the pleasure of perusing the letter dictated by your lordship to my friend ASHLY; in reply to that of ADJUTANT COPPINGER, requesting information as to the etiquette prevailing in England with regard to the international pic-nics of military volunteers.

I say the *pleasure* of perusing your lordship's letter, because it is redolent of friendly sentiment, and of hospitable allusion to the figurative bread and salt.

Bread and salt—metaphorically, of course, and subject to unlimited extension, such as *pâté de Strasbourg* and Green Seal—are excellent things; but then you tie up your bread-bag so tightly with red tape, my lord, while your salt-box is conspicuously secured with a ligature of the same material, that censorious people here are indulging in hilarity at your lordship's expense, maintaining that you tremble for an invasion of your larder by the *mus Americanus*, or American rat; or, practically speaking, fear lest a muss of some kind or another should result from a visit to England of one hundred stalwart citizen-soldiers of New-York and a band of music.

At the date of your letter above referred to, your youthful Prince had not yet regained the bosom of his royal family, from his cis-Atlantic perils by field and flood and ball-room floor. Therefore your lordship had not then enjoyed the benefit of his opinion with regard to the New-York City Guard. You had, of course, been to the Haymarket, to see JOHN BROUGHAM in his truthful personation of Montezuma; and had naturally, perhaps, pictured the body of volunteers in question as consisting of about seventy-five JOHN BROUGHAMS in Montezuma, ten Kickapoo Rangers and a band of music.

But your lordship knows better by this time. The Prince has told you that Montezuma is dead, and wasn't a member of the City Guard while he was alive; as well as that the Kickapoo Ranger is an animal rather less commonly to be met with in New-York than the Kangaroo is upon the summits of the Grampian Hills. His Royal Highness has probably informed you, in a chatty, confidential way, that BLYTHELY, full private in the City Guard, reminds him a good deal of BOB SAWBRIDGE, Captain in H. R. H's "own regiment," the Tenth Hussars. Also how he wanted BURGAWLY of the Guard to go over to England, and take a commission in his "Governor's own regiment," the Eleventh. His Royal Highness will tell you that BOOLE is not a member of the City Guard—a fact which may be taken without restriction and cannot be too often repeated. You shall ere this have learned from the Prince, that cannibalism is unknown in the City Guard.

In view of the last fact, and of the broad principle involved in the international pic-nic, it is to be hoped that your lordship will decide upon removing the red-tape from the nozzle of the British bread-bag, and liberating the British salt-box from its ligature of the same material; so that, ere the rose of England has bloomed fully upon the summer of 1861, the British Volunteer may be warmed into brotherhood by a sight of the New-York City Guard in full panoply—with a band of music.

Your lordship's obedient servant,

Vanity Fair.

LEDGER DEMAIN.

"BONNER A CRITIC. The last New York *Ledger*, contains an account of the Battle of Lake Erie by the historian BANCROFT. Mr. BONNER certifies in his advertisement, that this article "combines the accuracy of mathematics with the interest of romance." One advantage which our eminent men of letters derive from contributing to the *Ledger*, is the profound criticism of their merits by the publisher n his tasteful advertisements."

We clip the above from The Boston *Transcript*, and wish our sprightly little friend to understand that we protest against it. For if "the eminent men of letters" who wrote for It—(what a world of suggestiveness there is in that mysterious impersonal pronoun!) do not complain of BONNER, we see no reason why any body else should. BONNER has bought the aforesaid E. M. O. L., and shall not he do what he pleases with his own? He is a tradesman and should not be blamed for trying to sell his wares. If his wares are bad—but there is no *if* in the case—it is his misfortune and not his fault, poor fellow! for he pays the best prices in the market, and every generous nature ought to pity him. We do, most sincerely, and in our humble way, will do all we can to help him along. As a proof of our good will we offer him a summary of the characteristics of his writers, whom he has not yet described. It will answer for his next "tasteful advertisement," and serve as a sort of supplement to his criticism on BANCROFT. *Voila, mon cher!*

The romance of Mr. COBB combine the intense pressure of hydraulics with the tropical coruscations of the Aurora Borealis!

The touching melodies of Miss CAREY mingle the certainty of the multiplication table with the melancholy grandeur of the desert!

The wit of Mr. PRENTICE blends the solid superstructure of metaphysics with the eternal sublimity of the Pyramids!

The leaves of FANNY FERN join the pregnancy of the potato salad to the sharpness of the steel trap!

The novels of Mrs. SOUTHWORTH fuse the detail of the Flemish school with the undescribable horrors of the French Revolution!

The songs of General MORRIS combine the effects of a powerful emetic, with the resplendence of the milky way!

BONNER, VANITY FAIR is thy Good Genius.

A NEW THING IN BODIES.

"The annual course of Cynical lectures at Bellevue Hospital was inaugurated by an introductory address from Dr. J. W. FRANCIS, president of the medical board of the hospital." *World. Some day last week.*

This announcement springs upon us an entirely new order of things in medicine. The juxtaposition of cynicism and physiology made by Dr. FRANCIS cannot fail to produce the most novel and pleasing results. In medical nomenclature, no doubt these results will be uncommonly felicitous. Henceforward the femur and ferocity will be inseparably connected; professional talk will run upon the snarling scapula no less than upon the carping chyle, while the maxillaries of misanthropy, it is to be hoped, will receive due attention. DIOGENES, founder of the cynical school, can not refuse to preside in spirit over the dissection-tables of Bellévue, and THACKERAY, its modern apostle, will surely lift his lungs in behalf of the new system.

P. S. Young WHATDYECALLEM who has just come in, dashes the festive fabric of our fancy to the ground by assuring us that it is a "Clinical" not a "Cynical" lecture, in all the other papers.

World, hire a proof-reader at once, even if you have to cut down the pious editor's salary!

Buried in the Mould.

Tallow.

ARTEMUS WARD

ON "FORTS."

Letter II.

Every man of intelleck has got his Fort.

Dannil Webster's Fort was to speecherfy in the Hauls of Kongriss & make Dickshunaries.

Shakspeer rote good plaze but he woodent hev bin wuth a pint of kold Sidar as a stennergraffick Reportir. Wood he? Hey? He bet 2 dollers he woodent.

Henry Ward Bitcher wood make a good end man for the kork opery minstrils, beeanz he can eackle well.

Old George Washinton's Fort was to not hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can George's ekal be fownd? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or eny whares else.

Old man Townsin's Fort was to maik Sassyperiller. "Goy to the wurld! anuther life saived!" (Cotashun from Townsin's advertismunt.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay a sub-machine tellergraf under the boundin billers of the Oshun & then hev it Bust.

Spaldin's Fort is to maik Prepard Gloo, which mends everything. Wondir of it will mend a sinners wickid waze. (Impromtoo goak.)

Zoary's Fort is to be a femaile circus feller.

My Fort is the grate moral show bizniss & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with *me*.

&c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to a indefnit extent.

Twict I've endeverd to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & krawld threw. Sez I, "my jentle Sir go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevy." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareuppon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze & rung out my drencht garmints I koncludid fitin wasn't my Fort. He now rize the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: It is rarely seldum that I seek consolashun in the Flowin Bole. But in a sertin town in Injianny in the Faul of 18——, my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, & I thawt Ide hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthenin. Konsequents was I histid in so much I dident zackly know whare bowts I was. I turnd my livin wild beests of Pray loose into the street & opsot my wax wurks. I then Bet I cood play hoss. So I harnist myself to a Kanal bote, there bein two other hosses hitcht on likewise, I behind & anuther ahead of me. The driver hollerd for us to git & we did. But the hosses bein onused to sich a arrangemunt begun to kick & squeal & rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stummuck & back, & pressuntly I fownd myself in the Kanal with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tripe of Cussearorus savvijis. I was rescood, & as I was bein carrid to the tarvern on a hemlock Bored I sed in a feeble voise, "Boys, playin hoss isn't my Fort."

"Presently I found myself in the Kanal."

Moraul—Never don't do nothin which it isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin round in the Kanal, figgeratively speakin.

MACHINERY

Vanity Fair.—I notice, with a proper amount of "surprise," your remarks about the Jerseyman's sewing machines, which "may be seen *running up stairs*." *You* have "never seen" such machines run, or even "walk" up stairs! Then you must have sadly misimproved your opportunities for observation in this interesting branch of domestic economy, unless you move, as I think perhaps you *do*, more exclusively in these lofty circles where the useful arts are all impractised.

Well, man, I have a *sewing machine*, which originally cost me something over "$50" to be sure; and has cost me a good deal more to keep it in *running* order since, which not only *runs* "up stairs" frequently, but does a good deal of running about town, as I infer from its demand for gaiter boots. It is not a "shuttle machine," however, if I understand it, and I think I do. Nevertheless, it is capable of doing a great variety of stitching, and especially excels in that most useful of all kinds of stitching, the "stitch in time." If any of your bachelor friends wish to obtain one of this kind of machines—which is an excellent thing to have *in the country*, you know—I can assist him in getting one, at a price varying from a small advance on the original cost, to the most fabulous sums, according to their style and finish, and also their capacity of execution, all warranted not only to run up stairs with perfect ease, but also to *run* up little bills among the shopmen for working materials.

Yours and Sewforth,

Simon Sewtight.

"OUR ELDEST."

The *World* informs us that

"A chapter which promises to be one of special interest is being prepared by Dr. Curtis, out of the developments brought to light in the present census. The name of the 'oldest inhabitant'—the oracle of all matters appertaining to the olden time—will be revealed. The man of largest wealth will be made known; as also the father of the largest family."

The allusion to the "Oldest Inhabitant" is timely, now that there seems to be a sort of Great Awakening of old fogies on every side. Boston brought a splendid specimen for the express delectation of H. R. H. Al. Ned, under the guise of a revolutionary soldier in a fine state of preservation. The agile reporters of a paper called the *Herald*, also lately unearthed three or four bones, containing a mild solution of living principle and asthma, which were at once flaunted before the public as an enormously Big Thing on grannies. Now that the *World* hints at a third, to be dug from the census by Dr. Curtis, the supply bids fair to exceed the demand. The family of O. I's is evidently not dead, nor likely to need funeral rites so long as their existence pays. We may be anticipating too much, nevertheless it seems natural to suppose that the *World* itself, from the interest it daily manifests in fossils, will engage one or two of these garrulous creatures to do its home and foreign correspondence.

"Pau."

The editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser* informs his readers that now that the Legislature is *Pau*, the members have got their pay and gone home to receive the *alohas* (maranathas) of their constituents.

Pau is, we believe, Kanaka for a shutting off, and corking up. From the fact that the Legs alluded to deserved so many *alohas*, our Instinct at once infers that the *Pau* in question was anything but a Foe to the cause of decency, although a *faux pas*, as the world goes, seldom affords much friendly aid to the cause of virtue.

THE CASE OF W. MULLIGAN.

GREAT deal of fuss has been made of late about the recent assault committed by WILLIAM MULLIGAN, Esq., upon the person of Mr. FRANK McCABE, in which the eye of the latter was removed, the matter of an inch or two from its socket. Much abuse has been directed at the head of His Honor JUDGE RUSSELL, because he saw fit to open court in the Station House to which, singularly enough, MULLIGAN, Esq., had been conducted immediately after the assault aforesaid, and to release him, MULLIGAN Esq.

VANITY FAIR does not see this at all. Neither the fuss nor the abuse. His Honor, Judge RUSSELL, is bad enough, mercy knows, but in this case V. F. considers him entitled to commendation rather than contumely. Don't you see, PUBLIC, that the more such ruffians as Mr. McCABE and MULLIGAN Esq. are fostered in their designs upon each other, the better it will be for you and Mrs. PUBLIC and the children? V. F. sees it. Sees it distinctly. And V. F.'s heart is glad, therefore, that His Honor Judge RUSSELL still continues to hold his seat upon the Bench. For with RUSSELL there is hope. Under the mantle of protection that RUSSELL will throw over them, the MULLIGANS, the MATTHEWS's and the McCABES, may insert knives into each other's small intestines; may commit the festive mayhem and indulge in the invigorating throttle; may in short, kick, bite, scratch and gouge each other to their hearts' content, and so eventually work their own extinction. They will thus be turned into what our old friend, W. SHAKESPEARE (a man much followed in his time) calls

> "The cannibals that each other eat,
> The anthropophagi."

And when the M.'s, the M.'s and the McC.'s aforesaid shall have thus devoured each other, after the manner of the Kilkenny cats, V. F. proposes that the survivor be tied up in a bag and drowned in very deep water. Then will the sceptre drop from the hand of the rowdy, and his reign be gone forever!

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

No. V.

PARIS, Oct. 23d.

Vanity of Vanities:—Allow me to write you a *grave* letter to-day. My subject is grave; *portentous*, indeed; as you will soon admit.

My position, as correspondent of so influential a journal as VANITY FAIR, affords me unusual facilities for obtaining intelligence. Besides a semi-official acquaintance with M. FOULD, I am on intimate terms with the *rédacteurs* of the *Constitutionnel*, the *Patrie*, the *Siécle*, and the *Moniteur*. Moreover, I have the *entrée* to the house of a particular confidant of the Emperor, Dr. EVANS, the American Dentist. It is a fact, that royal and noble personages always find themselves more at ease with *Americans* than with any others of whatever rank. Why? Because we are *nobody's subjects*.

Dropping in at EVANS's fine mansion two or three afternoons ago, we were smoking together on a balcony connected with his *salon*. Just then, the *Emperor* was announced; having driven up, as he often does, with only one attendant, in a barouche drawn by a pair of elegant *trotters*. *Que faire?* "Keep your seat," said the Doctor. He drew the curtains of the window, leaving me without. The Emperor entered; took an easy chair, lit a cigarette, and began a colloquy.

"EVANS, *mon ami*, I want to *pump* you. Is not that an Americanism?"

"Your Highness may consider it so."

"I have a letter from an agent of mine in Washington. He makes propositions. He names men. You know them. You must tell me who they are."

"At your Highness' pleasure."

"One HOWELL COBB. Is that an *aristocratic* name?"

"An old *Cornish* family, your Highness. Tough in the grain."

"Writes for the *Ledger?*"

"Ah! no, Sire. Another person."

"I shall write for it myself, when my JULIUS CÆSAR shall have come out. I am to write the biography of JOAN d'ARC, for Mr. BONNER. Well, then, there is one Mr. WISE. A *savant*, perhaps?"

"No, Sire, quite *otherwise*. Slightly *military*. Repelled an invasion of Virginia. Also, makes speeches."

"YANCEY. Chinese name? Yangtsekiang?"

"Tartar, more probably, your Highness. Perhaps Persian; being a Fire-eater, the next thing to a Fire-worshipper."

"And then, one PRYOR. *Ecclesiastic*, I suppose."

"Rather e-pistol-ary, your Majesty."

"And General PICKLE, and Mr. PIGGS, a banker——"

"BRICKLEY, and RIGGS, your Highness."

"Ah! it is all the same in French. I am to send some regiments, and a General. Who? I have it! LAMORICIÉRE; he has *nothing else to do* now. LAMORICIÉRE will take Washington, and New York, and Boston."

"*Pardonnez moi, votre majestie!*" "And I—I am to have thirty million of francs, and *Mexico*; afterwards, *Cuba*. And then, the North African slave-trade. During my visit to Algiers——"

Crash—bang! over went the little table, with a glass of *eau sucré* which EVANS, like a Frenchman, had been sipping on the balcony. The Emperor rose abruptly and left the house.

And so did your correspondent. Hurrying to my apartment at the Hotel Meurice, my heart full of patriotic emotion, and palpitating with anxiety for the impending future of my beloved country, I penned this hasty despatch, and then went to dinner. More in my next, of this *rugged* and *awful* crisis, from

Yours,

PRIME.

"The Grim Ferry Man."

DEAR VANITY:—I am an unfortunate man in that I am obliged by the force of circumstances to live in New Jersey. And as if that were not enough for a Christian to bear, I am obliged, by the fact of my business being in New York City, to cross the Jersey City Ferry every morning and evening.

But beyond all this there is a further grievance: it is the funny man who takes tickets at Jersey City, and who, with a monkey grin upon his face daily, imagines he is irresistibly amusing. For instance, you are saluted with such cries as the following:

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, here's the place to drop your tickets," "Now's the time—now's the time, etc.," "All LINCOLN men step this way," "This way for LINCOLN, etc., etc."

And then the wretched being leers upon the unfortunates who are obliged to pass under his yoke to get out of Jersey.

Have the N. J. R. R. Co. any interest in a travelling menagerie? if they have, won't they please send this fellow with it to cry its merits, or officiate as the Counseller to the management? Do please ask them to do something else with him; if they cannot use him in that way, perhaps BARNUM would like to have him.

Yours,

NEWARK.

"Open Sesame."

It is well known that at the recent Annual Fair at Palace Garden, the magnificent *Victoria Regia* coquettishly refused to unfold her superb corolla, and expose to the curious gaze of the beholders the crimson blushes of her attractive countenance. No gentle persuasion or scientific experiment availed, until a bystander suggested to Mr. TREADWELL—the agent for "HECKER & BROTHER"—that he should make application of some of his far-famed "Self-Raising Flour." The proposition took; and the following night the beautiful *Regia* appeared in full bloom—to the intense gratification of thousands of admirers!

Gammon and Spinnage.

The new annotated edition of Bacon.

Ancient Church Music.

Sacred Cymbals.

The song of the Siamese Twins.

"We were boys together!"

CLOUDY TIMES.

1*st. Pedestrian.*—"Bill—can you find your way through this state of things?"
2*nd Pedestrian.*—"Nary find."
1*st P.*—"Going South or North, d'ye know?"
2*nd P.*—"Nary know."
1*st P.*—"You don't See me!"
2*nd P.*—"No—nor any other man."

"No You Don't!"

One Dr. Jules Cloquet lately addressed the French Academy of Sciences, on the subject of leather made from snake skins, illustrating his proposition by producing a pair of boots of the boa-constrictor species. Now, the natural repugnance to snake, inherent in every human being who is hostile to wriggle combined with venom, will certainly prevent the snake style of boot from ever becoming a popular article; indeed we are quite safe in stating that nobody but the merest Muff could let himself be sucked in by Cloquet's Boa.

Listen all!

List your window-sashes, O ye housekeepers, for, though the wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth, when the cold winter cometh, the wind bloweth not wheresoever man listeth.

From Our Dangerous Contributor.

Q. When is a carpenter like a circumstance?

A. When he is employed in Altering Cases.

The rale ginuine Stuff.

In these latter days not the Dutch alone take Holland; yet for them even it seems not bad to take.

Lachrymose.

A drover when he sheds steers.

An Irish wake.

A Spree du corps.

BOSTON ON BOOKS.

Dear Vanity Fair:—Your New-York Dr. Wynne, aided by your talented and briliant correspondent, has given a description of the wealth of your libraries, which has created much inquiry as to the contents of our Boston collections. Of course we beat you—brains against wealth always must: and the result of a flying trip to the pleasant alcoves of the Athenæum will be conveyed to your astonished mind in the following list. Mind, I have only noted a few of the rarer works, relating chiefly to our local matters, but from this specimen you can imagine that our Public Library will soon be able to give your Astor Library 'bout forty points.

Our scientific works are world renowned—as for example that stupendous work, "On the Origin of Water Crackers and the Torpedo Eel," "Arkwright on Ararat," "Potter's Jugglery," "Newcastle's Second Sight and that important statement," "Adulteration of Grain," by Sandy Rice, are books familiar to the student; whilst Palfrey's able essay, "On Parallel Passages by Horsford and Oxenbridge," is considered to have increased the circulation of the North American Review at least 100,000. "Diptheria and Croup," by Quincy, is a text book in every medical college, as is also that Boston book, "On Straining the Lungs," by Coffin. "Sermons," by Parsons, and especially that one "On the Importance of Mending Bad Habits," by Father Taylor, are repeatedly praised by your own "Independent." Bancroft has made great use of "American Patriots with a Notice of an Otis," and Macaulay cites "The Newgate Gallows, described with a sketch of the Rupert Drop." Crane's Life of Neckar has been republished by Bohn, and, J. Q. Adams's Monograph on Queues, is being published in sixteen volumes by his son. Sharpe on Time is familiar to every one, and Burnham has just reprinted Synder's Coal Formations. Ticknor has published a valuable volume on "Base Ball a century ago, with Reminiscences of Fielding," as also a new edition of Kingsley's "Yeast" with notes on Early Rising, by Poor Richard. His lighter issues have been "Pandemonium," Helen Burns—and "Secrets of the Deep, or the Miss Terry of the Atlantic," and a translation of Lamartine's last production, "Les Enfans Perdu, or the Children of the West," by Mrs. Fogg, and "The Bed of Procrustes." Longfellow's new tragedy is in press, and "Hints on Etiquette," by a Paige, lately at the suite of Albert Edward, is anxiously looked for by all who attended The Ball. "Poems by a Liverpool Liner" is attributed to Field, but I happen to know that he is engaged on "Guano and the Use of Bones by Ethiopians." "Cricket on the Hearth," by an Amateur, is a souvenir of the All England Eleven, and "Measure for Measure," by Peck, is a valuable addition to our Shakespearian library, though issued at Bangor. Architects appreciate the value of a book, "On the right size of Capitals," by Bigelow, and that interesting abstract on "Spouts," by his uncle. "Impressions by the Sea Side," by Walker, will recall Newport to many; which reminds me of the essay read at the Scientific Convention on "Oceanic Congelation," by C. Hale, of this city.

I might give you many more examples—but I suppose you will not order any of the curious books for your own use, and your readers will not believe in their existence. All is, call at the Athenæum and see them for yourself.

Yours fraternally,

Mag Lean Becky.

The Noble Savage.

By late accounts from Africa, we are informed that the King of Dahomey had arranged for doing honor to the memory of his male parent, lately deceased, by murdering two thousand of his subjects and throwing them into a hole in the ground. The name of the pious and cheerful young monarch who devised this festive proceeding is Badahung. Of course we cannot help this, as we are not his godfather and godmother, whatever Greeley may be: but this we do know—that if we had our own way, Badahung should be written down Good-to-hang, and hung accordingly.

A "NOTABLE FACT."

(By Our Self-Elected Reporter.)

OUNT us in. We're posted!

It was currently reported that our friend of the *Tribune*, upon receiving the news of Lincoln's election, donned his hat with a look indicating a total disregard of expense, hurried from his office in an uncertain state of mind, rushed to a neighboring saloon, and shouted in an authoritive tone, "brandy clear!" In fact it was whispered abroad that Horace imbibed. As Vanity Fair places but little confidence in Madam Rumor, on the following day we called on H. G. and acquainted ourselves with the true state of affairs. H. G. with an inverted pen in his hand, and with his head bound up by a wet towel, was sitting in an arm-chair: before him, were several bottles of soda-water; and on the left, stood the erudite, fast and accomplished C. A. D., of the Saddle and Bridle Club.

Between these two personages the following dialogue occurred:

H. G.—I say—*hic*—Charles, I mus' have my say.

C. A. D.—Not to-day, Horace; to-morrow I may let you appear, if not in a leader, at least as a special correspondent from Washington.

H. G.—We know not whar'ra a day may bring-forth, as A—'ram Lincoln says I'm perfectly clear now. (Dips the wrong end of his pen in a soda-water bottle.) I un'nerstand myself, Charles.

C. A. D.—No, no, Horace! go to sleep now, and be a good boy,—you shall have a short leader in Friday's issue.

H. G.—D—n Friday's issue! *There* Charles, you have made me swear. *Friday!* Brooks will dissolve the Union before then."

C. A. D. eventually persuaded H. G. to abandon his intention of writing for the *Tribune* on that day. H. G., appeased by the promise of the "short leader," offered some incoherent remarks to the effect that the defeat of the Democracy resulted from mixing liquors, and that "brandy clear had fifty thousand majority." After this we left, and waited patiently for the promised leader. Friday's issue is before us, and we have no difficulty in ascertaining which is H. G.'s contribution. We give an extract:—

"There is one notable fact in relation to the election which we mark with great satisfaction and pride, and the more that this is, and always has been, the stronghold of the Democracy of this State. We refer to the increase on the Republican vote."

In the first sentence H. G. says, "this (the notable fact) is, and always has been, the stronghold of the Democracy of this State." This, standing alone, may be considered ambiguous; but the distinguished editor, with a clearness which must establish forever the efficacy of wet towels and soda-water, immediately adds: "We refer to the increase on the Republican vote." That is: "the increase on the Republican vote" "is, and always has been, the stronghold of the Democracy of this State."

This is a very good sentence, and it can only be improved by adding on at the end, "or any other man."

Having justified H. G.'s syntax, we will add that we heartily concur in the sentiment above expressed, and that we think it a very "notable fact." Rep. V. F.

Or any other man. But let us do the handsome thing by our genial old friend the *Tribune*. Let it not be said that we have Gone Back On It. For if there ever was an occasion when delirious grammar and æsthetics-gone-to-thunder were all in programme and P. P. (perfectly proper You Know)—it orter have been on the day after that high-sky, stupenderful, incredigious prodiraculous electrofrightful—explosive—bursting—detonation—riot, rush, roar, tornado—detonation—of an Election.

Old Fellow—we only wonder you didn't sling the sorts down loose on the paper—pour a barrel 'f ink on 'em—bid grammar and reason be unequivocally blarsted—and dance on the mess by way of writing and composition. When a man gets a Big Thing—when he accumulates an Awful Jag—something Accented—we don't care a delicious darn of what color or party—we like to see him shake out his rags, and if he slings Lindley Murray higher 'n Murray Hill we don't care. Rip Snap, set her up again!—no matter who you vote for. Vanity Fair was in Paris during the Revolution of '48, and is free to confess that of all the Sublime Specs which he witnessed, that which most directly banged him was the scare-crow look of his friend *Charivari* on the morning of the 25th. Such a Squabble! But there was, oh *Tribune*, one sentence which Set Her Up Again—something to the effect that the folks had been busier with their fighting than their writing.

Go it *Tribune!*—go it Rags! (that's the *Express* You Know)—go it Bennett!—go it Dick!—go it! Devil Vanity bets on all of you.

FRESH FIENDS AND TORTURES NEW.

Of course you remember Haynau. Haynau, you know, was that Austrian general who flogged women, and who was soundly thrashed himself, on coming to London, by the sturdy workmen in Barclay and Perkins's brewery. Well, Haynau is nowhere now. They've got a man down in Mexico—they call him President, we believe—who can beat him all hollow. This fiend's name is Miramon. On the 10th of October, in the City of Mexico, Miramon ordered five hundred lashes to be administered to a man who had had the audacity to entreat him, Miramon, to put a stop to the internecine wars that are now laying waste that unhappy country. When three hundred and fifty (350) of these lashes had cut their gory way into the writhing flesh of the audacious one, Miramon was informed that the man was dying. "Then," said the President of Mexico with a superb stroke of imperial authority, "*Let the remainder be given on the dead body;* my order must be carried out." (!!!)

But Mr. Miramon's claims to distinction are not summed up yet. He can do better than that last. Witness the following little affair which took place on the 16th of the same month:

"A poor unfortunate woman, whose husband had been taken as a soldier by the pressgang, was seized, whilst endeavoring to facilitate his escape from the quarter in which he was confined, and was ordered to receive three hundred lashes. Although *enciente*, these three hundred lashes were administered. She died under the torture, giving birth to a stillborn child. The man received the same number of lashes, but survived."

We trust the reader is convinced now that Haynau is not a patch to Miramon. We are.

"HOWES MY BOY!"

You shouldn't have done it, Howes. It was well for you to storm England with your "Great American Circus;" well that you throve greatly there, and nabbed the shiners thrown into the ring by gaping John Bull; well for you to retire when you had made your fortune, as we are glad to hear that you have done. But when we looked for your return to the land of your nativity, there to lavish with liberal hand the glittering chinky with which you had alchemised your professional sawdust, what did we hear? Why, that you had invested your Rhino upon the Rhine, buying out some seedy German baron, castle, title and all. Hail, noble Baron!—hippodromian chieftain, hail! But be not too elate: castles and barons and all must eventually return to dust—and it may even be temporarily expedient for some to return to sawdust.

The Key-Note of the Republican Music.

Dar-key.

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

O all whom it may concern.—Studiosi, Academici, Universitantes, Burschen, Sophs, Juniors and Seniors—VANITY has somewhat to say to you.

Of late VANITY has received a vast number of articles from a variegated mixture of Colleges in widely divaricated portions of the A. U.—American Union, You Know.

But VANITY has occasion to regret that all this variety has tended in nine articles out of ten towards one subject. And that is the pitching with Large Forks on the wretched Freshman all manner of satire, sneers, flings, foul aspersions, scolding, contumely, sarcasm, lampoon, sass, scandal, cavil and vituperation, mostly couched in the bitterest Slanguage. The Fresh! the iniquitous, filthy, unnatural, disloyal, base, shabby, grovelling, dirty, vile, scurvy, selfish, pitiful, paltry, low, mean, unrighteous, beggarly, immoral, inglorious, illiberal, disgraceful, dissolute, profligate, dishonorable, rascally, disreputable, demi-rep, green, base-minded, verdant, spoony, recreant, soft, abject, half-baked, perjured, blackguardly, sinful, uncontrite, nasty, atrocious, villainous, infernal Fresh! Blarst the Fresh! Darn the Fresh—he ain't no account! He's a Cagot and an Outlaw, a Bushman and an Ishmælite!

Now without pretending to deny that the Freshman may be the biggest Nuisance in existence, VANITY would like to know whether there is literally no other phase of social life at our American colleges, save that afforded by contemplation of the Freshman?

Are all amusements limited to Wild Hunts on the German plan in which Freshmen are the *ames damnées?* (We only ask for information.)

Are there no academic manners or customs beyond hazing Freshmen?

Is the University world as a general thing a rat-pit in which the Freshmen represent the rodents; Sophomores, terriers; and the rest of collegiate mankind the "sports?"

How is it, gentlemen?

THE FATHER OF SCHOLASTICUS RECOVERS HIS WATCH.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, Nov. 2, 1860.

Dear Vanity:—My friend the Senior is a trump! I'll tell you all about it:—

My father "came to time" yesterday (you see I am learning the ways and language of the world here at Old Yale.) After he had given me my mother's letter, together with a little one from my little sister LILLIE, and had asked about my studies and all that, you know, he says, "Well my boy, what's o'clock?"

My heart was up in my mouth, *I tell you!* "I haven't got any clock," said I. "There's a cheap one for sale that I know of; I wish you'd get it for me. 'Twould look first-rate up there on the mantel."

"*You* don't need a clock," said my father, "when you have that beautiful watch I gave you; let's see how the old fellow looks!"

"Watch and pray," thinks I. You may believe I prayed for that watch just then, most devoutly! I didn't say anything, but I made sure my coat was buttoned up tight!

"Come," says my father, "out with the time-piece!"

"I haven't got it," said I.

"Haven't got it!" You should have seen the shadow on the Governor's face then.

I never told a lie on purpose in my life. "No," said I, "I haven't got it! It's up the spout, and I don't know when 'twill come down! My friend the Senior got out of spondulix, and borrowed it to spout for the purpose of bucking the Tiger. He didn't break the bank, and I haven't seen the watch since!"

My father put on his spectacles. Then he took them off, wiped them very slowly, and put them on again. Then he spread his legs apart, put his hands under his coat-tails, and gazed at me with an expression of mingled curiosity and alarm.

"What do you keep in that closet?" said my father.

"Mostly coals and things," said I.

"Do you make a daily practice," continued my revered parent, "of imbibing intoxicating liquors at so early an hour as this?"

"I do not," said I.

(My door was open a crack and I was sure I heard a snicker outside it, just then.)

"Fifty years ago," said my father, "gentlemen got drunk, on an average, three hundred and sixty-five times in the course of the year, but they usually did it after dinner!"

"I never was drunk but once in my life," said I, "and that was on a penny cigar!"

"What do you mean," said my father, very slowly, "by 'bucking' a tiger, and what is 'spondulix?' Your remark about a 'spout' is simply and purely idiotic!"

I was about to explain what I meant, when some one knocked at the door, and immediately afterwards my friend the Senior appeared. He came in very quietly, and, without appearing to notice my father, "Here is your watch," said he. And, sure enough! there it was. Just then he caught sight of my venerable relative, and gave an amazed start. I introduced him at once.

"How did you get the watch out of the spout?" said I.

"Hush!" said my friend, the Senior, in a very mysterious manner.

"Have you bucked the Ti—"

My friend stopped me with an expressive gesture. "You mustn't go on in this way," said he. Then turning to my father he said, "The truth is, your son has been initiated into a secret society. It is an awful ordeal, but one which every well-conducted Freshman must go through with. He is evidently still a little shaken by the ceremony, and is telling more than he knows. It was necessary to keep the watch for a short time, and I have now come to return it!"

My father looked pleased. He took off his spectacles and smiled blandly. He rubbed his hands cheerfully. There was evidently a load off his mind.

"Got put through, eh?" said he. "Well! well! well! Boys will be boys!" Then he put on his spectacles and took another long look at me. Then he took them off again and laughed pleasantly to himself.

"Come, young gentlemen," said he, "if either of you know of a quiet place where we can get a good glass of mild old ale, suppose you pilot the way there!"

So we went round to BEN BRYAN's and sat down and had a long chat about matters and things, and my father gave me the watch, out and out, when he had only loaned it to me before. When he left for home the next day, he drew me aside and told me that he had requested my friend, the Senior, to look after my habits and morals a little, and that my friend had promised to do so while he remained in College.

I haven't been able quite to make up my mind whether my friend told the truth or not in what he said to my father about the initiation! SCHOLASTICUS.

P. S. I do not consider one five-cent piece and a penny stamp *quite* an equivalent for the letters I have sent you. I know you are a gentleman by the remark you made when you said I was a "spoon" to let my friend the Senior "spout" my watch. However, as he has *forked* over, I forgive both him and you.

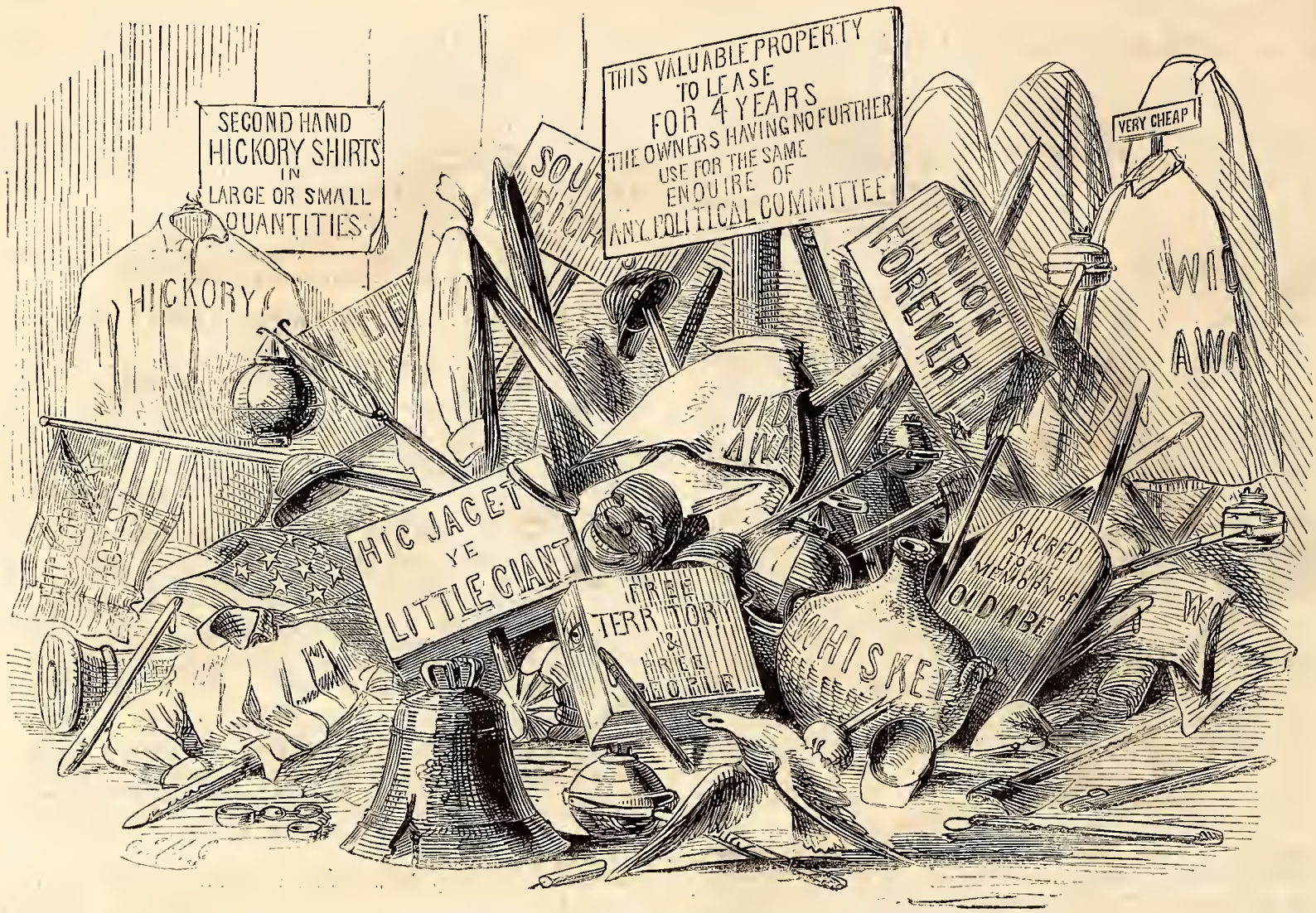
P. P. S. Since writing the above I have examined the envelope in which came a letter to-day, directed to "SCHOLASTICUS" and signed "V. F.," and I find it bears the New Haven post-mark. It is very strange! S.

Prompt Delivery.

For promptitude and dispatch, we commend the following sporting announcement to the attention of our readers:—

"ATTENTION—To the gentleman of the sporting class:—For sale a fine and well-bred imported English bulldog; not a second in this country."

If the noble animal referred to had not been "a second in the country" when his presence was announced in print, we may expect to hear great things of him by the time he has been here a fortnight.



GREAT SALE OF FORFEITED PLEDGES.

THE TEARFUL RESULTS OF THE ELECTION.

To the strangers who came among us last Wednesday morning the metropolis must have appeared very much as "London town" did to the late Lord Lovel when, on his return from those "strange countries," which he had been "for to see, see, see," his lordship heard the dismal toll of St. Pancras bells,

> "And the people all mourning round, round, round,
> And the people all mourning round."

In the case of the inhabitants of London, all who were on terms of intimacy with Mr. Sam Cowell are aware that the public wail on the said occasion was evoked by the premature decease of that estimable and tender-hearted young person, Lady Nancy Bell. Our own grief-stricken populace will be accounted for to the strangers aforementioned when we tell them that Lincoln had been elected!

By "grief-stricken populace," gentle stranger, we do not mean the entire population of the city. The "grief-stricken populace" were Democrats, all of 'em! (or Fusionists, it's all the same.) And it was at the non-election of Bell or Douglas or Breckinridge, that their manly tears gushed forth. Fore gad! but there was a venting of lachrymals! From "H. S. & T." came a commercial blubber. And even the martial Rynders was seen to heave a savage sob. Prominent Union men put "mourning round, round, round" their hats. Things generally were dismal. And all because Honest Old Abe has been chosen to succeed that dreadfully Old Public Functionary in the White House at Washington. It's really very sad. We feel compelled to go like the "stricken deer" and weep. And we trust that the reader will take advantage of our absence to here turn aside and drop a furtive tear.

Moral Suggestions.

As the eagle is typical of the vigor of our national character, so let the sage hen be of its wisdom.

America is no longer young. She is now in her eighty-fifth year; and in walking through the markets yesterday, we observed that her hares are just beginning to turn gray.

Have You Ever a Bone Amongst You?

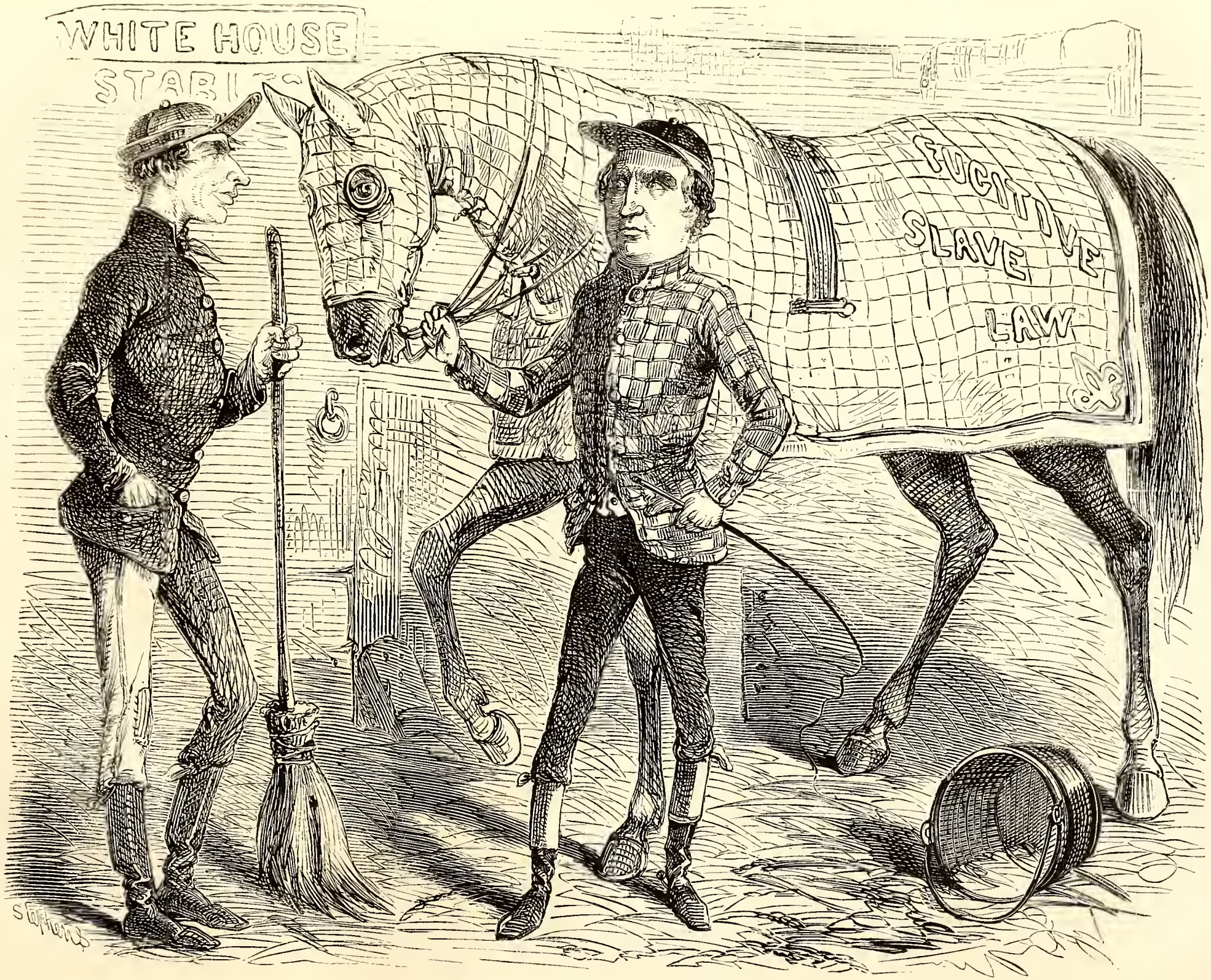
From an editorial of the Philadelphia *Press* of the 7th inst., we extract the following:—

> "We have no right even to advise, much less to dictate to him, but he cannot fail to see that he is not indebted for his position to the mere strength of the Republican organization, but to the break-up in the Democratic party; and he should make it his study to surround himself by such advisers as will at once convince the country that he intends to administer the Government economically and wisely, and after the best models of the Union-loving patriots who have gone before him."

Will you please notice this appeal, Mr. Lincoln? Will you be kind enough to remember those who gave you aid and comfort? Have you got such a thing about you as a District Attorneyship for an aspiring legal youth whose merits, although pertinaciously pressed, President Buchanan refused to recognize? Will there be such a thing as a vacancy in your Editorial corps at Washington? Do you think there may not be a little show for the Supreme Court, or an Embassy? How about the Consulship to Liverpool, or Havre, or any other place? Or would any of your dilapidated garments fit any other man? We "don't wish to advise," and oh! delicious acknowledgment of our modesty in not insisting upon it, "much less to dictate," but if there is any thing lying around loose, Mr. Lincoln, when you assume the purple, please remember those who were active in "the break-up of the Democratic party." Don't forget it was the Douglas who helped you to "bell the cat."

Transfusion.

Dr. Pancoast of Philadelphia successfully performed last week a surgical process termed "transfusion." It consists in injecting into the venous system of an invalid the blood of a healthy man. The same operation is performed in this city at every election. Candidates are bled for the purpose of infusing new life into their constituents. The operation is a delicate one, generally performed "under a shed." For further particulars apply to any of the candidates of last Tuesday, Congressional candidates in particular.



COMING 'ROUND.

LINCOLN.—I SAY YANCEY—IF YOU'LL LET ME HAVE THESE STABLES IN PEACE FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS, I'LL GIVE YOU SOME OF THE BEST STALLS AND SEE THAT YOUR NAG IS WELL TAKEN CARE OF.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

OL de rol lol. VANITY is deliciously delighted.

VANITY has achieved another T. T., —tremendous triumph, You Know. A T. T. of Enterprise, BONNERISM, BARNUMISM, Old Ability and everything else which is peculiarly the Big Thing just now. We are in fact, by the way, not to mince matters at present, very Large Sweet Potatoes and colored SkyRockets on great deeds.

We have obtained a Washington Correspondent. A Special. One represented to us to be the most Unscrupulous and Unprincipled, the most Obtaining and Snakingest into Corners in the Capital. One who will Effect.

This at least is what J. B. (we cannot give names in full) says in a private note. Also the Cabinet. Or any other man.

However, he must speak for himself.

He promises Revelations.

Revelations of Iniquity. Corruption. Vice. Bribery. And on great occasions crimes of still greater magnitude and enormity.

He will rip up the Third House across corners and shake it out by the tail.

He will —— —— ——.

But speak for yourself, Sonny!

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1860.

VANITAS VANITATUM! Oh, hebdomadal SOLOMON, thy prototype was prophetic,—all *is* vanity! The political pot bubbles fearfully. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! PAN, the monstrous, flat-nosed, goat-legged PAN,—PAN the ravisher,—LUPERCALIAN PAN, naked, whip in hand, is about! The *Syrinx* is in our streets! CHAOS is coming. Night descends. Democracy is as dead as HECTOR.

> Jacet ingens litore truncus,
> Avulsumque humanis caput, et sine nomnie caput,

LYNCÆUS (Latin for LINCOLN) briefly LYNX,—LYNX, son of PAN, the cruel, the keen-sighted, is coming. What's to be done? Our stomachs turn against him. Loaves and fishes rebel therein. Can we? Shall we *lynch* him *à priori?* Shall we with pistol prove "the man of malcontents?" Show game? Brag him off? After him with poker? Will the District try secession? Will it ever see another Session? Doubt prevails. Confusion reigns—trouble—tribulation—want of confidence—"Men's minds failing"—commercial crisis—nothing "*buoyant*" or "firm," but Zouave jackets and whalebone. Sword suspended. Revolution impending—rotation coming round—whirligigs and weathercocks in fashion. Various opinions—a few think "good time coming"—many scared—more dubious—others resigned—some somnolent. RIP VAN WINKLES say it ain't thunder—only RENFREW's wraith rolling ninepins in Mrs. SMITH's gymnasium. Timorous trouble, not "in their boots," but in bootless trepidation. Knowing ones wide awake,—begin to repent political sins—willing to do *penance* (clerkly work) in caps and capes and tin torches, without tintinabulation. Some office-holders philosophical (*credat Judæus?*) see new lights, auroral flashes, northern coruscations, dazzled—visionary scintillations—confusion of colors—begin to think white black, black white.

Correspondent up to snuff,—nose everything, more too—cabinet secrets—up and down stairs—devil on the roof, beats ASMODEUS—show VANITY whole concern, like bees a patent hive. VANITY sometimes wrong, if possible—fallible lately, like the Pope; made the error quite Catholic; universal mistaken about J. B., his resignation, emigration to Kansas, to aid society, raise farms, and otherwise vegetate. Great blunder—not so bad, or so heavy as the *Ledger's*—not so expensive—*Ledger's* mistake got up without regard to cost. Advertising on great scale, but all fishy. Got up to sell. No such bonheur for BONNER. J. B. repudiates biography—wouldn't make an entry of such a thing for himself, much less write up that *Ledger*. Catch him *even at it*. No, I know better. Washington *Star* knows better. Court luminary that—every twinkle a new wrinkle. *Star* winks at the truth. Official advertisement—J. B.'s name to it. VANITY saw it—veritable J. B.; who ever heard of any other? J. B. goes into second-hand furniture line. Cash down for respectable articles. Let us moralise—grand illustration—beautiful equality of our ge-lorious institutions—exquisite working of great republican scheme. "OLD ABE" spontaneous call of free People—honest occupation of rail-splitting—Presidential chair—great Republic; J. B. gracefully subsiding—irksome official slavery—respectable avocation, second hand furniture.

Beats all history—"OLD ABE" may be regular brick in his way—actual *Sin sin at us;* but J. B. can not be beat. "None but himself can be his parallel." I send you a few very important items. Secretary of State rejuvenated, will manage from old Fogyism; contemplates going to the land of Frogs, "*tum vates Cassandra moveret.*" Will represent U. S. in Court of Cass-ation. Means privately to urge extermination of "perfidious Albion." Hates Britain, great and little. Will blow up *entente cordiale*, and make NAP. III. his cat's-paw—royal gale too strong this side of herring pond.

Our civil Mars migrates to Pacific. Will embark in Lime business at Golden Gate. Prospective partnership with Gwinn, should he have a California remittance.

Secretary of *Interior* retires into *outer* darkness. Good Book says there will be weeping and wailing, &c.

Head of Navy Department will Beach all the ships. Guns to be melted in view of new duty on Iron. Hulks to be broken up and peddled through Connecticut for firewood. Brother-in-law to be member of firm.

Secretary of the Treasury has taken a share in patent machine for cleaning corn. Found to *shell out* with great rapidity; grinds up Cobb into palatable meal.

Attorney-General, unless sooner judicially settled, will devote his mercurial energies to California land cases. Opens, also, agency for sale of town lots at New Almaden. Nice location, houses to be built of Cinnabar, cemented with quicksilver. Patent applied for in view of this process.

No room for subs except a few. Assistant Sec. of State, literary and historical, will help J. B. in biographical line, if BONNER comes out right as per advertisement. Chief Clerk of Treasury joins boundary survey as Rod-man. Same of Navy Department will deal in Welsh flannels. He, of war office, will continue to Drink-hard.

Fate of auditors will not be known until after inauguration.

First Comptroller contemplates again in Medill-ing in Ohio politics. Second do. Cutts public life, will devote himself to errant son in law. Chief duty will be to take care little peripatetic don't again stray from mother's apron strings.

Nothing definite about P. M. General; thought he may Holt on, unless *abolition* of Department decided on. Rumored that as universal liberty is to be leading principle of new administration, no Mail-service will be permitted. Communications to be by tell-liegraph-posts. Wires have worked so well during campaign that they will be indefinitely extended.

Correspondent could go through whole blue book—very blue indeed just now—blue as indigo, nay, black as indignation—but happens to remember old saw about puddins and curtails; has also juvenile reminiscence of *sic talia fando.*

For F. P.—further particulars You Know—see my next.

Yours,

WASHTUB.

Queery?

Dear V. F.—The *Bath Chronicle* says the the Rev. Mr. GUINNESS was recently baptized by Lord CONGLETON, and shortly afterwards married Miss FITZGERALD, a niece of Lord FITZGERALD and VESEY, and also of the Marchioness of Ailsa. Now will you tell me whether GUINNESS XX stout will be continued under the circumstances. I've been a nussing forty-three year come Michælmas on it, and feels dreadful anxious.

From Our Tribune Contributor.

"It is rumored that New Jersey intends seceding from the Union—to establish an independent Democracy under the title Dry Goodsia—with JOSHUA J. HENRY for President."

Wonder if the above wasn't intended for HARPER?

J. B.

FRIEND reader—your Uncle has a lot of trouble in these receding, seceding, bleeding, up a tree-ding times. Talk about having more vexations than you could shake a stick at! *Stick* indeed! Why the moral status of meridional divergence alone furnishes us with more *mœstitia, querelas* and that sort of thing than would fu rnish employment to a big canebrake.

Instinct however—our Instinct you know is a Big Thing—comes to aid, prophesying bright times ahead for your Uncle. Only in one thing there is no consolation. One thing.

We are going to lose JAMES.

The late events which are so pregnant with significance, cast up to us from their fiery Depths only a cold Billow of Sorrow, from whose Gilded Ruin falls a still small Voice whose pallid Hands seem to say:

We are going to lose JAMES.

What shall we do without him? We are out of OSSIAN, and ADAH ISAACS MENKEN &c. has wailing enough to do for herself in poetry, while WALT WHITMAN is engaged, or else the world should see a lyric of despair which would drive to raving lunacy the infant in the cradle, and the crow on the housetop. Our stupendous sorrow in such hands would require the Lyre of Chaos for accompaniment and nothin' shorter. We are Positive—nothin' shorter would do.

We are going to lose JAMES.

Fortunately divers and sundry of our Fairies have supplied us with lesser lyrics of consolation. Only to March Fourth! Oh pocket handkerchiefs! Oh Sin, Shame, Sorrow, Smashed Eggs, Spilt Milk, Ravished Garlands, Tears and Coffin-Nails. Boo-hoo—ooo—ooo—!

We are going to lose JAMES!

Let us continue the service by singing,

HEAP BIG INJUN. HIM DEATH-SING.

TUNE, ALKNOOMOOK

Or ary a tune that'll fit

My reign ends in March, yes March fourth is the day
But Wheatland remains when the White-House won't pay.
Begin, you Republicans, threats are in vain,
For JIM B. of Wheatland will never complain.

Remember the damage he did to your cause,
Remember your chieftains knocked down by his laws!
Why thus pause? do you think they'll elect me again?
No, JIM B. of Wheatland is "played out," that's plain.

Remember old Kansas and that bloody play,
And the plunder we bore from the Yankees away.
Now election comes round you exult in my pain.
But JIM B. of Wheatland can never complain.

I go to the land where I'm Favorite Son,
Where Monongahela like water shall run.
March comes like grim Death to relieve me from pain,
And JIM B. of Wheatland! has scorned to complain.

Just so. "Hoo hoo hoo! the Muscogee, Wah wah wah! the blasted tree!" "Big Injin—heap big Injin red blanket by d——n!" Whiskey in calebash—ugh—hoo! Me scalpey. *Wan-a-woe-na-etla-no-ma. Hoo—auh*—OU—OUGH!

Did you ever hear the Injin yell on a big drunk? Say after eight inches of tom a whack invigorator or *crême de corn?* But we are Aberrant.

Our second hymn is:

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF A PLAYED OUT GENTLEMAN.

Happy canvas! favored oils!
Lucky limner! thou whose toils
To beholders here present,
"Our respected President!"
He who shows how Christian graces
Brightest shine in highest places;
Who no single step can take
Of himself for his own sake,
But secure from dread or harm
Leans upon the "Almighty arm."
He who democratic scorning
Private rooms and vain adorning,
In a bar-room's humble station
Washed himself from perspiration!
He whom the "Observer" man
(Tell his name if any can)
Saw in vision beatific,
And described with pen prolific,
Walking up the middle aisle
Serious, without a smile,
All the gazing myriads through
To his own peculiar pew!
Sitting down therein, and next
Serious listening to the text,
And, as one of *us* might do,
Hearing all the sermon through!
(O, what rapture must have flown
Through the ranks around the Throne!
How the Seraphim beholders
Peeping o'er each other's shoulders,
Must have thrilled with ecstasy
Compliance like that to see!)

II. (Later.)

Ah how mutable the story
Is of mortal fame and glory!
He whose every act and word
Such enthusiasm stirred,
Now may bow or smile or bend,
Worship God or greet his friend,
And no adorning hosts around
Through the earth his praises sound.
Only BONNER—noble name—
Recollects the ancient fame,
And beckons the neglected sage
To the *Ledger's* classic page,
Giving to the setting sun
One last chance to shine upon
That ungrateful world, erewhile
Dazzled with his rising smile!
Vain thy efforts, generous one!
His career is almost run!
Voluntarily or no,
He must very shortly go
From official care and strife,
To the tomb of private life.
Gentle JAMIE! In that grave
Peace and quiet thou shalt have
To that undisturbed home
The world's clamor shall not come
There alike shall friends and foes

"NOT THAT MAN, BUT ANOTHER MAN."

Toodles.

Suggins.—"EDITOR OF THE 'SMILER,' I BELIEVE?—SIR, FINDING IT STATED IN YOUR LAST ISSUE, THAT ONE TIMOTHY SUGGINS, A WELL-KNOWN SHOULDER-HITTER, WAS REMARKABLY ACTIVE AT THE SEVENTH POLL, AND MY NAME BEING TIMOTHY SUGGINS, I WISH A CARD TO BE INSERTED IN YOUR NEXT, STATING THAT I, SIR, I, AM NOT THE INDIVIDUAL REFERRED TO."

What may be Learned when Up a Tree

What is at present the most striking evergreen in S. C.?

The Sea Cedar—ain't it?

What are the favorite nuts of the day?

HAMMONDS and CHESTNUTS.

Talking of sprouts—What is the gist of the whole conflict?

The proclamation Gist issued.

A brilliant Scintillation.

They are trying photography by electric light, now, in Paris. A good many Flash men have already had their portraits thus taken. It is the only process in electrical science by which a Spark can be permanently fixed.

Truly Singular.

It is worthy of remark that, although the father of Young Norval was, in all probability, a native of the Grampian Hills, not a single commentator has as yet attempted to prove that was a Grampus.

Put Him Out!

Why is Col. FREMONT's fortune like Joan of Arc?

Because it's Made of Ore-liens!!

By Our Sweet Pretty Contributor.

Why are organists naughty men?

Because they always play in church.

A Weight Sometimes Found Wanting.

The New York "ton."

Equal to Orestes.

Little boys in their love for Pie Ladies.

Leave thee to thy long repose,
And "after all thy travail sore,
Sweet rest seize thee evermore."

Goo oo-od by! To be sure we shall have several chances to See you again before March Fourth, You Know—we don't need Instinct for that—but we can't help saying farewell to you, JAMES—we'd have liked to say it a good while ago. When you do get up to Wheatland, be sure and send us some of that whiskey, post-paid—say a barrel or so of the vintage of '24, and rely upon it, JAMES, we'll see it properly distributed among the poor.

A "WHAT WAS IT?"

Gurowski, in his "Minor Experiences in America," now publishing in the *Saturday Press*, mentions a strange thing seen by him at Boston, on the Fourth of July, 1850. He says:—

"The Mayor had put me in charge of a councilman, and I found him an agreeable, well-informed and well-bred companion during the procession and during the festival."

When will our men of science learn to be exact in their amusements, complete in their definitions, and particular about nomenclature? Here is Gurowski, now, stating he has actually seen and conversed with that most apocraphal of myths, a decent councilman, and yet he has neglected to furnish us with the name of it! We are disappointed in Gurowski.

About the size of it.

We hear a good deal from European sources, about "A new vessel to be larger than the Great Eastern." Now that may be all very well, there; but it is generally conceded that the Great Eastern was quite long enough—here.

Anecdotes of the Prince.

"One day H. R. H. was standing near a window in the vicinity of a young lady, who resided not far off. Suddenly approaching them, the young woman's fond and watchful father exclaimed, "See here! I'll have to look after you young folks!"

Why don't you laugh, eh? Don't you see the joke, eh? Isn't that a nice style of thing to get off at a small tea-party! We think it immense, so we copy it from the *World* newspaper, otherwise known as the Sinner's Delight. Furthermore, we are not afraid to let our very junior office boy have a shy at this sort of paragraph. So we do. Here are the results:

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE BOY.

One day the Prince of Wales was passing along when he was met by a small boy in company with several other small boys.

"My Gracious!" said the Prince.

No more striking instance of royal sagacity has ever come to light.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

Not long ago, when in Boston, the Prince of Wales, popularly supposed to be the Baron RENFREW, observed to a small feminine child, "My dear, does your mamma know that you are out?"

The effect of the above witty morceau is heightened by its simplicity, we think.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE TWO PINS.

One day the Prince of Wales, ALBERT EDWARD, found two pins on the floor, whereupon he immediately exclaimed:

"Newcastle, a pin.
Germains, its twin!"

thus showing his lamb-like disposition and poetic temperament.

The office boy having gone out, we are unable to present our readers with any more of these gems in the present issue

N. B.—Witty paragraphs in the above style will be furnished to country editors at 25 cents a bushel. Three per cent discount for cash.

REMARKABLE DELUSION.

Confidential Clerk.—"WORST O' THIS CELLAR BUSINESS IS THE WAY SMELLALIQUOR TOXICATES A FELLAR!"

A Correction.

We learn from the gentleman who recently formed the subject of A Brief Biography in VANITY FAIR, that there were several errors in the article in question. They will, however, be corrected in the forthcoming edition of HOLMES'S Whole Works.

"A Shadow of Meaning."

Why did General MORRIS take umbrage at the woodman?

Because WOODMAN was about to take umbrage from the tree You Know.

Not the First Time.

At the Cæsarewitch Stakes at Newmarket, we learn that "Ancient Briton pulled up lame, Golden Pippin fell off before reaching the Bushes; and the Prophet made an unprofitable run."

Chemistry in the Bible

H. O. every one that thirsteth!

The Same Old Tune.

GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S Spittoon.

A brilliant Scene.

Kerosene.

The sailor's favorite exercise.

Sparring.

A CLERICAL DETECTIVE

The public has lately been informed, *ex cathedra*, by the Reverend Dr. TYNG, of an extraordinary series of frauds to which the gay and festive male portion of it has been subjected by that portion to which the cause of the gay and festive state of mind of the first mentioned portion may be ascribed. In other words, Dr. TYNG gives us to understand that when the eye of love dwells with commercial satisfaction upon the well-rounded arm of a *fiancée*, rivetting itself with especial ecstasy upon the massive golden manacle with which that fascinative member is fettered; when the frantic admirer, lost for hours in admiration of the ivory, billiard-bally roundings of an expressive pair of shoulders, brings himself back to consciousness by going into a small mental calculation as to the marketable value of the diaphanous oyster-beads that clasp, aggravatingly, the neck of loveliness; when these things, we say, are done, then, O! then, all is Vanity. For the Reverend Detective has been and gone and found out that at least one great jewelry house of this city relies for the rent of its premises upon the letting out of gold, and silver, and precious stones, to the beauteous night-moths that flutter so gaily in the glare of the lustrous ball-room. Thus jewels, like horses, are kept on livery principles; and it is distressing to think that the trinkets which heave to-night upon the gentle swell of our own Amelia, may toss wildly, to-morrow, upon the billowy person of some wealthy *parvenue*.

Dr. TYNG's disclosure fills us with doubt and fear. Of everything about our Special Object, how much is real estate and how much rented? Did her mother, cognizant of her intended promenade, rush privately out by the basement door, and plank down her clandestine quarter for two hours of the ravishing bonnet with which Amelia recently settled our worldly concerns? Did that old woman—we reject the epithet "lady," pending further evidence—shove the queer upon our too susceptible heart by decking out her daughter for us in hack *moiré antiques* and hireling *illusions?* Ha! 'tis well!—there's a reckoning—but we won't pay it!

In a frame of mind feebly suggested by the above interjectiles, we strode moodily along Broadway, meditating a course of TYNG, when our eye was attracted by a gaudy show-card in a shop window, setting forth—"FANCY DRESS WIGS ON HIRE."

Oh dear!—fancy hair on hire!—fancy teeth on hire!—fancy lots of other things on hire!—fancy Amelia on hire!—fancy her mother on hire!

No; we can't fancy that last. Let's liquor.

THE SILVER ANCHOR.

When the youthful Prince ALFRED of England—brother of ALBERT EDWARD, and a midshipman—was at Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, not long since, he was escorted around by a body-guard consisting of seventeen beautiful young ladies, equipped as dragoons, and mounted upon noble steeds. Each of these "dashing white sergeants" wore a little silver anchor just about where the breastplate of a trooper usually reposes—an emblem which might have induced irreverent scoffers to classify them with that gallant branch of the service known as "Horse Marines." But to one who sees below the surface, it will be obvious that these anchors were but the conventional emblems of Hope. The girls at Graham's Town were a little brassy about the business, and didn't mind typifying their individual hopes with a tangible device. Our own girls, at home here, when ALBERT EDWARD was doing "cynosure" among them, were less demonstrative, it is true; but every blessed one of them wore the silver anchor secretly, in the recesses of her sanguine heart.

Talking of our girls—or of any other nice girls—*smack* is a pretty word; and that leads to a vision of oyster-smacks; which, in turn, suggests the idea that all the girls who sported the silver anchor, whether externally or internally, whether for the Prince who was yonder, or the Prince who was here, may well be likened to a fleet of our gay oyster-sloops, straining hard upon their cables in some breezy nook of our molluscous shores—say for example, Prince's Bay.

The Goddess of Spiritualism.

NOX.

THE HOUR OF SORROW.

Are the dark and bitter days falling upon us?

Is it true that the Wise Men of Europe who cast the horoscope of our country, and limited our united life to fifty years, erred only by a few figures, and that the century will remain unaccomplished?

Brother and brother—ye went hand in hand with pride through the agony of that early struggle which set ye free. The deaths of your children were mourned without sorrow, for they were glorious. When the battle was over ye loved. The love lasted for long years.

Can there be no friendship now? No pledges given or taken? Is there a limit to the claim of a Brother?

"Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times.

"Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee: Until seven times: but, until seventy times seven."

In the long chronicle of humanity from its earliest morning tide—along the whole wild stream of history, the greatest, most glorious promise ever held out to suffering man has been the development of the American Republic.

Wherever Man has suffered in this age he has turned to our Union as to gleam of coming day in a dungeon. Over the wide world wherever the tyrant has crushed God's noblest work into degradation, the sufferer has borne the bitter woe, looking meanwhile with hope towards "America!"

Is the promise all a lie?

Will the tyrants as of old in the days of their brute-god-hood smile to see the fair fabric fall, and grimly laugh: "it is another Delusion gone." Is Eternal Sorrow, Eternal Suffering for the masses, the one great truth? Is Progress a lie, and a happy future on earth a sham?

It cannot be. In Nature nothing suffers in vain.

Truth prevails in the end, and Fate triumphs over Time. Come when it may, the Brother will turn again to the Brother, and the Son to the Father, after the dark and bitter day shall have passed.

"And when ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled; for *such things* must needs be; but the end *shall* not *be* yet."

All will be remembered only as the storm and agony of a winter's night—long, long ago.

And they will Love—and all will be calm.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN! the votes of millions of thy friends
Have placed thee at the helm, to steer this Ship,
This mighty Ship of States, through calm and storm,
And from its perilous voyage bring it safe,
To be returned to them who gave it thee.
Dost know how fearful is the post thou hold'st?
Oh! can'st thou with a steady eye and hand
Stand firmly and swerve not, when comes the shock
Of wave quick meeting, wave, for meet they must—
And thy great ship is tost and torn, as when
A leaflet passes on a summer gale?
Can'st tutor well thy crew that all obey
And suffer Thee to lead; that when the storm
Shall break in fury on thy noble Ship,
They'll look to thee and see that thou art bold,
That thou art prudent, and that no rash act
Of thine will jeopardize their precious lives?
And when the storm is past, and calm, once more,
Shall mirror sunshine and cerulean skies,
Oh! may they say: "most noble man, to thee
Is due all praise, the storm is o'er, and now,
Our Ship is safe, the sun shines brightly down,
And everything betokens peace and joy."

"Curiosities of Natural History."

The greatest thing of the season in the way of a freak of nature is a crow discovered by the man of the *Tribune* who wrote "from the home of Mr. LINCOLN," in a late number of that paper. He says:

"Upon this Mr. LINCOLN for the first and only time departed from his composure, and manifested his pleasure by a sudden exuberant utterance—*neither a cheer nor a crow*, but something partaking of the nature of each."

"Call you this backing your friends," O *Tribune?* We thought your aim now should have been to put an extra polish upon the President elect, instead of which you thus command him to the people in the character of a Hybrid rather than a High-bred man.

GO IN LEMONS!

SILE et philosophus esto!

The Boston Saturday *Express* has done it. It has distinctly gone and Done It. It has aspired to climb over VANITY FAIR, and has naturally met with the fate which the wisdom of all ages ascribes to ambitious Monkies. In short it has made a Fool of Itself on the largest possible pattern and in extensive quantities. And its Folly is so copiously mingled with that darker variety of Blackguardism known as Contemptible Misrepresentation that we really cannot say which predominates. It is like its own nasty and favorite dish, "most all pork and plenty of beans."

It is pretty well known to the intelligent world that certain jokes are so intensely worn, that to attribute them to any one is to impress upon that One the stamp of verdancy or impudence.

Thus *Punch* some years ago had no end of fun out of a contemporary which ventured to republish that intensely pre-Adamite fossil of Champagne and Real Pain.

And thus VANITY FAIR, desirous of a little cheerful chaff with JOHN B. GOUGH, quoted from that Apostle one of the very last resources of the circus-clown, one of the rejected by almanac-makers, one of the stalest and commonest of puns—the tritest of all facetious triturations known—in short just such a joke as a miserable one horse, Boston, "moral family," bark-mill newspaper is accustomed to cram its columns with. And in doing this VANITY FAIR put above the fossil the following:

JOKE BY JOHN B. GOUGH
(and just his style.)

Now one would think that anything one degree above idiocy—or even the Boston *Express*—would have "seen" the above. But there was something worse than idiocy in the spirit with which our Contemp—orary goes to work. Read:

"VANITY FAIR" is very sensitive upon the subject of "credit"—but VANITY FAIR has been in the habit of publishing old jokes ever since its first issue. In Nov. 3d it prints—

Q. What were the "slings of outrageous fortune" mentioned in HAMLET?

A. Gin-slings of course.

That was done in the "Auburn Papers," a series of sketches published in the Syracuse *Courier* nearly two years since. We could point out other "plunder," but it is of too little consequence.

Nearly two years since—you Animal! "In the Auburn papers!" *Twenty* years since you mean, in all the old almanacs and one-horse *Expresses* in the country. Oh you're a nice, decent specimen. Don't like our copyrighting our paper and wanting credit! 'Spect not. Don't you wish there weren't any fire proof safes? Nor Police? Or Juries? Just suit a paper that lives by scissors.

But tell us if you please, you quintessence of Low Cunning, and of Dirty Trickery, why you left out that reference to GOUGH—"and just his style?" Let us hear. Are you only a Fool, oh *Express*—or do you prefer (as the Vulgar of your kind generally do.) to be considered a Knave? With which boot-toe are you most familiar.

Now it is certainly within the range of possibly that VANITY FAIR—or any other man—*may* be, and sometimes is, stuck by some starveling, scissoring thief, with an old joke. People who make a business of collecting such trash for their own use, often try to sell it and others with it. But VANITY FAIR does not see why despite all this it should not claim credit for original copyright articles for which it pays liberally. And this is the point to which we would turn—for to give an article *entirely* to so small an insect as the *Express* is not the thing. We claim credit where it is due, and no honest respectable journal will mistake the nature of our claim, or dispute its justice, or refuse to do by us as we would do by them. Just so!

A Feather will show how the Wind doth blow.

When a man feels Down about himself, look out for Cock-tails.

DIARY OF A TOBACCO SMOKER.

EADER—are you a smoker? If so, let the following harrow, etc., your etc. We know the Victim!

October 17th.—"Of the Em-py-reu-mat-ic Oil of Tobacco one or two drops will kill a cat! A certain quantity of this oil must always be circulating in the blood of the habitual smoker!"—Good Heavens! I cried, jumping up, dashing down the book,—how can I live another week? "Amaurosis, liver complaint, dyspepsia, paralysis, cancer of the stomach, cancer of the mouth"—yes, the smoker must have them all. Is not the sugar making function of the Saliva impaired? Certainly it is! Is there any sugar in my mouth? Nary lump. Thus exclaiming I strode up and down my room; it was a moment of agony—a crisis. I took up the infernal book again: "the combination of these diseases is apt to produce Hyp-o-chon-dri-a-sis." As the ferocious whiff of smoke that followed the perusal of this passage reminded me of my cigar, I dashed it away, and vowed to smoke no more. Smoking is well enough; but as for Cancer, I can't Sir stand *that;* and to die, just because I don't digest—well, I will say no more.

Oct. 18th.—Reform? Very formidable is the reform I dabble in. Yesterday it seemed very heroic, but the heroism of one day, is apt to seem the folly of the next. At breakfast I had my beefsteak and coffee as usual, and then—oh! what a fool to give up smoking all at once! How much better to have abandoned it gradually. There is Wooley, who has been abandoning it gradually for three years, and feels much better than if he had violently wrenched his system.

Oct. 19th.—Ah! what a delicious morning for a smoke. I wonder if a mild, a very mild cigar, a contemptible, short, little stumpy sixer, would hurt me much! Paralysis might ensue!—But so mild a cigar. And as I have not smoked for two days I could stand a touch of it. Indeed, I think a little paralysis would be good for me; 'twould make me more careful of my health. I knew a man once that had paralysis all the time, and he used to take medicine every morning. As for running to fires, and staying out late at night, he never thought of it. I have half a mind to smoke! True, I locked up my cigars, and lost the key, a little, but then I didn't lose it much.

Oct. 20th.—Once for all, I do not wish to yield to temptation, but if the Chambermaid *will* persist in bringing up my pipe, every time I throw it out of the window, *she*, not I, must be responsible for the consequences?

Oct. 21st.—What the deuce *is* Amaurosis? In the Dictionary, I won't look, for 'tis bad enough to know about the Cancer, and the Sugar. But whatever Amaurosis may be, I am quite sure I'm getting it.

Oct. 22d.—I shall go out no more. Friendship is but a name; for all the fellows know I have stopped smoking, and therefore offer me cigars. That was very mean of Simpson, to puff in my face, and ask me how I liked the flavor.

Oct. 23d.—A memorable day! Mrs. Wiggins, the landlady, came up to my room, and says "she is very sorry, but she couldn't help it. She knowed her duty to the third-story-back, but obligations she also had to the second-story-front, laws forbid! that she should make distinctions, for all she wanted was her just dues weekly, and one gentleman was as good as another, for if some paid less, some paid more, and she had always allowed that you was prompt, and if you let it run two weeks, in two 'twas paid, and never asked for three, and regular as the Saturday night, but for all that money was money, and times was hard, and she couldn't lose seven for four, which lose she must unless you changes your dirty habits, or leaves the house, for you *do* smoke, so don't deny it, the house is filled from top to bottom, the boarders smells you at your meals, for still you smokes and smokes and smokes no locomotive more so, which all must know, for up the stairs 'tis one continual cough, the whole house stinking of tobacco, and as for nasty stumps, Heaven knows. she can't keep no girl to clean after you like a cat, for no girl would stay, but many leaves on your account, for look around and see the room, with dirty pipes, and ashes over everything, you dare not call it a lady's parlor, and even now, O blush for shame, 'tis filled and filled with horrid smoke, and how you stand it, no one knows, for she cannot, but now is sick, yet afore she goes, she must request and will you be so very good as to Stop Smoking, for stop you must, or leave the house, for the pipe is never out of your mouth"—and the rest of her speech I did not hear, for by this time, she had got down stairs, and was shouting to me from the kitchen. I locked the door and hid my head in the bed clothes. To be told to "stop smoking"! That was a touch too much.

Oct. 24th.—I might as well be in Boston at once. There, I am told, for smoking in the street a chap is heavily mulcted by the laws. All very well if they catch him at it; but it's plain enough that he can't be fined till he's found.

Oct 25th.—This painful experience has made me very thoughtful.

Oct. 26th.—Virtue! let no man dare to say that I am opposed to virtue! On the contrary it is a most capital thing. But like salvation 'twas chiefly intended for the use of sinners; for really what's the use of being virtuous, if you're not to have the good of it? I say that when a man is moral, religious, righteous, and all that, a little sin won't hurt him. Virtue is made disgusting by running it into the ground. Self-Denial! Faugh! I know what that's worth, for I'm behind the scenes now. Not that I run it down altogether. Not at all. Used in moderation 'tis a very good thing. Self-denial, while we deny ourselves those things we don't want, is not only moral, but really of benefit *There*, it is restrained in its sphere. But when it interferes with our enjoyment, when it would deny us those things we *do* want, then I say self-denial is a vice. What the deuce has it got to do with a man's cigars! By Jupiter! I call that petty meddling. Why, look at me!—who is more self-denying than I am? Notwithstanding all the temptations to Murder, Theft, Treason, Tyranny, Suicide, I indulge in none of them. I never committed suicide in my life; and yet with all this immense abstinence, am I to be denied the trifling indulgence of Tobacco? I will buy a box of cigars to-morrow. To the ignorant this argument may seem sophistical; but what intelligent smoker would endeavor to refute it?

Human Nature is Human Nature.

A missionary went up the Cavalla river, in Africa, last summer, accompanied by his wife, who, being white, was an object of great curiosity to the unsophisticated natives of that region. Church became quite a fashionable thing to do, among these savages, on account of the missionary's white wife; for we are told that, on one occasion, "owing to her presence the attendance on preaching was extraordinarily large." What unmitigated, blackamoor snobs were these men of the Cavalla river, who could see nothing in the clergyman, but were fascinated by the showman!

Meditating upon this, our thoughts came home to roost. We remembered how but a few weeks have elapsed since Trinity Church, in this city, was quite a fashionable thing to do on account of a live white Prince, for we are assured that, on one occasion, "owing to his presence the attendance on preaching was extraordinarily large." What unmitigated, etc., etc., as at the conclusion of the preceding paragraph, with such substitutions as will be obvious to the intelligent reader.

A Counter irritant.

Mrs. Toodles.

BREADTH.

Eminent Artist to Friend.—CAPITAL, CAPITAL MY BOY! YOUR LINES ARE BEAUTIFUL —WHAT YOU WANT IS BREADTH—AND PLENTY OF IT.

By Our Heartless Contributor.

SUBJECT.—B. meeting J. in Broadway yesterday, (BROWN and JONES Of Course,) asked him. "When shall we have our talk out about the Union?" "Oh! whenever you please," says JONES; "come to-night." "Before tea, or after tea?" inquires BROWN. "Whichever you please," replies JONES. "Only observe," adds BROWN, "that should I come before tea, it's all right; while if after, the Union must be broken up." "How on earth do you mean?" rejoins JONES, rather mystified. BROWN grins, and responds: "Why look here, old fellow; don't you see that if I comes after T, in place of before T, the United States will be Untied States?"

Clerical Circumlocution.

Rev. Dr. —— goes in for elegance of paraphrase. In urging the changes upon "He that hath ears to ear, let him hear," he did a fine thing last Sunday. "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the Doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympani." If that isn't hifalutin, then what is?

Matrimonial.

It might be worth the while of parties interested to inquire into the association existing between the term *better-half*, as applied to wives of the strong-minded persuasion, and the word *betterave*, which is the French for Beet.

Canvassing a Joke.

Offering it for Sail.

MATRIMONIAL.

Does to Open mean to Begin. Apart from all classic precedents and from the improper liberties taken with Miss ENGLISH by poets, VANITY asks if Open is to Begin?

When you Sir, begin to *talk*, do you also open? Ah—we forgot —you do "open your head," You've Got Us there. But when you begin to fight you don't open your fists?

Now there's a young lady—EMMA CLARE—advertised this morning in the *Heralderman's Daily Slop Tub*, that she wants to Open a Correspondence. And what's more she wants to do it with a steady, industrious young man.

"A young lady desires to open a correspondence with a steady, industrious young man, with a view to matrimony. Address EMMA CLARE, New York, Post office."

It is indeed within the limits of possibility that EMMA has every day an enormous mail—stupendous piles of letters—notes—documents—quite defying the aperient power of one young lone female.

And she wants a "steady young man, with a view to matrimony," to aid in this Grand Opening. We like that. We think we see 'em at it. EMMA at one end of a table with a peck basket of letters—Steady, Industrious Young Man, (with View to Matrimony,) at t'other. We think we hear him as he advances.

1st peck of letters. "If you please, Miss ———."
2d peck.—"Miss EMMA."
3d peck.—"EMMA."
4th peck.—"EMMY."
5th peck.—"EM."
6. 7. 8. &c.—"Dear, Duck, Sweet."
And so on.

But EMMA don't mean this at all. She is probably a Gay Humbug. She hasn't got any letters to open—she only wants to open somebody's porte-monnaie.

To continue. What do you think of the following from the same?

MATRIMONY.—A gentleman, 24 years of age, is desirous of meeting with a young lady of respectable family for his future wife, who would be willing to keep company twelve months previous to the alliance, when he will be in such a position as to make a comfortable home for her. She must be religious, amiable, cheerful, domesticated, enjoying good health, genteel in appearance, of a loving disposition, and in moderate ability and education; her private means quite immaterial, so that the above indispensable qualities are possessed. The correspondent will be gentlemanly dealt with should an interview result in disapproval on either side. This is a bona fide advertisement. Address for three days, stating age and of what religious denomination.

Ain't it sweet? He seeketh:
Respectable family.
Religious.
Amiable.
Cheerful.
Domestic—ated!
Enjoying Good Health.
Genteel—(say *Gen*—teel) in Appearance!
Of Loving Disposition.
But only of Moderate Ability and Education.

We think we see into this last. A girl of anything more than Moderate, (and very moderate,) ability and education would be very unlikely We think to "keep company twelve months" with any advertising vagabond. But then she will be

Gentlemanly Dealt With. And This is a bona fide advertisement.

And yet this lump of transparent raseality will be peeked at by some Female Fool. Perhaps by a score. Simply because while requiring, or attempting to require a mass of virtues and excellencies such as no girls who answer matrimonial advertisements ever possess, he flatters the vanity—awakens the self-admiration of numbers. "I'm this, I'm that—I'm genteel I know, I'm 'religious,' I'm more respectable than half my friends—and oh! *aint* I of a Loving Disposition? I'll do." It's the old story.

"You may miss if you bait with silver and gold,
You may miss with diamond and pearl,
But you never will miss if with flattery
You fish for a foolish girl."

Why our Nathan would lie.

Because it was in Nate.

"IN THE WRONG STAGE, SIR!"

HERE! you people of Washington! What, in the name of all that's good, are you up to? We understand perfectly well that you are a very eccentric collection of beings—perhaps we ought to say *con*centric in view of the fact that being peripherically unendurable, you have flagitiously and centripetally aggravated yourselves in a highly promiscuous manner in Mrs. COLUMBIA's tenacre-potatopatch, or, to use the language of one of your own OULD minstrels:

"Right in the middle of a 3 cent pie."

Yes, beyond all question, to be sure. Yes, and decidedly, Concentric is the word. We have, as we were about to say, duly considered your Concentricity, and all that, but what in thunder has started you off on the Dramatic tack? Go to the *Theatre* to hear the news by telegraph! You ought to be, and are hereby notified to be, ashamed of yourselves! You hadn't ought to have went there! Isn't there Pomp and Pageantry enough in your Mid—dle to satisfy you? Are your longings so intensified that you must have even your election returns dramatised? Why, the next thing will be to have your marriages, dry goods, funerals, faro-banks, dead-letters, etc., ground up by some American Scribe into a mellifluous and heart-rending tragicomedicalumny, that will keep the whole universe awake for at least one night. More or less as the case may be.

You mustn't think because WILLIAM the Great when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, said "All the world's a stage," etc., etc., that you should dine, sleep, and do your week's washing in Five Acts. More or less as the case may be.

If things go on in this way, what will become of the innocent and unsophisticated new members of Congress just elected from this town? The Klassic KERRIGAN! and our well-beloved BENJAMIN! why, you'll corrupt his morals, you heedless heathen! more or less as the case may be. And poor, pious ELIJAH! How he will be shocked! Just ponder upon the disastrous results to humanity in irreligionating such members of society as these! Or any other man. More or less as the case may be.

It is quite evident that you have no conception of the quality to say nothing of the quantity of Grief to which you are so rapidly Coming. Yes, Grief, ye Pagans! Grief with the ugliest sort of paraphernalia, thumb-screws, shower-baths, fine-tooth combs and other torturous thingamies. So we suggest that you had better begin to stop. We are mild, but unflinchingly firm. *Well—we—are*—HONEY!! We feel very much like the American Eagle before breakfast, as it were; therefore, O Washingtonians, listen, listen with your mouths wide open to our admonishing Vox! Beware our Hebdominal Ire! Subvert, rage, demolish your abominable seven-by-nine shanty, and—if you must have one—erect a *Theatre*. A theatre into which you can go without umbrellas and over-shoes. Remember what the Arts and Sciences were built for. Pay a proper and contiguous respect to the exigencies of luxurious and retrospective perspicuity; similitudinate yourselves to surreptitious plantigrades and give our love to your mothers-in-law.

A NATIVE DANTE.

For the following interesting item we are indebted to the *World*. Or the *World's* New-London correspondent. Can it be that our cotemporary is coming round to the Spiritualistic persuasion? And so slyly, too: there is no other allusion to the matter in the N. L. correspondence.

Cudlargo, the native Esquimaux, died on Sunday, July 1, and was buried in the sea. He speaks very highly of the crews of the two vessels, and says that the governor of Holsteinburg paid them a merited compliment for good order and gentlemanly deportment while on shore. Of himself he writes: "I spend my time very pleasantly, finding a thousand things in which I am interested, both on board ship and on shore. The flora of this region is now in all its glory. I am delighted to find it so extensive and of such variety, but we must soon be off to more desolate regions.—*World*, 13*th*.

It appears the "native" Esquimaux, in sailing down the Stygian stream, was politely treated by the gentlemanly crew of the two ships found necessary to his comfortable conveyance. They have a Holsteinburg in Them Parts, too; and its governor was pleased with the order and decorum manifested by the sometime festive crew which manned—or shall we say spirited—the vessel. The semi-translated C. (i. e., on the half-shell, like other natives we wot of) was observing in his new element. He is delighted to find the Flora of that region (proper names are not distinguished by capitals in Esquimaux) so extensive and of such infinite variety.—SWEDENBORG, in his post-prandial calls in that section, observed the variety. The extensions are not uncommon with us.

How eloquent in simplicity is the final clause: "But we must soon be off to more desolate regions!" Then those glimpses of fresh fields and pastures new, and of the very desirable society, "now in all its glory" (the height of the season, eh)—these were but the lively fantasia before the curtain rose on the last act of the tragedy?

Decidedly Swedenborgian. For does not Count EMANUEL make this the chiefest agony of the pile? And the contemplation of the demnition unpleasantly situated Native will, according to the same authority, be the select circle's exceeding great reward.

OUR FROG-POND CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, 21st Oct. 1860.

Dear Vanity Fair.—A traveller from the centre of commerce to this remote, not to say melancholy and slow, spot upon the periphery, experiences no more pleasurable feeling than that excited by the total absence of BOOLE. Here the truly paternal government, deserving well the designation of City Fathers, neglect no means to promote the moral excellence of the citizens as well as their temporal well-being, nor does the attempt to inculcate virtue stop with humanity. As the visitor approaches that charming shect of water which derives its name from those interesting batrachians whose fame has been rendered immortal by the genius of Æsop and Aristophanes, and by the gastronomic experience of *la belle* France, which directed the attention of the world to the sweetness of their tender flesh, surpassing that of the chicken in delicacy; as the visitor, I say, approaches this miniature lake and its water-chickens, he beholds conspicuously affixed to the surrounding trees this mandate: "Dogs not allowed in the Frog Pond on Sundays;" and his heart swells with gratitude to the benign powers which pay regard to even canine virtue.

Trusting that a knowledge of the far-reaching solitude of this lowly village may incite the sages of Gotham to introduce similar sagacious measures for the furtherance of religion, I have ventured to call their attention to the subject by means of your truth-flashing, cant-opposing columns.

With all respect, I remain yours &c,

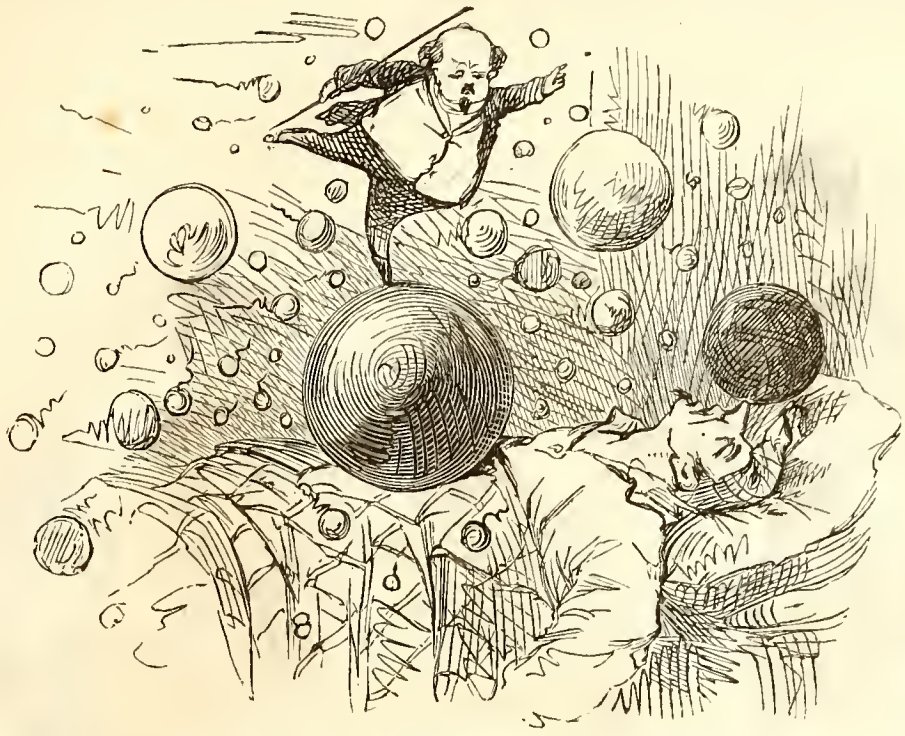
VIATOR.

Con. for Republicans.

Why is VANITY FAIR like the Presidential election?
It is Able in Cons.

A good Match.

John Bull's famous Cricketers and "the Concentrated Leaven."



STRANGE PHENOMENON.

WHAT CHARLEY CRAM SAW IN A DREAM AFTER WITNESSING THE PERFORMANCES OF BERGER.

EXTRAORDINARY.

The N. Y. *Programme* of the 13th inst., says,

It is stated that Messrs. WHEATLEY and CLARKE, of the Arch street theatre Philadelphia, have determined to produce several original plays, written by dramatists of that city, and hereafter to foster native talent. We are delighted to hear it.

Delighted! We should think so. Rather. But is this a case of conscience, or have Messrs. BOUCICAULT and TOM TAYLOR written themselves out? How *could* Messrs. W. & C. think of such a thing as producing a play without its having first received the imprimation of Mr. WALLACK, or Miss LAURA KEENE Good Gracious, only think of it. Such an enterprise will no doubt be received with rapturous applause and bewildered amazement by the citizens of Philadelphia, who have been condemned for upwards of some time past in any thing but the original packages to take their dramatic productions diluted and considerably at that. Only think of it. An o-rig-i-n-al play at the Arch-street? Instinct did you never? And she said she did.

Go on gentlemen. That's sure to become popular.

A Printer's Maxim.

"First impressions are the best."

TELEGRAMISERY.

SIR!—If you're the philanthrophist that everybody says you are, let me ask your sympathy for us operators upon the municipal telegraph. How would *you* like to sit in a station-house-cubby hole all day, describing to inquirers at other stations, the color of the eyes, and hair, and dresses, of a pen-full of lost babies picked up by the police? If you've seen better days as most of us have, think of the misery of closely examining the appurtenances and features of children dirty enough to be assessed as real estate! Then think of the exotic mothers, Amsterdam Dutch, Schiedam Dutch, Rotterdam Dutch—it would be profanity and unoriginal besides, to refer to other dam Dutch; think of the exotics from Green Erin, Gaul and Helvetia, all clamorous by the night together for the juvenile native Americans strayed from home during the day! Think of the squabbles and acerbities of the exotics aforesaid when each finds—as they often do—the first time they wash the reclaimed child, that some other woman has effected an unwitting exchange of offspring. People don't know our tribulation. If they did, a society would be started at once to bring about its amelioration. Some of us have been preachers—Yes, Sir. Another was once a judge in Arkansaw, several have had the newspaper mania, and run to seed. And I—well I graduated with some honor, but lacked the "cheek" to make a lawyer, though it's my private opinion that CHITTY and BLACKSTONE were about the greatest men that ever wore a wig of No. 1 flax.

I want to show you, Mr. VANITY FAIR, by how slim a tenure we telegraph operators hold our appointments. To-day I've got a new assistant. His predecessor was discharged yesterday, and when I tell you how and why, I think I see you in an effort to control your Indignation, like AJAX defying the Lightning.

Well, Policeman SMITH finds a little lost boy. The way that boy was dressed was slightly a caution. His cap was an intricate mixture of velvet, horsehair, braid and lace. His coat was cut *a la Zouave*, and his little trowsers terminated at the knee in a style of ruffles that resembled those around the legs of a well sheared poodle. The mother was the wife of a city official—a regular pumpkinhead, and *she* formerly kept a thread-and-needle store in the upper end of Hudson St. Down to the central station goes she and her husband, the latter as docile as a tame monkey behind a hand organ. Into the operating room she flounces. "Where's my little FERDY?" she asks in a sharp tone. She's a hatchet-faced woman, you see, and hatchet-faced women invariably have hatchet shaped voices.

"What is his full name, ma'am?" asked the operator.

"FERDINAND BULLFACE," says she, "and he lives at No. — Abingdon Square."

"I'll telegraph," says the operator, and mine being the nearest station he "calls" us up. I was out at the time, and my assistant was just having a round with a Milesian female who accused him of "wantin' to kape her child an' put her off wid another."

The message from MRS. BULLFACE—her husband had the bullface not she—came over the wires.

"A beautiful child is missing, name FERDINAND BULLFACE, residence Abingdon Square, can't tell his name, dressed in velvet und Honiton cap; *poult de soie*, Zouave Jacket, ombre stripe; and RENFREW trowsers.

There were just eighteen children on hand in my station. Assistant looks them over and singles out one. The communication from the City Hall was about as intelligible to him as the inscription upon the wall of the banqueting Hall, to the late Mr. NEBUCHEDNEZZAR. He didn't graduate, Mr. VANITY FAIR If he'd had time to read what every body else has read—VANITY FAIR's expositions of the lives of the Counter-jumpers—he would have been posted. But he didn't know that *poult de soie* was a certain kind of silk, and that ombre meant a style of graduated color like an unfinished rainbow. More than this, he was wearied with twelve hours' work, and under his vest-pattern was a vacuum abhorrent alike to himself and to nature, caused by the absence of dinner.

He was obliged to answer, and answer he did. I've a memorandum of the answer, and I swear to you it is a true one.

"We've got an ugly brat here; can't tell his name; freckled all over, nose looks like a big wart, dressed up like an organ grinder's monkey."

Operator at City Hall spelt out the message, thought it was a good joke, didn't suppose it was BULLFACE's child, for MRS. BULLFACE was looking for an infant Apollo.

MRS. BULLFACE leaves her address, orders her husband to follow her out, and sends BULLFACE to send an officer to our station, to send policemen to hunt her "beautiful little FERDY."

You now see, Mr. EDITOR, the mistake of my unfortunate assistant. The lost child *was* at our station. It was the very child described by my junior as "an ugly brat, freckled all over; nose looks like a big wart; dressed up like an organ grinder's monkey." MRS. BULLFACE remembered the description, and cart-ropes wouldn't hold her. We found out that the young one was the beautiful infant son of Ald. BULLFACE, and sent him home before Mr. BULLFACE's messenger came, but that didn't mollify MRS. B——. Not a bit of it.

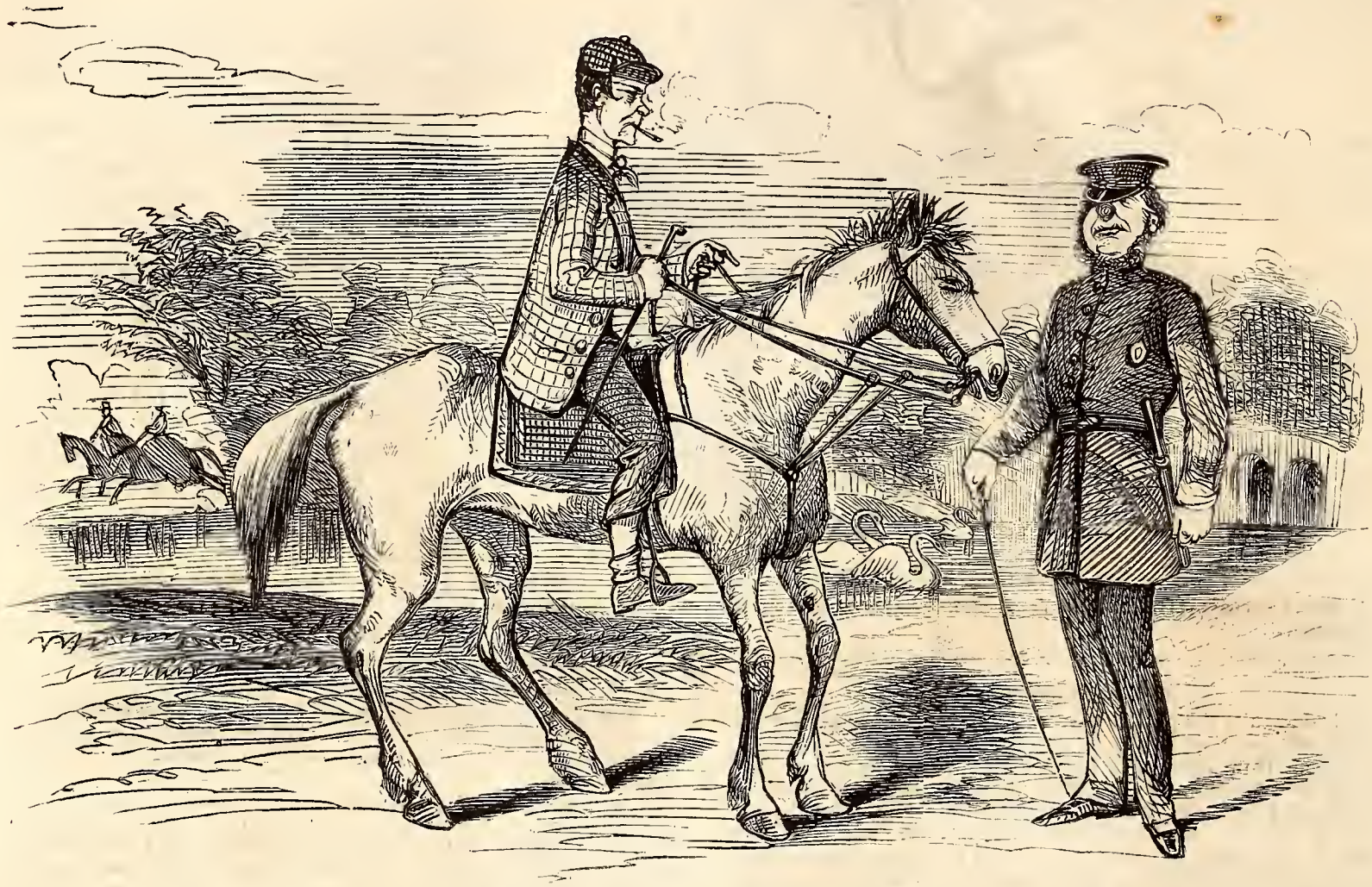
Hinc illæ lachrymæ on the part of my unfortunate assistant. To-day he received his discharge, and all for his inability to discriminate between *poult de soie* and a side of sole-leather, between "*ombre*" and an umbrella. Now if he had served for a while as a counter-jumper, don't you see, he'd have known the difference, and therefore, perhaps have kept his place?

Can't you do something for us, Mr. EDITOR? Don't you think that the public should learn the sorrows of the

TICKERS?

From our Comatose Contributor.

Why are Buss horses like badly punctuated literary works? Because they are full of Stops.



PACE IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

Equestrian.—"Come, now, I like that! The public makes a Park, and then the public's told by a pleeceman that he must n't run his horse 2:40 time through it if he's a mind to!"

MIRABILE.

We clip the following morceau from the *World* of last Tuesday,

"On the first round fired, (the *World* is speaking of Sea Coast gunnery) blank cartridge were used. *The target, of course, was untouched!*"

Oh, *World!* dear, wise *World*, sage *World!* (would thou wert feminine, that we might call thee *sage-femme*—thou dost accouch so many blunders, mighty, omniscient *World!* We know and do hereby most frankly admit that you are generally right in matters Mundane, and always so in things Spiritual, (as, indeed, how could the organ of the Fulton-street prayer meeting be otherwise?) but, O, honest *World!* wasn't this *res bellicosa*, this dim foreshadowing of war, a little too much for you? arn't you the least little bit mistaken this time, just this once?

Come, that's a dear *World*, own up, didn't the shot go a little to the right? or perhaps to the left? or perhaps it went over? or perchance it fell Short? (just as we are now, oh, *World!* and as we hope for the sake of Sea Coast gunnery you too, oh, mighty orb! soon will be!) or perhaps there wasn't any shot at all! We await thine answer *World!*

Nihil dixit.

(The world whistles Dixey's Land—)

Then, *World*, we say you are unchristian, you are no grammarian, but you are, (ye Gods! *peccavi!*) you are a Grand-motherarian! you are a-a-*World!* you are a blatant *mouton*.

And you are trying to fleece the rest of the dailies! We see what you are at, *World!* you want to introduce this new form of expression, this style, this period, this idiom.

You are burningly anxious that the *Tribune* should come out some day with such a paragraph as this:

"The house of our esteemed friend James Gordon Bennett Esq., was broken open last night about eleven o'clock. Some half an hour after, the thief had taken the morning train for Boston (where it is currently reported these monsters most do congregate) Mr. Bennett discharged a rifle after him. It is almost needless to say the villain escaped unhurt."

Or that the *Herald* reporter should commit himself thus:

"Yesterday afternoon some careless youth applied a match to the old twenty-four pounder, which lies in the Park, while his father was standing directly before the muzzle, conversing with a friend. Fortunately the deadly weapon was not loaded. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark, that by the interposition of a Divine Providence (do you ever lend your things to the *Herald* man, *World?*) the confiding elders were uninjured. Such disregard of human life ought not to go unpunished."

Or, more, æsthetically, that the *Tribune* should write,

"The *Times* of yesterday discharged a heavy editorial at the secession movement. Of course nothing was said about the secession movement."

Or, that the *Times* should discourse in this wise:

"Our pious cotemporary—we have but one—(at this point the *Independent* and *Observer* howl—Morse, of the latter, telegraphs to South Carolina for a force of 200,000 men armed to the teeth with persimmons—Greeley shakes in the face of the orthodox community a handful of letters to Robert Dale Owen, on marriage, and Bennett tears his hair out by the roots)—contained in its Monday issue a long article ostensibly on the affairs of Italy—of course no one who had not read the caption, would be able to say whether it treated of lake Tschad or of Boorioboola-gah."

Be wiser, *World!*

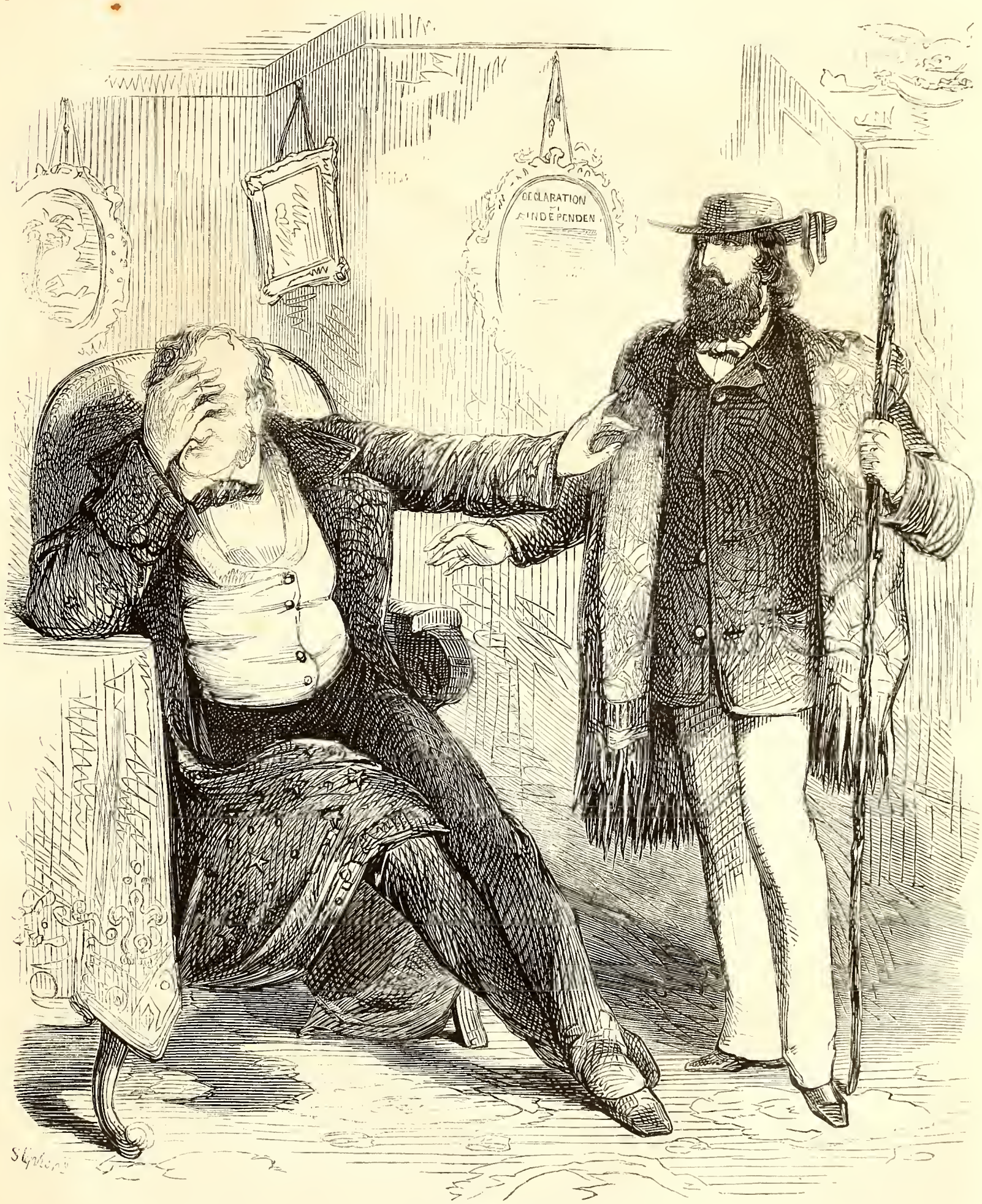
By our Microscopic Contributor.

When did Ex-Gov. Wise acknowledge that he never could be a Great Man?

When he declared himself a Minute Man, of course.

A Mournful Measure.

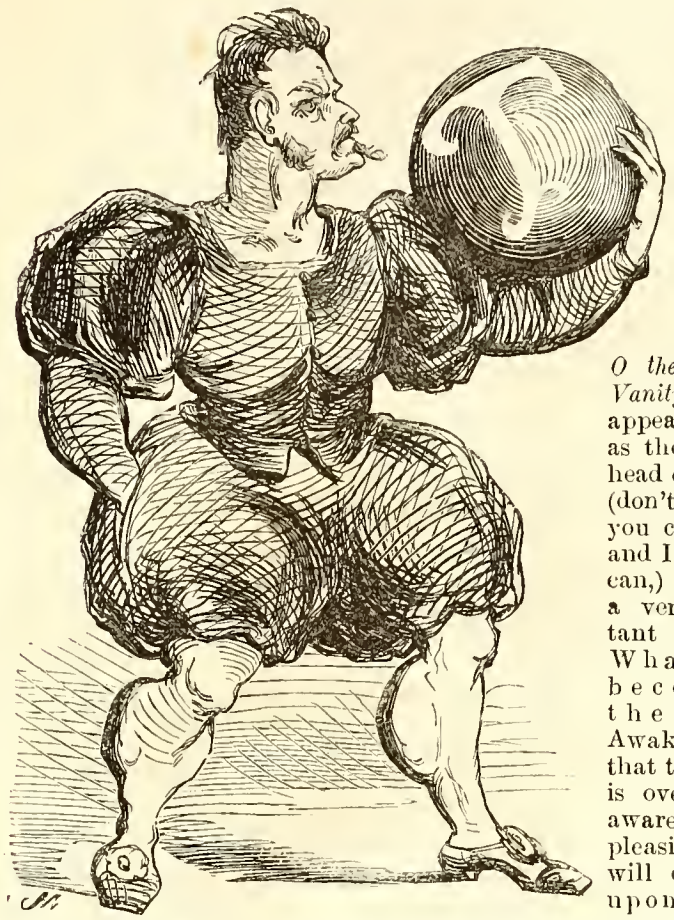
A Widow's Size.



TO-DAY.

"A CERTAIN MAN HAD TWO SONS: AND THE YOUNGER OF THEM SAID TO HIS FATHER, FATHER, GIVE ME THE PORTION OF GOODS THAT FALLETH TO ME."

THE ULTIMATE DESTINY OF WIDE AWAKES.



O the Editor of Vanity Fair:—I appeal to you as the fountain-head of wisdom, (don't blush if you can help it and I think you can,) to answer a very important question. What is to become of the "Wide Awakes," now that the election is over? I am aware that one pleasing duty will devolve upon them,—the task for which they were organized, to invade the South for the purpose of cutting every slave-holder's throat, and making a drum-head of his skin, previously administering half a peck of strychnine to make sure work of it, after which they will proceed to hang, draw, and quarter Governor WISE, and place his head upon the WASHINGTON aqueduct with a Southern aspect; but all this will take but a short time, and what will they do next? How will they spend the winter? Will they hybernate like bears and militia? I have propounded the query to that useful institution known as Echo, and Echo answers "*Quien Sabe*," and as a last resort I appeal to you. What *will* become of them?

Pending Your Reply I will make one or two suggestions. In the first place they might proceed to Greenland in order to be in readiness for the next solar eclipse, when their torches would be useful in dispersing the fog, so that they could take an observation. While they are waiting they can beguile the time and pass ambrosial nights in singing "Dixey."

Then they could find a *Field* for their energies in getting up the balance of the Atlantic Cable, which I have no doubt they could sell to Tiffany.

There is another fine opening for their cape—abilities on the stage. If Mr. FORREST should ever consent to favor us with a representation of Richard Third, they would make a very effective pair of armies. I have no doubt Mr. NIXON, with his usual liberality, would build a bridge over Crosby Street, so as to increase the depth of the stage, (say to the Bowery,) in which case he would get some magnificent perspective effects. Just imagine, O VANITY of VANITIES! the gorgeous spectacle of their serried ranks with the white capes on one side, and the red or black ones on the other, so as to distinguish the hostile armies, which is a Great Desideratum on the stage. They would be supposed to fight by striking together alternately their clubs and their lantern poles, keeping time to the music with that fine rythmic cadence which is a well-known characteristic of all great battles.

There is still another way in which they could be useful. You are doubtless aware that the Histrionic Mind has long been perplexed as to the proper color for OTHELLO. Now I have travelled in my time, and once met with a descendant of the celebrated Moor of Venice whose name was ABDULLAH, BEN ALI, BEN HASSAN, BEN IBRAHIM, BEN SELIM, BEN OTHELLO. I examined him closely, and discovered that his color was as nearly as possible that of a delicate sugar-cured ham. I propose that the "Wide Awakes" should make use of their torches for the purpose of smoking the majestic countenance of our large tragedian to the exact shade; not forgetting the saccharifeious exudation of the cane. (This last clause you will perceive is not English, but Reporter.)

I was about to suggest that they would be useful as auxiliaries at the opera, but on second thoughts, I don't believe they could sing much better than the present chorus, and I am very sure that their gestures will not be so Ineffably Grand and Dignified.

This is all I can suggest at present, Oh VANITY! and I remain in the hope that you will invent something which will enable this gallant band of heroes to crown their victorious brows with still graver laurels, instead of sinking hopelessly into oblivion.

PLATINO.

A STUMPER.

VANITY FAIR for once is gravelled. Equalized horizontally with the minute pebbles of the horticultural promenade. Puzzled, flummuxed, be-mazed, under a fog, treed.

And that not by an asthmatic—no—we mean æsthetic article in the *Crayon*, or a modest utterance by GERARD, or a decent manly leader in the Heralderman's Daily Slop-Tub, or the resignation of General CHAWLS SHANTAFORD TOREFIRE, or the Last Dying S. & C. of BOOLE, or the publicly expressed repentance of Ye Bookbindere and Coopere, or in short, any other unexpected performance, by any of VANITY's little puppets whom it danceth on a string until the world gives it New Fools. These things would have rather amazed than puzzled it.

This time it is the *Presbyterian* (as quoted by the *Methodist*) on Dr. McCLINTOCK. That's what's the matter with Us.

The *Presbyterian* is a Good Paper and has been describing in very good language a very proper event—that of a public profession of religion,, being made by a very charming young lady. And very well, too, does the *Presbyterian* (as quoted by the *Methodist*) get along until it comes to the following sentence:

"It was interesting to see this young lady, just entering into OCENYTSII, a position, too, to afford her unusual facilities for enjoying the world."

Interesting! We should think so. Goodness! how *We* should like to see a young lady just entering into O cenytsii. Wouldn't You like to see one under similar circums? *O—Cen—y—tsi—ii—*! At—soo! We arn't used to snuff.

There's only one little drawback—we haven't the remotest portion of a conception what an Ocenytsii is. It isn't in any of the numerous languages spoken in VANITY FAIR—it isn't in us—or as we apprehend in any other man. But the young lady went into it, like a good fellow, and the *Presbyterian* endorses the deed as an egg of superior quality, so we throw up our cap for the article. Hurrah for Ocenytsii—long may he wave! Bem—bam—boum. "It's Sure To Become Popular."

Anything with Wool upon it.

The *Tribune*, always great upon live stock, notices the acclimatisation in England, of a small but lucrative sheep raised in India, and known as the Purik Sheep. Having discoursed a good deal about the mutton and collateral advantages offered by this esculent quadruped, the *Tribune* winds up by saying:

It is supposed that this kind of sheep would make rather interesting pets, of which children would be particularly fond; and we approve of anything that would be likely to displace worthless dogs in their affections, and at the same time add to their happiness.

How persistently men will stick to their cherished fancies! And so the good, honest, intelligent, traditional, household dog is to be hold up to scorn, and his honored peace to be given to a mutton sheep—eh? Go on, *Tribune*; proceed, H. G.—— Anything with wool upon it!

Worldly.

CHEAP LIVING.

Read the *World*, and get Bored for only one cent.

FUN WORTH THE CANDLE.

It is observed that as the *World* grows more enlightened, it's Steeriu' indicates a Wicked direction. *Sic transit gloria Mundi.*

TAKING IT EASY.

We have heard of a number of persons, who each subscribe for several copies of the *World*, and are not at all indignant at their being only One Cent.

The Bolt that wasn't shot at Bayard Taylor.

Hum-bolt.

ALDERMANITY.

AM probably the most degraded being in New York. I am, I suppose, the *only* person of respectable birth and education who has sunk so basely low—who has become so unutterably degraded, as to positively associate familiarly with Aldermen! Yes sir—I visit in their houses, sit on their sofas ——— but I spare you the contemplation of such abject vileness. Fancy the "home" of an *Alderman!!*

It is not necessary that I should detail the steps of vice and misfortune which sunk me to this Sink of Vulgarity. To be the one man among Them, who ever was a gentleman, is a dark destiny. What I wished to say was that you and others who comment on Aldermen—their "feelings," and powers—do so in as total ignorance as though you attempted to describe a pre-Adamite Amorontholoogosphorus.

The Creatures are not without a certain Sense of Art. They know the color of anything—say of a kid glove—and one among them even attempts Poetry.

I send you a late effort of his. I stole it from him. Of course a man who associates with Aldermen will steal—and own it.

If you object that some of the points in the lyric are not bran new, I can only reply that a poem by ——— ——— should be a stupendous and joyous curiosity at any time.

Yours,

PANCAKE.

REFLECTIONS OF A NEW YORK ALDERMAN DURING THE VISIT OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Now is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this *Son* of *York;*
And all the clouds that lowered upon *our house,*
In the deep bosom of this welcome buried,
Now are our brows bound with *Victoria's* wreaths;
Old HECKER smiles amid his monuments;
Our stern forbodings change to merry meetings,
And dreadful speeches, to delightful measures.
E'en PETER COOPER smooths his wrinkled front,
And now, instead of hatching party deeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in the Opera house,
To the lascivious pleasings of a flute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court a foreign embassy,
I that may never see her Majesty,
And strut before that royal foreign nymph,
I that am dove-tailed in this fusion caucus,
Cheated of office by dissembling party,
Reformed, refinished, sent before my time.
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lonely *and unfashionable,*
I could not get a ticket to the ball—
Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace
Have no delight to pass away my time,
Unless to see the firemen's parade,
And descant on that great enormity;
And therefore, since I cannot earn my bonus,
To entertain this fair, well-spoken boy,
I am determined just now to be honest,
And hate the scurvy pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, injunctions dangerous,
By drunken vagabonds, rowdies and knaves,
To set the "Boord" at variance with the Mayor,
In deadly hate, the one against the other,
For 'tis a common proof, "when rogues fall out,
The honest man will surely get his due."
And if this plan be honest, true and just,
As I am subtle false and treacherous,
This day Democracy will be mewed up.
About a prophecy that says that D.
Of DOUGLAS' hopes the murderer shall be,
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul—here STEPHEN comes.

Enter. DOUGLAS *guarded, and* BRECKINRIDGE.

Ald.—Brother, good-day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?
Doug.—The Wide-Awake, tendering to my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Senate.
Ald.—Upon what course?
Doug.—Because my name is D.,
Which name with Democrat shall ever linked be.
Ald.—Alack! my lord, that fault is none of yours;
They should for that commit your godfather;
They should for that great Jefferson decry.
Belike our sovereigns have some new intent,
That you should now be christened in the Senate?
Doug.—Yes, you are right;
They hanker after prophecies and dreams,
They from the cross-row pluck the letter D.,
"No DOUGLAS" leader of Democracy,
His issue disinherited shall be.
God knows I have no child, I wish I had.
These as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have moved the people to reject me now.
Ald.—Why this it is when men are ruled by women!

Great Moral Exhibition.

The above heart-stirring words stared VANITY FAIR in the face, not in the advertisement list of the *World*, but from a brick wall in a neighboring city, one day last week. Above this startling announcement we read—

MAMMOTH MENAGERIE.

while below—

Here may be found all the RARE, VALUABLE AND CURIOUS ANIMALS known to Naturalists, and is the only pure and correct school where youths can successfully unlock, study and define the GREAT BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY.

So with a 25c. key, we proceeded to unlock, study and define the Great Book which Rare valuable and Curious Animals is the only pure and correct school; evidently not a Grammar School.

We began The Great Moral Exhibition by Seeing the Elephant. Continued with the morality taught by the cheerful monkeys: Witnessed the cruelty of the Lions; the rapacity of the Tigers; the ferocity of the Hyenas. Saw the school for scandal of the Parrots and Macaws. Contemplated the treachery of the "Wrat-tail Snaix" and the "Bore Constructors." Carefully analyzed the brutality of the Bears; studied the indefinable savageness in the eyes of a Wild Cat; and finally concluded that the

GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION

was the Exhibition of the Quarter Dollar that VANITY FAIR made when he Went In.

More Bowery French.

The Bowery Theatre has discovered a strange and terrible bit of gymnastics. Something entirely new, definitely novel and perspicuously startling. And this grand moral Spec, this Festiviviality, bears the name of

LESCHELLE
PERELUISE,

But What Is It? Leschelle is Old French for Ladder. (We've all heard of Trois Eschelles, You Know) But What Is It? *Pere* is father, and LUISE is we Spose a Feminess—but then is Père Luise or is Luise Père, or Either, a Little of Both, or This That—or is the whole a complicated and confounded case of Zoyara? And as it is theatrical, it is of course Epi-scene.

The Bowery is decidedly Much on French. Easy, ready-made French You Know, of the kind which is Sure to Become Popular. Still it evidently has its Perils—for it is always unlucky You Know to venture under a Ladder.

THE PRACTICAL.

"Just left Fred—Confound him and his practical Jokes, Stole a ticket from a pie-stand and stuck it in my Cap, knowing too where I was going."

A Mermaid of all Work.

We are informed by French journals, that Mademoiselle Sarah Felix, sister of the late lamented Rachel, has retired from the stage, of which she, too, was an ornament, and taken service in a family of bivalvular esculents. In other words, the *artiste* referred to has undertaken the cultivation of some oyster beds, on the west coast of France. If the situation is one analogous to that of chambermaid, there is nothing new in the association, for we once knew a *prima donna* who tucked in an unlimited number of oysters every night of her life. What if our own little New York *prima donna* took a notion, now, of doing this kind of thing, and went into business as a mermaid of all work among the bivalves down in the briny; wouldn't there be a nice Oyster Patti?—that's all.

"Look out for the Engine!"

If Liberty is rushing through Italy like a locomotive, then may Garibaldi well be compared to the cow-catcher that clears the way. This simile was suggested by the fact that the hero, as mentioned in his autobiography, was a noted hunter of wild cattle when in South America. Any bull of the Pope's, therefore, will encounter the cow-catcher at his own risk, if he attempts to cross the track.

A Fast Young Man.

The newly born Imperial Prince of Russia has already been appointed to the command of several regiments. We are not informed whether the regiments thus honored are Infantry or cavalry; but if the former, we should say that his small but Imperial Highness is the right baby in the right place.

THE WAR IN ITALY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Bullyraggia, Oct. 27th.

Dear Vanity:—I should have written you before, had I not been behind with my correspondence, but my delay, like my board-bill, is owing to my landlord here, who refused to let me have pens and ink until they were paid for.

An additional cause of unpunctuality . . . and perhaps of unpunctuation in this letter . . . was that I lost my right arm in the engagement before Vermicelli, and have been forced to learn to write with my left. Having, if I may be allowed to say it, left my right hand on the field, my left is now my right-hand arm, the right having left me without a hand to write with. On the other hand . . . but this is becoming involved, and I have important matter to tell.

Although naturally peaceable, I found, on arriving here, that I could learn nothing of the war, without participating, so I went in as a volunteer, at Vermicelli, and though the smoke, and dust, and confusion rendered everybody else indistinguishable, I succeeded in distinguishing myself, considerably.

Towards the close of the contest, I found myself face to face with a colonel of Armadillocs, and a terrific encounter for life ensued.

I drew my sabretache, and we fenced beautifully for two hours. I gave him at least a hundred mortal wounds.

As he felt himself about to fall, he raised his canteen, and fired . . .

I received the whole charge in my throat . . .

Fortunately, this act was performed *in articulo mortis*, and my colonel dropped dead at my feet the moment after.

I also fell. Mortification instantly set in, and I became insensible, in which condition I lay for three days, when I was found by a party of Horse-Marines, who were burying the killed and wounded.

They took me to the hospital-tent of the 78th Tumbrils, where the surgeons decided that I must lose my arm on the first intention. It was amputated between the scapula and clavicle, the incision being over the left shoulder.

A few hours after the operation, Garibaldi entered the hospital tent, and found me playing the violin, to wile away the tedium of convalescence.

He wept.

"Is there anything you wish," he asked, "some candy, a telescope, bird-seed, or a cocktail?"

"None of these, General . . . but liberty to Italy . . . and a commission, if you have such a thing about you?"

"Brave fellow! You shall have both!"

Then, turning to the officers of his staff, "Messieurs, here is a pattern for you. This maimed and suffering person, in the hour of his torture, repines not. He forgets himself, as well as other people. His thoughts are all of liberty to Italy! Here, Battiste!" said he to a hospital servant, "see that the patient is well supplied with pickled onions!"

The staff wept . . .

I fiddled . . .

Unless Victor Emmanuel, by advice of the council now sitting at Brignoli, should withdraw his refusal to permit the Papal supremacy an extension in the Romagna, under cover of the first decree of the Dictatorship, we shall have a fierce skirmish at Farobanc, which is already being fortified by the enemy.

I shall be there . . .

I may conquer . . .

I may fall . . .

At all events, whichever may be my lot, I shall hasten to inform you of the result, at an early hour . . . say about half-past six in the morning. *Viva la Liberta!*

McAroni.

A Melon-choly Joke.

In a Broadway window are to be seen two enormous specimens of the gourd variety of vegetable, labelled, respectively, "Queen Victoria" and the "Prince of Wales." This, we suppose, is intended as a compliment to the royal personages in question, indicating that even by republican eyes they are looked upon as "Some Pumpkins."

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

COLLEGE SKETCHES.

No I.

ESPECTED Friend,—Your College correspondence is just the thing and meets with universal approbation from everybody. Now I am a College boy, and have been through all the trials and grievances together with all the fun and frolic, of that joyous season. From a mighty green *Fresh*, I emerged a self-important, consequential Soph, and so on. But you shall in due time hear all, if you will give me space, provided also that you and the *Typos*, like the immortal BARKIS, are *willing*.

To begin.

In the Spring of 185–, a deucedly green sprout of the Parental Stem, was booked as a Freshman of TRISTRAM COLLEGE.

The daily papers of the city of Hungerford were loud in proclaiming that "a larger number than usual had entered the Freshman Class of *Tristram* College; and the institution was in a very flourishing condition." (We did not know *then* that this was an annual stereotyped expression, and was duly paid for each year by the Faculty—and charged as General Damages, in the Term bill.) "A larger number than usual"—whew! Stand aside Sophs, no tricks now from you, we can whip you all—

But the bell is tolling for the first prayers in the Chapel, and we must go. Why! what a motley crowd this is! There goes a man; I know he is a Senior. See how daintily he treads in his new patent leathers, and shiny beaver, kid gloves, and rattan cane. How kind it is in him to patronize the College by his presence, and condescend to associate with the others. "Is he *smart?*" Don't get too personal! But (*sub rosa*) if he can read the Latin on his diploma (when he gets it) without two Lexicons and six grammars, he'll pass.

There's a Junior. I tell him by his moustache. See how carefully he smooths it and those side whiskers, too; (I tell you that shaving he got one night with an old trowel, has improved their growth); aye, and that stunning cravat tie. Newly fledged Junior, how grand he feels. But he's not worth noticing.

By George! There's a bully, I tell you—he's a *Soph*. See how he swaggers, both hands in his pockets, cigar in corner of his mouth, hat on one side. "Halloa, why dem it all, see the Babies," is his laconic notice of the "unusually large Freshman Class."

And who's this little fellow, just out of roundabouts? See how shy he is! Poor little child, he seeks to escape notice in the crowd. Ah! we fear that that little down on his face must soon disappear; those flaxen locks must shortly fall before the ruthless blade of some oyster knife.

And this big fellow with a huge yellow moustache, and a pile of books under his arm, and a consequential swagger, what class does he belong to? See, he has a pair of window-pane eye-glasses on his long nose, his head hangs down as he walks, and a little black dog trots along at his heels. I'll bet he's a Junior, but let's ask this man. "Please, sir, who is that person?" "That's only old DAISY." "Is he a Student?" No, boy, he's a Professor of Greek, who gives large parties every Monday night to be popular with the students. You'll know him some time."

But the bell ceases, and headlong go the students into the Chapel. In my next, look out for scenes and incidents in there.

ALUMNUS.

"VIVE LE ROI!"

I.

The terrible King of Dahomey is dead
"*Vive le Roi!*"
The terrible King of Dahomey is dead,
But he left a son with a wonderful head
For figures [of men and women] 'tis said,
And as soon as his dad was thoroughly dead,
Every man
In Dahomey began
To cry, "*Vive le Roi!*"

II.

It might have been policy guided the cry
Of "*Vive le Roi!*"
For whenever a King of Dahomey shall die,
Every man must mind his eye,
And away to the "bush" the Dahomans fly,
And why?
Because they're aware—the Dahomans are—
Of an ancient custom, which had its rise—
No one knows where—of a sacrifice;
So one and all bellow and bawl
"*Vive le Roi!*"

III.

This ancient custom which makes them shout
"*Vive le Roi!*"
Consists, I am told—as I said before,
Of a sacrifice offered—a thousand or more
Of fat Old Provincials are freely bled,
Until they are quite and decidedly dead,
When their bodies are burned, to gristle and bones,
And into a pit of dirt and stones
Their blood is poured; then into a boat
The Dahomans get, and sing as they float,
To a tune that is set to a very high note,
"*Vive le Roi!*"

IV.

All Dahomey is singing to-day
"*Vive le Roi!*"
Twice ten hundred of enemies fat
Have poured their blood in the monarch's vat,
Twice ten hundred of gallons of blood;
And where it sprung
King BADAHUNG
Is floating around in the terrible tide,
Hearing his subjects on every side
Sing "*Vive le Roi!*"

V.

I wonder if people somewhere else
Sing "*Vive le Roi!*"
I wonder if somewhere far away,
There are people singing day after day
For fear their blood shall be drawn away,
"*Vive le Roi!*"
I wonder, I wonder, I wonder—but No!
It never will do to wonder so
In the present state of the public mind;
But I think that I could readily find,
Without going very far away,
The reason why, this beautiful day,
Out in Dahomey the natives pray
For a long-lived King—and why they say
"Oh! if the workers in cotton and rice,
Sugar, tobacco, and other things nice,
Would only raise the black man's price,
We never would need again to sing
To save our blood from a a new made king
"*Vive le Roi!*"

VANITY ON AMINADAB SLEEK.

'Tis now some months since some Blessed Brother of the Soap-Sud denomination favored the world with His Views on Tob. (tobacco, You Know,) in the Harvard Magazine.

Blessed Brother was down on Tob. Couldn't a-bear it. B. B.'s article took. Was republished. Was believed in.

But Truth crushed to earth still flies again, the eternal chance is always hers, while Error wondered dries insane and warbles 'mid her worshippers. We kept our eye on B. B., and having ascertained that it is About Time to say something on his theory that the Unpardonable Sin was that of smoking—well—well——

We are all on the broad road to destruction! We are all going down, down to Perdition—ah! We, Us, and Co., all of us. Clergymen, physicians, editors, authors—everybody, that useth the weed, and counteth not Nicotiana an Unclean Thing, and an Abomination!

O Readers of Vanity Fair! O jolly good Fellows, who have occasionally smiled on us in our endeavors to smooth your brows and tickle your several fancies! O Admirers of The Right Thing! Believers in Glorious Jollity! Our time has come. VANITY gives up, Caves, Abdicates. Our eyes are dim; we toss on our couch all night long; we are dissolved in tears! And why?

Because, unless a Hat-merchant can be instantly engaged to furnish unlimited supplies of tiles, that we may pay up our debts to the *Harvard Magazine*, we shall have to do as J. B. is about to do; we shall have to fabricate our pilgrim's staff, and perambulate our calcareous strata. We shall have to dry up, evaporate and blow away. It can't be stood! The *World* has already exhausted our princely revenues by constantly demanding and obtaining hats of us. But the *World* is nowhere in the tile contest in comparison with the writer in the *Harvard Magazine* for March, 1860:—

"Woe unto him that putteth the meerschaum to his neighbor's (or his own) lips!" And again: "For at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Referring, doubtless, to Stamboul Tob, which has the above-mentioned characteristic.

But, come! Let us take counsel together. Let us weep, and mourn, and lie in sackcloth and ashes? And, that you, O aforesaid jolly good Fellow, may join in our abasement, let us tell you the cause of our complaint.

There is a prophet in "Harvard." He writes for the *Harvard Magazine*. He probably writes more for honor than profit (joke?): but if he keeps on as he has begun, he will find that the profit will far overbalance the honor—profit in hats, we mean. Well, the prophet writes a piece on the "Use of Tobacco." He just knocks tobacco; he completely squashes smokers; he rides rough-shod over the prostrate forms of both the raisers and users of the Virginia leaf. He commences by suggesting that statistics should be obtained and published, which should state "how many smokers there are in the University; how many have acquired the habit since entering college; and how many smokers are drinkers," etc. He then remarks:—

"Many a parent, thus enlightened, would keep his bright boy at home, painful as the sacrifice might be, rather than commit him to the rude blasts, and perilous waves of college life; and, standing aghast at the temptations which beset the student, would exclaim, 'Perish the education that can be gotten only *at the risk of the soul!*'"

There. We've gone and done it. We've extracted that paragraph out of the *Harvard Magazine*, and given the article publicity; and are now lying calmly back in our chair, awaiting the thanks of the Editors for purging their issue of March, 1860. Come, boys! don't you really and truly now, feel better for it? But, let us look for ourselves into this paragraph. Observe, that the writer is speaking of the use of Tobacco in college, and cruelly says: "Perish the education which can be gotten only at the risk of losing the soul!"—that is, at the risk of learning to smoke; which is, with him, the same thing. Now that is what I call grand! inspiring!! magnificent!!! sublime!!!! worthy of the Hub!!!!! Likewise, splendid, logical, ah—ah, well, we can't do justice to the subject. O Friends, and Fellow-Smokers! remember, that when you next gently fill the capacious bowl with fragrant Latakia, when lovingly you place your piece of amber between your lips, when you ignite the above fragrant L., and relapse into gorgeous dreams,—Oh! remember that you peril your immortal souls—ah! For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth, an' the whang-doodle mourneth for her first-born!"

But, in the next place; the prophet, assuming (and you will perceive as we go on, that he assumes a good deal) that "hazing" in Harvard and all other colleges, is the result of the use of Tobacco, that its use in any form "is studiously concealed from the user's family (!) and becomes public only when it leads to the Violation of Public Order (!!) or the Commission of Violence (!!!), digresses to speak of Robinson Crusoe. Old R. C., You Know, used Tobacco; and not only that, but raised it, and made money on it; and on that account, You Know, wicked R. C. was cast away on a desert island, and condemned to live all by himself, You Know.

Now, with all D. D.—due deference—to the Prophet, the noble Prophet, the glorious champion of glorious old Harvard, we submit that here he has gone too far. He hadn't ought to attack poor old Robinson Crusoe, had he? He ought to have left old R. C. alone. Because all the boys will get Down on Him like ten hundred rectangular, clay building-materials. O Prophet! When you made the remark, that, while alone on the island, old R. C. "might impair the health of his body and the understanding of his mind as much as he liked"—that "his offences against the moral law would be subjective, simply, and not objective"—then, Prophet, you made a fist of it, you put your foot in it, you made a carom on the table-cloth, like that man in the V. F. some three weeks ago—you did! For, let us carry out your principle, and see how it would work. If an offence against the moral law is not objective when the injury done ceases with the injurer himself, and goes no further—whoop!—*you* could go to some sequestered spot (as you will probably do, some day) and drown yourself; and there would be no harm done. You——

* * * * * * * * *

Interruption in our flow of eloquence, by a chorus of "that's so!" from every member of the corps of VANITY FAIRIES; who, from our Serious Contributor, down to the man who made that joke about Kerosene, have all been looking over our shoulder while we were writing. We were obliged to stop, and engage in a Free Fight, which has lasted twenty minutes. Our Sporting Man, who held out to the last, has just received a tremendous back-hander, and lies gasping upon the floor—the others have long since been squelched. So we return to the Prophet.

We were about to say, Prophet, that according to your theory, you could retire to the privacy of your room, and get into a beastly state of intoxication; and, provided nobody found it out, you had therefore committed no objective offence against the moral law. Mind, we don't say you do so; for we are aware, Prophet, that you belong to the Temperance Society, and think, with our neighbor the *World*, that "it's naughty to drink 'hiskey." We are merely supposing a case. Now also, J. B. who has an old grudge against us, might invite us to his future home, Wheatland, and then and there kidnap us, and imprison us in the whiskey-cellar. If nobody found it out—all right—no offence! Just let J. B. try it, that's all! R. C. might go on innumerable benders, might lie, steal (?) and swear, "until the savages come;" and *then* he must be a model of perfection, moral, if not physical; or else, he might set a bad example to the poor, mild, innocent, creatures, and have them breaking the moral law!

Poor old ROBINSON CRUSOE,
O, Prophet dear, how could you do so?

You made us all think, you had taken to drink,
Ere you wrote so of ROBINSON CRUSOE.
Tink a tink tink.

The Prophet next pitches into Poor Men for smoking, because, says he, they can't afford it. Next, Rich Men (of course including Us,) are blown sky-high, because they ought to, and don't spend the dollar a month, that it costs them for Latakia, in—(well, he don't say what, but we presume it is in) "flannel night-caps and moral pocket-handkerchiefs" for the little heathen children in Booriboola Gha. A good idea, Prophet, we'll think of it.

But hold on. We ain't done yet. Our admiration increases. We have already kicked away the chair in which we sat when we commenced this article, and have taken to the office-stool. Very soon, we shall have to get the whole corps of contributors to hold us down by our coat-tails, lest we should go up like a balloon.

READ THIS!

"Every candid smoker must acknowledge himself to be a public nuisance. In the street he *poisons* the atmosphere for yards behind him—*or at least taints it* with an odor disagreeable to most persons."

"How can a user of tobacco be a Christian? Can a slave be a Christian? No!"

O Jerusha! O thunder *and* dry trees! O— Well, now, who *could* do anything with that? It comes upon us like a thunder-bolt. We say to ourselves, "He who smokes is a nuisance." V. F., you smoke; you know you do. You're a nuisance. "He who smokes is a Slave." V. F., you're a Slave. He who smokes can not be a Christian; because, saith the Prophet, "can a slave be a Christian?" and, fearful then, that the shades of ye ancient Roman Christians, and the many thousands of ye Everlastin' Nigger down South, (such as Uncle TOM, for instance), might reply to the question unfavorably to his views, he answers himself, and says, "no!" How logical, how impressive!

But that's nothing. In a few minutes, he asks us "if it would be pleasant, if within the bounds of possibility, to conceive of SHAKSPEARE with a pipe in his mouth? He compares the successor of HUMBOLDT with a common loafer, and thinks the latter most justifiable in smoking. How delicately, then, does he insinuate the oft-quoted proverb, "He who lies will (be apt to) steal," and deduce therefrom, that he who smokes will be apt to be a drunkard! He does not say, he knows it would be impolite to say, that the probabilities are in favor of the successor of HUMBOLDT, the Pride of Harvard, becoming a drunkard; he merely insinuates the gentle comparison above mentioned, says that he who smokes will be apt to be a drunkard, and leaves us to the necessary conclusion.

By way of recreation, he then indulges for a few pages in ornamental epithets, such as "idolaters," "nuisances," "worse than idolaters," "tyrants," and such pet names; so that we are tempted to think vituperation is hereditary, and that he got his command of abusive words from his godfather.

We pause. We had better; for the united strength of the whole corps of Fairies is scarcely sufficient to hold us down. We are inspired. We long to burst the bonds that keep down our admiration for this truly distinguished youth, and to rise into space, untrammelled by the fetters of flesh; to meet him with a —— whew! It's of no use. We find ourselves lying on the floor; our worn-out pen firmly grasped in our death-cold hand; our hat off; our shirt torn; and seven office-boys deluging us with buckets of lager; amid a chorus of sobs from the C. C. (corps of contributors, you know). They thought we were gone, and that VANITY FAIR was a Desolation, and a Ruin.

In conclusion, let us lay aside the light and laughing tone in which we have thus far spoken, and do justice to our friends of Harvard University. We know, from association with many of them, that they are gentlemen—that they are high-minded, liberal young men. We know that they despise cant as much as we do. Well, then, boys, let VANITY give you a piece of advice, and do you take it as it is meant, kindly. If the Harvard Magazine is, as it purports to be, "the index of the thoughts and feelings of the students of the University," such stuff as that we have just now attempted to criticise will not help either the University or you, among the people who read it. From the halls of Abolition Meetings we expect denunciation; when a great man dies we expect to see foul slander cast on his silent corpse from the Music Hall; but from good, glorious, revered old Harvard, we expect everything that is gentle, noble and dignified. Therefore, boys, beware of Aminadab Sleeks! You cannot drive them from among you, but you can keep them out of your Magazine. At all events, don't let us have any more Cant.

Parsing.

Why should ORR be a disunionist?

Look in the grammar. Or is always a Disjunctive part of speech.

THE FINE ARTS.

OPINIONS OF "THE UNDERSIGNED."

LONG while it is, O most High and Mighty Joker, since I gave you any of my Opinions, and I don't know that I should do so now, were it not for the opening of the Institute of Fine Arts, in Broadway, the other night, at which, I am happy to say, I assisted.

Of course you have noticed the building—the white marble fellow, with what O'Titian would call Katydids . . . meaning Caratydes . . . in front, and two cupids over the door, with the world between them, like Mr. SPALDING and Mr. MARBLE. Well, in that building are the handsomest picture-galleries in New York . . . three of them; one long, magnificent one, and two small ones. All green-baize walls, and red carpets, and dark woodwork, you know; sofas, light green; glittering rows of gas-jets; splendid frames, and things; and there, in the long gallery, those dear old Düsseldorf pictures, that I have known, O, ever-so-long!

Now Mr. DERBY has been and built this Institute all his lone, I believe, and the other night, when Broadway was damp and slippery with the unctuous mud; when the lamps looked haloric through the mist; when

"The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,"

he took and opened it for a Private View.

But, though the weather was "unpropitious," whatever that is, there were many, many of the brave and fair, who congregated in those shining halls. They went to see the pictures. I went to see DERBY. In the two small galleries, the JARVES Collection is hung. Old Masters. High Old Masters. Those curious old fellows with gilt backgrounds, and little black saints and virgins sprawling about on them. What terrible fellows those Old Masters were for virgins, to be sure? Lots of 'em, holding lilies, and apples, and infants, and sceptres, and other things miscellaneously.

A good many of these are gable ends of pictures, peaked at the top, you know, with finials running up at the corners, and mediæval letters around, in spots, on the frames. Many figures with gilt dinner-plates about their heads. Many extraordinary animals in singular positions. Much very inaccessible anatomy and devious coloring.

Still, those old fellows are very quaint and charming. It is a study to trace the little dodges they got from one another, as Art progressed . . . the early dawning of perspective . . . linear first, then ærial. The gradual but severe struggles they had with anatomy, till they became fearfully and wonderfully muscular. Then the abolition of gilding, and the study of Nature . . . let us all go and do the JARVES Collection many times . . . and let me hope, or at all events trust . . . that they are, each and all, Undoubted Originals.

Believe me, Mighty Joker, I had a long and joyous loaf through

MANIFEST DESTINY.

Inventive Swell.—"THERE! IF COLLARS MUST GO, AND IT'S THEIR MANIFEST DESTINY, I SHOULD SAY THAT'S ABOUT THE THING."

To destroy Vermin.

Some statistical person in the West writes that "thirty men have been killed or wounded for life, by thrashing machines in Indiana, during the present season."

Would it not be a great thing for New York if her stepfathers could be prevailed on to procure a number of these Thrashing Machines, for distribution among the various saloons in which our dear friends the rowdies are accustomed to take their little pastime? A forty-Benicia-Boy-power machine, for instance, turned on judiciously in a row, would not only make the chaff fly, but the Chaffers too; and if a few dozen of the fraternity happened to get disabled for life by the discipline, why then the rates of life-insurance might safely be reduced, and even politics become respectable.

Agricultural.

There is such a terrible cry going up from the farmers in several of our pastoral districts about the spread of the noxious plant known as the "Canada thistle," that we should not be surprised to hear of some great fraud having been perpetrated on agriculturists by speculators of the wooden-nutmeg persuasion. Such, for instance, as supplying them with "Weed Patent Sewing Machines" where thrashing machines were ordered.

Our Strong Box.

When we read in the money articles of the daily press that "United States Fives have gone down," are we therefore to infer that the BENICIA BOY is at a discount?

The Origin of Drafts.

Thirst for money.

those galleries, with many pauses before mine ancient favorites . . . LESSING's great HUSS, with the stereoscopic foreground; the wonderful Wine-Tasters of HASSENCLEVER (the small one); the landscapes of ACHENBACH (where is his splendid stormy sunset, on the seacoast, Mr. DERBY?); the Poacher's Last Shot . . . painful, but truthful too . . . LEUTZE's Image-Breaker (where is the bijou of ANNE BOLEYN and HARRY VIII., by the same artist?); the little old head, ascribed to REMBRANDT, and good enough for him . . . or any other man! . . . the sleepy old couple by the kitchen fire; a bran-new favorite, too, LAUNT THOMPSON's exquisite bas-relief of "MARGUERITE" . . . not GŒTHE's, but TOM ALDRICH's . . . don't you know?

"The merry bells shall ring,
MARGUERITE;
The little birds shall sing,
MARGUERITE,"

(I quote from a bad memory) . . . and several more pictures, some of them much too numerous to mention, including that delicious gusty gallop of CHARLES II. and his men, with the dust and sea-foam flying, and the red light of the wild red sunset on their armor and faces. . .

Goodness gracious, what a long sentence!

Well, after the exhibition there was a charming little supper, which I haven't any room to tell you about; but do you know, VANITAS, it is one of my Opinions that this Fine Art Institute is an excellent thing? Art makes us so splendidly Human, and takes off our ugly corners so well. Mr. DERBY, then, deserves all the gratitude that I can give him, and also the patronage of all nice people who are sufficiently sensible to agree with

THE UNDERSIGNED.

Exactly it.

"It is hardly too much to say that the newspaper press of New York, if so disposed, could break every bank in the city."—*New York Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.*

Certainly. And The *Herald*—helped by BROOKS—is doing it every day now in Wall Street.

"A KIND WORD—EVEN FOR THE DEVIL."

A city cotemporary, for whom we have rather more respect than for some of its colleagues, inasmuch as its proclivities are not by any means towards incendiarism and falsehood, manifested, however, a bit of weakness the other day when speaking of brave Judge GOULD, whose raid on the scoundrels made rascaldom tremble as it never did before in New York. In alluding to the sentence of those most notorious sinners ENRIGHT and GORDON, our cotem. says:—

"After disposing of the principal cases, Judge GOULD allotted two years in the State Prison to James ENRIGHT, convicted of ticket swindling, and a year in the Penitentiary to his accomplice, JOHN GORDON. We prefer not discussing the justice of these sentences. Ticket swindling is a very heartless, often cruel, misdemeanor, and should be rigorously punished; we cannot say, however, *what may have been the extenuating circumstances*, in favor of ENRIGHT and GORDON."

Dare say not. Should like to see anybody who could! Extenuating circumstances in favor of ENRIGHT!! Come, come now—this sort of thing, won't do, You Know. Perhaps he *did* leave a Dutch emigrant boarder his shirt once—when there wasn't a chance to take it—or it may be that he even allowed Hans's wife to retain the half of an old comb in her yellow hair. But then that isn't so very extenuating, after all, You Know!

Awful Results!

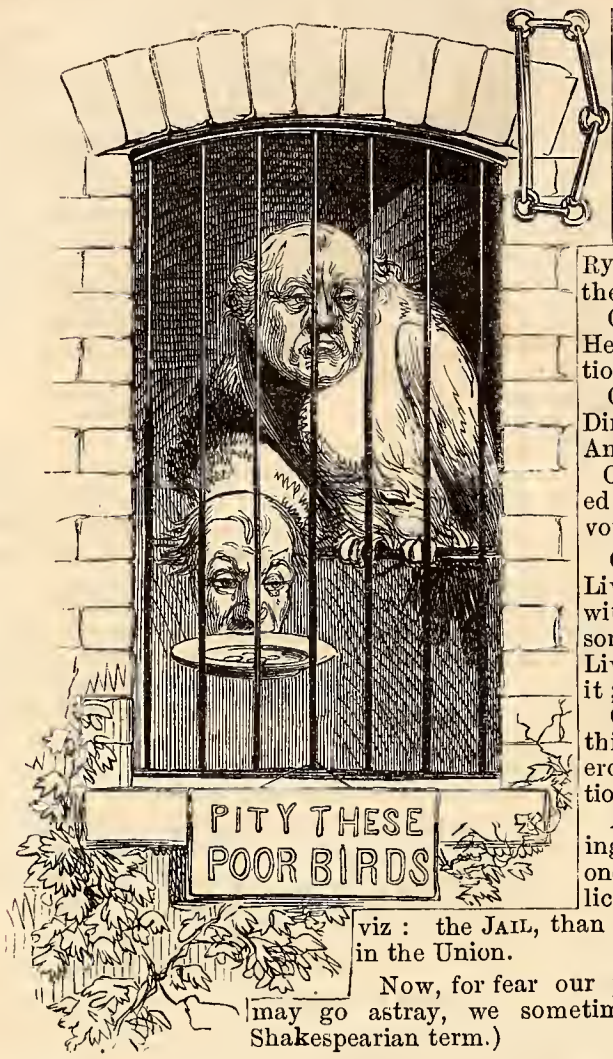
Perchance the most terrible results of the Secession movement were experienced in the office of our neighbor *The World*, on Tuesday morning, 20th inst. The news there received had such a fearful effect, and produced such a frenzy of consternation, that the following paragraph was the best that could be done by the editors, proprietors, printers, publishers, and office-boy:

"A meeting was called to-night at Adger's Wharf to present the well known Capt. Berryofship the Columbia, metto cane, on his arrival, with a gold-headed Palcaptain on leaving New-York harbor hauled down the United States flag, hoisted the Palmetto flag. There is no danger of the banks suspending."

"Gold-headed Palcaptain" is rather good. But don't be so frightened, dear *World*; so long as you confine your intelligence to the Fulton street prayer-meeting, all the Palcaptains in the South can't hurt you.

ADVICE FROM PITTSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 10th, 1860.



EAR VANITY:—We can boast of being the seat of the great Whiskey Insurrection;

Of having the best Old Rye Whiskey in the country;

Of being the Head of Navigation;

Of being the Dirtiest City in America;

Of having polled the largest vote in the State;

Of having one Livery turnout, with a very handsome Greek, all Livery, to drive it;

Of many other things too numerous to mention;

And of making better use of one of our public institutions, viz: the JAIL, than any other city in the Union.

Now, for fear our public officers may go astray, we sometimes (to use a Shakespearian term.) Jug them.

Thus, a few years ago, our worthy Mayor sent the whole Council to jail; a short time after, the Judge sent our worthy Mayor to jail; and now, O VANITY! the Supreme Court, at the instigation of some wicked men in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, have sent our good and beloved County Commissioners to our JAIL, and there they now are, and will be, O VANITY! until, what?—why, until the interest is paid on certain bonds held by these wicked men in the Philadelphia spoken of. Now, DEAR VANITY, you must know that we, the People, have repudiated those bonds. (But do not for a moment think we owe debts, for *we are all honorable men.*) But this, You Know, is only a County debt, and of course those guardians of orphan children, and those widows who bought them for a second investment, ought to have known better; don't you think so? But our beloved Commissioners now form the aristocracy of our JAIL—they have, in fact, given it an air of respectability; the late Superintendent of the House of Refuge is boarding there—it became necessary to restrain him, You Know, in his ambitious system of educating the susceptible females committed to his care. And to show you the politics of our Jail, on election day a vote was cast in our Jail, and the Little Giant was elected President by a majority of two.

But, O VANITY! we have our grievances, as I will show you. We are a great and enthusiastic people in Pittsburgh. We are. We are some on Receptions—in fact, one great man observed after his reception here, that there were more Enthusiastic Fou's in Pittsburgh, than any place he was ever in. From KOSSUTH's time down we have been *loud* on Receptions; and only lately, when BARNEY RENFREW passed through here, we gave him a Galorious Reception through mud and dirt. And our Republican Friends expected to have the pleasure of receiving J. G. BENNETT in Style,—when, lo! the papers announced that JOHN C. HEENAN, Esq., and suite, would arrive here on a certain day and give our citizens an illustration of the manly art of self-defence. And now, list to our grievances:—First our worthy Mayor refused to license the great J. C. H. for an exhibition, forgetting that, as the great Poet observes, "of all the Arts, the Manly Art the greatest of all Arts is." O Moral City! that licenses ten-cent shows, and cars to run on Sunday. O Dirty City! of Coal Smoke, and Good Whiskey and Ceterous.

Well, on the great 16th of November the mighty Champion of the World, etc., with his suite, arrived, and it was evident from the Magnesia Boy's (so called from his magn-ificently-easy) manner, that he expected a Reception. But, dare I tell you, O VANITY! there was nary Reception; no carriage-and-four; no drum and fife, with soul-stirring music; no Committee of Reception, with speech written out; no fair ladies at windows waving rags, etc. O for the pen of a wax-work showman, to depict my feelings when I have to write you this! To think that so glorious a city, one that has so much to boast of,—one that opens her Council meetings with prayer, and sends her Councilmen to Jail—should allow the Champion of the World to pass through and give him no Reception! Why, when our Commissioners arrived here in the hands of the Sheriff, consigned to Jail, there was the best carriage-and-four in the city, music, and lots of people, etc., waiting to show them that we are a Receiving People; but, alas! our glory has departed. In this trying hour, O VANITY! we look to you for advice, hoping you may be able to suggest something that may enable us to partially retrieve our character.

S.

In order to explain more fully the Mysteries of Pittsburgh to all non-Pittsburghing readers, we give the following document, cut from some Pittsburgh paper—whose name we would be most happy to give did we know what it is. WE always give credit, WE do. Stealers of ARTEMUS WARD's and other copyrighted articles please notice:

JAIL OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY—ANTI-TAX COUNTY CONVENTION.

The undersigned, County Commissioners, are now in prison for refusing to obey the Supreme Court in their attempts to compel your officers to do an act which we consider unjust to those who placed us in power. We, therefore, appeal to the people to instruct us in the duty devolving, as we are ready and willing to abide by whatever decision the majority may deem right and proper.

The Supreme Court, now in session, has issued a peremptory mandamus, authorizing your chosen officers to levy a tax to pay interest on $150,000 of stock, said to be subscribed to the Chartiers Valley Railroad Company. We invite the special attention of the tax-payers to this, as well as other matters that pertain to your immediate interest, considering that as all power emanates directly from the people themselves, we hold ourselves in readiness to submit to such, and none others.

Therefore, we call on all taxable citizens to assemble in their respective districts on SATURDAY, the 24th DAY OF NOVEMBER, and elect four Delegates to meet in Convention on WEDNESDAY, the 28th inst., at the Court House, at 10 o'clock. Meetings to be held at the usual hours and places of meeting.

Z. PATTERSON,
J. BRAUFF.

We concur in the call of the Convention.

GEORGE HAMILTON,
JOHN H. M'ELHINNY,
Ex-Commissioners.

Pittsburgh, November 14, 1860.

Happy, happy, noble, beautiful, extensive Pittsburgh!
Splendid Pittsburgh!
Bricky Pittsburgh!
Loud Pittsburgh!
Stunning Pittsburgh!
Holy Pittsburgh!

Blessed among cities art thou—For thou stickest thy Councilmen in Jail for refusing to raise taxes!!!

Is this a Dream?

Oh —— —— Golly!

Fancy Boole and the rest of the Blackguards, refusing to raise any given amount of money!!!

Whew!!

But oh—fancy them locked up! Jugged!! Entombed!!!

Would'nt it be Nice?

Don't talk to us about Provincial towns after this. We distinctly say, Don't. Pittsburgh is ahead of the Metaropolis just about 90 points and a noyster supper. It is.

Jubilate!

In the present inflammable state—or States—of the South, how much comfort is to be derived from the assurance that the cotton-plant does not charge its Pistils with Gun-cotton!

The Latest Style of Jersey Congressmen.

Peristyle.

NOB-ISM.

Nob. (loq.) "WALT-AW MY BOY, I HAVE FAW-TEEN PA-AHS OF PANTALOONS: SEVEN PAIRS WITH STWIPES WUNNING UP AND DOWN, AND SEVEN PA-AHS WITH THE STWIPES WUNNING CWOSSWAYS.

THE WAR IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

CASTORBENE, Nov. 6.

Dear Vanity,—The battle of Farobanc has taken place.

I did not fall.

Farobanc did.

But not without a determined resistance. The engagement lasted three days. The figures, as reported by us, are thus:

Enemy killed,	30,000
" wounded,	80,000
Our forces killed,	2
" " wounded,	5

Naturally enough, the estimate made by the enemy is somewhat at variance with this. They report:

Killed, on their side,	2
Wounded " " "	5
Killed " our "	30,000
Wounded " " "	80,000

The actual truth is probably somewhere between the two.

Of the sufferers on our side, I am pained . . . physically as well as mentally . . . to say I am one. I have lost my other arm.

It is, therefore, with the greatest difficulty that I write these words. But I do not care. My General has bestowed upon me the cross and order of the Sandingabobs, and the decoration of the Knights of Ram-ram Chowder.

The morning of the 30th of October broke fair. GARIBALDI came to my tent.

"You are brave," said he; "and I want a diagram of the fortifications of Farobanc. Go and sketch them."

I went. Long rows of guns frowned upon me from the walls, but I frowned back again. I ascended the parapets, ran the sentinels through, took out my drawing materials, and began.

Very soon the enemy discovered me, and the bullets began to fall about me like hail.

Presently a thirty-two pound shot carried away my india-rubber. A captain of cavalry appeared over the edge of the parapet. I caricatured him. His wrath was aroused. He called his men to follow him to (their) victory or (my) death. They came on, pell-mell, shouting like demons. It was like a Sixth Ward political meeting.

I formed a hollow square, and retreated, valiantly.

They followed as far as the piquet-guard of our camp, whom they surprised at the favorite game of the guard . . . piquet, of course.

I alarmed our forces. A desperate skirmish ensued, and the cavalry were not only repulsed with great loss, but I secured another caricature of the captain.

I enclose you the two caricatures. The likeness is pronounced perfect:

We followed this company to the walls, marshalling our men in perfect order.

The battle of Farobanc began!

The rattle of musketry, the clash of pistols, the boom of the tumbrils and the sharp crack of the pontoons, made a noise like that of Pandemonium.

Armed with nothing but a culverin, I threw myself into the thickest of the fray, hand-in-hand with GARIBALDI, who led, according to his custom, his favorite battalion, the Arabian Knights.

As we neared the walls of the town a fizzling noise underfoot made me start with alarm. . .

We were upon a mine!

Quick as thought I let go the General's hand, and getting on my knees, held the ground down until the army had all passed over in safety!

Then the mine exploded.

The earthworks were literally thrown up. Of course, I went with them.

The explosion carried me high into the air, and when I descended it was through the roof of the hospital of the city. A surgeon, there, was just about to amputate the arm of a soldier who had been brought in. The patient, frightened by the crash of my fall, hastily left his seat, and I fell into it. The surgeon, noticing nothing of the change, amputated my remaining arm before I could think of the Italian words necessary to an explanation.

At the same moment our soldiers entered, in search of pillage, and I learned that the place was taken. *Vive la Liberté!*

GARIBALDI and VICTOR EMANUEL have just been in to see me.

"The bravest man in my army," said the Dictator to the King, jerking his thumb toward me over his shoulder.

"He seems quite 'armless," said the King.

VICTOR EMANUEL learned English in London.

We are now encamped at Castorbene for relaxation. There will be more fighting anon, of which you shall hear.

MC ARONI.

"LO HERE! THE GENTLE LARK."

On account of General SANDFORD, who Accumulated the Prince of Wales and his courtiers all to himself on reception day, many expedients for beguiling the "long, long weary day," were naturally resorted to by the melancholy watchers at Broadway windows. Among other festive pastimes peculiar to the occasion, might have been observed the remarkably light and airy one of discharging feather-beds from elevated chambers, upon the deserted multitude below. Out of this rose a case called up, a day or two since, in the Marine Court—a Pillow Case, in fact. The *Tribune* reporter, in his account of the matter, says that several young men, "by way of a lark after some refreshments, took the pillows from the bed, and taking out feathers threw them below on the crowd," whereupon the crowd objected, and had the festive young men secured.

From the above it appears that "a lark after some refreshments," is a dangerous bird to play with—particularly the skylark, we suppose, as that bird is notorious for getting elevated, and dreadfully addicted to the Morning Call. But why the Marine Court? What could have brought a lark there, and feathers, and pillows? Gulls, indeed, in the Marine Court we might expect to meet, but larks never. Tar, certainly in the Marine Court, but not feathers; and pillows in that anomalous institution only where the parties to the action are all Dutch, and pronounce pillow, *billow*.

A STRIKING EFFECT.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ESTABLISHES HIMSELF AMONG THE INJINS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO THE WEST OF CENTRAL PARK, WHERE, IF HE DOESN'T LEARN SOMETHING, IT ISN'T LIKELY TO BE FOR WANT OF AXING.

A WORD FOR THE WOMEN.

Some wiseacre, writing about the Woman's Library in New York, delivers himself after this fashion:

"The collection is of a very popular character, and is designed for miscellaneous readers, but we hope the time is not far distant when the women of New York will become scholars, and find in their improved library all the intellectual resources which they require."

VANITY FAIR regards this as stuff. Establishing Libraries for women, forsooth? Why not have churches for women; and operas for women; and theatres for women; or special gates through which the dear creatures can enter Heaven? The V. F. enters a solemn protest against cloistering the women in any dingy Library-room, or separating them from the rest of the human-kind in harems, or anything of that disagreeable sort. "Improve their intellectual resources," quotha! Admit 'em to some sort of decent equality with the men-folks, talk about business with them, and look upon 'em as something better than playthings, if you want to see evidences of "intellectual" improvement. VANITY believes that women are quite as capable of turning the Astor to good account as any of the gentlemen who there congregate.

Good.

At the pretty little village of Altona, (Pa.,) where there is one of the best railway hotels *in the kingdom*, the Prince's party were to have stopped for dinner.—*Special Correspondent of the London Times.*

Editor of VANITY FAIR: Will you be kind enough to inform the Special of the *Times*, that we, as yet, live under a Republican form of Government in the Old Keystone State.

Yours, BROWN.

A Dry Goods View of the Case.

Because we hear of the fall of Stocks, that is no reason why we should fear for the Ties of the Union.

THE LONE STAR OF THE PALMETTO FLAG, TO THE SECESSION LEADERS.

I.

O why, good friends, remove me from my brothers—
The thirty who around me clustered were?
Why rudely sever me from all the others
That sparkled with me in the sunny air?
Perhaps you may be right enough, but then,
I'm very, very lonesome, Gentlemen!

II.

I miss the cheery stripes of white and crimson,
That when I shone, shone proudly with me too,
For General GEORGE P. MORRIS to make hymns on—
The Red and White have gone, and left me Blue!
'Tis wrong that we should be coërced, but then,
I am so very lonesome, Gentlemen!

III.

How can you be triumphant and victorious,
When your brave soldiers and your gallant tars
Fight underneath a Single Star inglorious?
How can you make your enemies See Stars?
O, when my brethren shine in fight again,
Let them Count Me In, too, good Gentlemen!

Counted in on That.

The *Herald* says: "We can count a thousand political lies uttered within a month."

Undoubtedly, but cannot most of them be nailed to the counter?

The Fatal Nine.

Strychnine.

BOTHERED.

J. B.—An' is it North or South I'd be afther goin'? Faith! but its in a dilemmy I am.

THE SCHOOL-VAMPYRE.

I.

Let us remember
This Fourth of December,
Which Union, the South are in hopes to dismember,
Not to be such invincible fools
As to put into office any more BOOLES;
We've got a duty to do to-day
No matter what lazy people may say:—
And talking of fools
Makes me think of schools,
And that—of the fact that we've got to elect
People whose duty is, not to neglect
The little ideas that timidly shoot
In the laudable, honorable, worthy pursuit
Of knowledge of men, and women, and things,
And all the delight such knowledge brings.
We've got to elect them; we've done that before,
And many a sorrow is laid to our door.

II.

What do we think when we send our girls
MARY and FANNY with flaxen curls
To school, and tell them every day
To be sure and mind what their teachers say,
Do we know what we're doing? sending them out
To learn of some ignorant brutal lout,
Or worse, far worse, their lives to begin
Beside some woman soiled with sin.

III.

Or perhaps a sister pure in youth,
A scorner of wrong and a lover of truth,
Necessity—driven with ignorant trust
Surrenders her will to a terrible "MUST,"
And day after day, with book and rod
Seeks to develop the image of God.

IV.

From faces and forms in every stage
Of life's progression from youth to age,
And each degree of wrong and right;—
From darkened souls, that rays of light
Have never pierced; from callous hearts,
And cunning heads with devilish arts;
From all that is good, and all that is bad:
While we are rejoicing—only too glad
At the great success our sister had
In getting a good position in school!

V.

Oh! fool!
Do you see the men who manage the school?
The *School-Commissioners?*—Sounding name—
Let's count them over with jealous care
And see who the *School-Commissioners* are:

VI.

There's ONE—he's a loafer; there's Two—a thief;
And THREE—why he drinks beyond relief;
FOUR is a character blasted in shame,
That blisters the tongue that names its name;
Famous in bowling-alley and bar;
Pot-House politicians they are;—
And these are the men with whom you leave
The power to lie, to kill and deceive.

VII.

But worse than these
Are the School Trustees.
Oh! would you trust
In the demon of lust?
Would you hope to find
A noble mind
In a murderer, pirate, or mighty thief?
Why then it passes all belief
How you can send such men as these,
To rule your Schools—*and call them Trustees!*

VIII.

Of women who slowly, but surely fall;
Who must either surrender, or go to the wall;
Of children ruined in body and mind,
Thousands of cases I can find;
But common sense no evidence needs,
For it sees them falling like stricken weeds;
And a system of grand and great intent
By villainous minds is tortured and bent,
Till *ignorance*, *vice*, and *treachery* rule,
Through all the city, in every school.

IX.

Then stand on your guard as Americans can,
And sift out the wretches, man by man;—
Of the alien host who beg as they stand
And lie as they beg on every hand,
Beware! Beware! for your children's good,
And hurl aside the howling brood;
Take your men from those who have something at stake,
From *fathers* and *brothers* your *Trustees* make,
And so shall love and purity rule
And chase the Vampyre out of the School,

ADVICE TO A FOOL.

To the Fool I would say, Beware!

This disgust with your condition, and the wish to change it for a wiser, indicates a morbid condition of your mind. Paradoxical as it may seem, you prove yourself a Fool by wanting to be something else.

You are a Fool. Excuse me,—I do not call you so reproachfully, but mention it as a fact you cannot but admit. Unsatisfied with this title, do you wish it dignified with a profane epithet. For you behave like a Fool in bemoaning yourself, crying "O why am I a Fool! Oh! Heavings, I wish I were a Punster!"

Deluded Individual! To be a good Fool, you have found easy and natural; as a Fool, or Foo Foo, you have no superior. But the Punster is another style of man. What a bad Punster was SHAKESPEARE, who in ROMEO and JULIET makes eight puns on a single vowel, without even introducing a dipthong. Had the Bard of Avon written for VANITY FAIR, such favors must have been firmly, but respectfully declined. Yet you rush in, where he might fear to tread.

I will not deny that it is bad to be a Fool; in business matters 'tis a painful inconvenience. But in all other respects, it is preferable to the condition of the Sage.

The wise man expected to be funny, perpetually disappoints. When BEECHER, the Religious Humorist, says his prayers, the delighted congregation uplifts its eyes, and listens for the jokes; if he leaves them out, he cannot compensate by putting Piety in.

How different with the Fool! Of a Stupid nothing is expected but stupidity—your supply is always equal to the demand. Are not you the man that is expected to upset the gravy at dinner? and do you ever fail?

In numberless instances you gratify expectation. Swinging your cane along the street, you put out a lady's eye; a baby is given you to hold, you drop it, and run to a fire; you whistle at the opera and hum the airs as they are sung; thou art the man who, when PATTI is called before the curtain, cries out "Speech!" you go to bed with spurs on; sometimes you play the Accordeon or Trumpet under the bed-clothes at night, so as not to disturb the neighbors; at dinner you want to borrow a tooth-pick; while the bridegroom stands before the altar, you ask him for a "chaw of tobacco;" you eat pea-nuts at a funeral, and ask the bereaved husband "what sort of a woman was his wife;" you whoop in a man's ear, he turns round indignantly, and you sneeze in his face; in short, you play the devil generally with impunity. People say "He is a Fool!" Nothing more *can* be said. But were a wiser man to do one of these things which you do daily—Heaven help him! for he could not help himself.

Yet you would resign these privileges of folly! You would deprive yourself of almost all society, for in this world, unless we associate with Fools, we are apt to live like hermits. I begin to think now that you are not a Fool, but an Idiot. You have now a chance of rising in the world; you are now eligible to the offices of Alderman or Congressman; you may even become a Preacher.

Stick to it, Fool! You have the best of it. We wise ones would be Fools ourselves, only that you would detect the imposture. Besides, the good of literature requires some Fools, for else VANITY FAIR would no longer have an inexhaustible subject.

Douglas Sub Jugo.

S. A. D. had an Ovation at Montgomery, Alabama, the other day. Our chemical joker says his symbol is, H. S. D.

BOSTON AGAIN.

BOSTON, November 17, 1860.

O! my friend Mr. Fair.—I was *so* delighted when I saw that you had printed the names of the books which I saw in the Athenæum, that I could not help sitting right down to tell you of my pleasure. You see I am a poor lone spinster to be sure, but I think I am not too old to be useful; and now I don't care if they do laugh at me, I am sure *you* appreciate me. By-the-way, how did you find out my name? I missed one of my curl-papers the next morning, did it really have my name on it? You must have found me out that way, for I was christened REBECCA MACLEAN, but Miss SHARP always calls me BECKY MACLEAN, and it must have been her note that I used under the seal of my envelope. But Mr. FAIR, your printer man did not get my name right, and you ought to speak to him. You ought to know Miss SHARP, she's so bright—she came in yesterday when I was reading the *Courier*, and says she "BECKY, lend me the Daily,"—you know that is Mr. HALE's paper; and says I, "It's not the *Advertiser*, it's the *Courier*." "Oh, yes!" says she, the "Animadvertiser." Wasn't that Real Good?

Well, Miss SHARP says that her nephew, young Mr. SPRIGGINS, (he married 'TILDA JANE SMITHERS last April, and *I* think they ought to have been married on the First,) came to her to-day and began to cry, and she asked what the matter was, and he sighed and gave her this paper, and do you think—It Was All Poetry. I got her to leave it and I copied it for you. Oh, dear! how young people *do* run on. To think of his losing his money and abusing 'TILDA, and all the time he didn't know if it would be a boy or a girl, and nothing ready, you know, but 'TILDA I suppose will make it up. *I* wouldn't, but these girls always give up when a man cries or begs them to do anything. Well this paper you see is,

SPRIGGINS'S LAMENT FOR BURLINGAME.

MATILDA JANE and I were spliced
  One pleasant day last spring;
I took a modest little house,
  Her Ma pronounced "the thing."
I spent my evenings all at home
  Attendant on my wife;
My means, though rather limited,
  Still got me on in life.

One night this fall, that wretch TOM JONES
  Persuaded me to go
To see one of those lantern Clubs,
  The Wide Awakes, you know.
I went, the Devil pushed me on;
  I went, I joined the force;
I meant to be "fine member" then,
  And not to serve, of course.

Ambition seized me; I became
  Lieutenant, Captain, Colonel,
Forsook my wife, got drunk,—by Jove,
  My conduct was infernal!
I sounded all my friends, and if
  I found one "on the fence,"
I tried persuasion, reason, praise,
  In short—my influence.

And then I'd brag, and if they laughed,
  I'd offer any odds,
"I'll bet that Burlingame goes in—
  'Tis certain, by the Gods!
There's Chelsea, Cambridge, Nigger Hill—
  He's North End's favorite son—
He's got it sure,"—*I hadn't heard*
  From Doherty's "Ward One."

Well, well, election's past and gone,
  And now my friends drop in,
With knowing smiles upon each phiz,
  And hints of ready "tin."
By Jove! the money that I meant
  Should buy MATILDA's hat,
I paid to-day to ROBINSON—
  I owe SMITH more than that!

My clothes are getting seedy, too,
  But yet my overcoat
Will take the air on MURPHY's back,
  The man I hired to vote.
TOM JONES will wear my winter boots—
  They're RICE's "Alligator"—
I lost my hat—with something more—
  To a curbstone Speculator.

And then the suppers I must eat,
  And pay the reckoning after,
The heavy jokes at my expense,
  The necessary laughter,
The face serene I'll have to wear,
  When all kind friends remark,
"I hear your bets have cleaned you out,
  You're paying for your lark!"

MATILDA JANE, MATILDA JANE!
  I know I've been an ass.
If you'll forgive me, I'll reform—
  I'll never touch a glass.
I'll give away my cape and torch,
  My punch-bowl and the ladle,
And if I'm Wide Awake o' nights,
  Why make me rock the cradle.

There Mr. FAIR, isn't it awful? Were your parents religious, or why did they give you a Scriptural name, VANITY? I had a sister PATIENCE once, and old Mrs. CLAPP, cousin to the grandfather of the Gazette, called her children CHARITY, DESIDERED, and PRESERVED. Were you from the Cape? Excuse my writing, but it does me good, and if you print these I want you to send me a gold eye-glass, because I am not old enough to wear spectacles, and my eyes I think, are getting weak.

Yours respectfully,
BECKY MACLEAN.

To Pulpit Polichinellos.

The time having arrived when humorous exposition of theology cannot be regarded as a joke, it is incumbent upon us, professionally, to aid our young and pleasant clergymen who have taken up that line of business, in their endeavors to shine. We have observed, with regret, the thin texture of a good deal of that bland beverage run off from our pulpit vats under the name of wit. An average pulpit pun bears about as much resemblance to the genuine article, as buttermilk and ashes might to *Clos Vougeot*. A church joke is about as poor a concern as the proverbial church mouse. A shaft of satire from the same quarter is generally about as heavy as an omnibus-pole and not half so likely to stick. What are we to think, for example, of the Sportive Young Man in a black body and white neck who smilingly propounded from his pulpit, a couple of Sundays ago, that "Form in religious observance was one thing, Re-form another"?—or of one who was obliged to conceal his hilarious tendencies with a cambric pocket-handkerchief, after wafting the sentiment, "O how becoming is grace! O that grace may be coming!" Now to those aspiring young persons we say, in all kindness, "no more of that." Come to us for your jokes, if you must make them. We have a large batch of rejected pleasantries quite at your service, and really think that your orthodoxy would not be less palatable to your congregation than it is at present, were you to deck it up with an occasional bouquet from us. How much better, for instance, than the vapid quips above quoted, would the following, (drawn at random from our balaam-basket,) sound from your pulpit: "He who lives Fast will probably die Tight." That's your sort!

NOTHING LIKE STYLE.

Æsthetic Undertaker.—"NOW, MRS. VAN DYDUN, CAN YOU GIVE ME ANY IDEA AS TO THE STYLE OF THIS YOUNG LADY WHO HAS JUST DIED FROM YOUR HOUSE. YOU SEE, MARM, IF IT HAD BEEN YOU THAT WAS DEAD—OR YOUR HUSBAND—OR THE CHILD NOW, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN EXACTLY WHAT TO DO. I KNOW YOUR STYLE EXACTLY.

Dr. Cahill's Last.

The prettiest bull that has been exhibited since the last Agricultural Show is that of the Reverend Dr. Cahill. It was trotted out in one of the learned Doctor's recent screeds about this country, addressed to "the People of Ireland." Hear the bull roar:—

"From Erie I passed on to Dunkirk, forty miles Here, too, as in all the cities along the Lake, the railroad has carried away the small trade of the Lake navigation; and *unless men of capital* and enterprise *come to the rescue of these growing cities*, their present drooping condition must very soon end in comparative ruin."

HANDY ANDY couldn't have done better than that. A growing city going to ruin in consequence of its drooping condition, is even a little ahead of CAHILL's average. Try again, Doctor!

"What Is It?"

The *Irish News*, the other day, had a biography of WOLFE TONE, in which occurred this reference to France:—

"That reprobate of nations was now *in all her fortitudes*. The Convention, accepting the challenge of the crowned heads, had offered *its flaming fraternity*, in the manner of a torch," etc.

Can anybody tell what that means? France "in all her fortitudes" is good. "Its flaming fraternity" possibly alludes to the Burning Brotherhood of ribbon-pullers and fire-breathers—otherwise known as jugglers—of which France was desirous of being rid, You Know.

Sentiment by a Political Poet.

Once, our Statesmen clustered around the Liberty Tree; now, our Politicians only take to the Stump.

HINTS FOR NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SPONGE.

According to Webster, "it is generally supposed to be of animal origin, and found adhering to rocks," for which it seems to have an instinctive affection, but their common diaphragm separates them, and prevents each from invading the precincts of the other: insomuch that the naturalist has never detected a trace of "rocks" in the composition of the sponge. "It is so porous as to imbibe great quantities of water;"—but stop! gentle reader, let us prevent, if we can, the enemies of the great lexicographer from seizing on this egregious error as testimony against his accuracy. With the facilities Mr. Webster could command when preparing his dictionary, apart from the well-known habits of this bird from the time it had a free ticket to the third tier of the Ark, it is but fair to conclude that that definition contains in it a typographical omission. Who, that has the least acquaintance with Natural History, ever heard of a "Sponge" imbibing its water without weakening it with some irrigating diluent—ye whiskey or ye brandy! We give this hint gratis to the editors of the next edition of Webster: peradventure we are in want of a copy.

There are lower species of this genus which are shockingly shabby as a general thing in their plumage; but at present I treat only of the "Sponge" of the first order—*Spongestes Swell-um*. It has a long bill (at the tailor's,) and holds to the maxim, "Fine feathers make fine birds." "It is of a fibrous, reticulated substance covered by a gelatinous matter" called by the unscientific—"soft sodder!" Though the Sponge be "rung out" before or after a period of saturation, it will be impossible to detect the slightest ring of the true metal: albeit, it is of a social turn, and may be seen nightly holding converse with *aves* of a different order; most commonly, however, with *owls*. It is inferred that "it's" mellifluous warblings (it sometimes sings,—occasionally whistles) have a charm for the less gifted birds of night; who allow it to eat of their "feed," drink of their drinks, then send it to its nest—satisfied. The opinion entertained by eminent naturalists is based most probably on its habits nocturnal, that—*in the social fabric, every sponge is a hole, and a hole that lasts longer than a patch.* It is not unusual for this bird to endeavor to be useful at some one period of its life, and it associates with it one of its kind. The eggs of repentance are talked over and laid, and the two together launch into a kind of labor consonant with their self-constituted respectability. It is not unfrequently the wine and liquor business; and the period of incubation lasts sometimes six months, sometimes a trifle longer. At the full tide of their supposed success, when their very numerous acquaintances are most happy to see they are doing well, and think there is some good in them yet—crack! go the eggs, and the sponge resumes the habits contracted in its earlier days.

A Bostonian's Idea of a New York Man.

Dear Vanity,—A few days since, being in the Trimountain city, and walking up one of their crooked, narrow streets, I saw the doors of a negro chapel open; so, I stopped at the door and listened a few moments to the harangue of the preacher. At length, a grave, elderly, respectable looking negro came to the steps, and civilly asked me if I would like to walk in and take a seat. I declined; but, willing to please him, said something in favor of the preacher. My colored friend looked grave and doubtful, and said,

"He is a good man—a good man."

"Oh! but it seems to me he's something more than that. He appears to be laying down the law pretty well."

"He's *good* man. He's not a man of talent;—a New York man."

WAFFLES.

A Grope in the Dark.

Feeling in Wall street.

A PUSS IN BOOTS.

INGULARLY conspicuous in GARIBALDI'S camp at Naples is a certain Countess DE LA TORRE, who wears boots and spurs, the garment usually associated with boots and spurs, and attire of a masculine tendency in general. The reckless disposition of this young woman is curiously characterized by a writer from the camp, as "courage and coolness"—a definition which he illustrates by the following instances:

"In the battle of the 1st instant a shell fell near her, and those near by, thinking, as most persons do at such times, that 'discretion is the better part of valor,' fell upon their faces awaiting its bursting, but the countess, following the example of the great FREDERICK under similar circumstances, stood with her arms folded, and when it exploded she uttered the most fierce reproaches on those who cowered."

We would not go mousing with this amiable young Puss in Boots upon any consideration; because, although a shell could never be so ungallant as to blow up a handsome brunette, who is a Countess to boot—and booted at that—it would be almost certain to impart special fits to any mere male person who might be disrespectful enough to stand in its presence. Of course, the next time a shell walked into the GARIBALDIAN camp, everybody ran up and executed a frantic dance around it, rather than incur the "fierce reproaches" of the somewhat exacting little Countess. But this would be a disastrous proceeding in the end; and, on the whole, we think it more conducive to the health of an army to lie down than to stand up when there are shells around—or, in other words, to live rather than to die. We are not informed where the Count belonging to this charming Countess is to be found when the battle rages; but suppose that in cases of shelling he is either looked upon as of no account, or else desires to be counted out altogether.

SOUND LOGIC, MY MASTERS!

In the Court of Special Sessions the other day, one TIMOTHY FLANNIGAN (whom we should judge to be of French origin from his name) was arrested on the charge of stealing an umbrella. From a report of the proceedings we derive the following items, which will, we think, be found of interest:

"The question arose between the magistrates as to whether the taking of an umbrella on a rainy day should be considered larceny. The prisoner was asked if it rained when he took it, and he said it did Under the circumstances the prisoner was discharged."

If this report be true, and we have no reason to doubt its authenticity, the Court of Special Sessions must be rather a "Big Thing." VANITY FAIR is altogether too prosperous to be in any immediate danger of impecuniosity, but in case we ever should get on a rock, you may depend that we will go out at once and relieve some wealthy individual of his wallet. There won't be the slightest danger in so doing. A small bribe to the policeman will ensure our case coming before the Court of Special Sessions, and once there, the sapient magistrates will discharge us without delay on the ground that we had no money at the time of picking the wealthy individual's pocket.

Won't that be nice?

GOT THE SACK.

We desire to take this opportunity to confide to the Public a fact: that is to say, a—well, A Fact! We have determined finally to become P. M. Not Postmaster. By no means. We have a soul above extra blue stamps, double-rates, *and cetera*. We have concluded to be P. M. (Prodigiously Magnanimous, you know.) We wish in all things to be upright;—indeed if we say uprighteous we do not overrate our meaning In short, the perpendicularity of our prospective intentions is equalled only by the horizontitude of our Benevolence, whose end is incalculably dispropinquous. (Now, then, Public, how do you like this article as far as you have got? Good style, isn't it?)

To seceed (that's a willful mistake of the printer; we wrote *proceed* distinctly and carefully. *We* NEVER *secede*.) To proceed, we have concluded as we observed just now to become Prodig. Mag., which, as you do *not* know, Public, presupposes and indeed necessitates a degree of Virtue hitherto unparalleled in The World. Or even in New Jersey.

Behold the Fact!

We intend hereafter to dispense with the services of a contributor to V. F., and when we say a Contributor we mean an involuntary contributor. And by Involuntary Contributor we mean Mr. GAMES BORDON JENNETT, who has appeared sundry times in this periodical, in various disguises, and to his own advantage. We surrender him unsolicited and in good faith. *Bref*, we are tired of him. He is used up. He is physiologically pestiferous, socially and mentally threadbare and utterly stagnant:—with a green scum over him: two inches thick, and of a disagreeable color. Also he is A. A. (aboriginally abnormal, you know).

Therefore; that is to say, consequently and in consideration of our relation to circumstances in general combined with our Prodigious Magnanimity (before-mentioned) to the Public in particular, we hereby declare emphaticoreligiously and immediately that Mr. JENNETT can no longer contribute, directly or indirectly, to V. F. We've had too much of Mr. JENNETT—can't stand it any longer, can we, public? NOR ANY OTHER MAN!

Therefore this is the end of JENNETT. He shall henceforth be as One Defunct!!

P. S. Except under very aggravating and extraordinary circumstances.

A Happy Removal.

Strangers passing through the City Hall Park in the gloom of the evening, have often experienced fear from the sudden consciousness of a large, dim person about to spring upon them from behind a tree. We are happy at being informed that this cause of alarm, to which, doubtless, many of our nervous and dyspeptic citizens are partially indebted for their afflictions, is about to be removed. The large, dim person referred to, who professes to be the Father of his Country petrified into drabbish stone by some wily sculptor—Thom, we believe—has been bought off from frightening people, by our Aldermen, for a bribe of two thousand dollars. There is a square in front of Tompkins Market—at least a plot of ground so termed, like several other squares in this city, from its being essentially triangular. Into this square it has been decided to insert the obnoxious Pater Patriæ. When this is done, we may "celebrate ourselves," as Whitman says; only let us not be too riotous on the occasion, but act as becomes a moral and religious people. In view of the coming winter, we would suggest to the proper authorities that it might be well to cover up the objectionable petrifaction, when removed, with some thick matting—which might be allowed to remain on when the winter is past, also, in view of the coming summer.

The Spirit of It.

The Charter elections are bringing out the shibboleth of the factions—the war cries and countersigns of the Wards. In one charming locality we observed a rag setting forth that its adherents were "Ready, aye Ready!" though, judging from the symptoms of spurious liquor that greatly abounded on every side, we should have supposed that "Red eye, aye Red eye!" would have been nearer the mark.

Personal.

Advices from Vera Cruz, dated November 7th, state as follows:

"The English Extraordinary arrived last night direct from the capital."

From this we infer that GRANTLEY BERKELEY is again on his travels.

ARTEMUS WARD

ON HIS VISIT TO ABE LINCOLN.

LETTER III.

I hiv no polities. Nary a one. I'm not in the bisniss. If I was I spose I should holler versiffrusly in the streets at nite and go home to Betsey Jane smellin of coal ile and gin, in the mornin. I I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sieh. I should be on the look out for the infamus lise of the enemy, go t up jes be4 eleeshun for perlitieal effeek. When all was over and my eandydate was eleeted, I should move heving & arth—so to speak—until I got orifiee, which if I didn't git a orifiee I should turn round & abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the bisniss. I'm in a far more respectful bisniss nor whot pollerties is. I wouldn't giv two eents to be a Congresser. The wuss insult I ever reeeived was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, "My frends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd *I* wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onet.

There4, hevin no polities, I made bold to visit Old ABE at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfeek swarm of orifiee seekers. Knowin he had been eapting of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippy I thought I'd

address him in sailor lingo, so sez I "Old ABE, ahoy! Let out yer main-suls, reef hum the foreeastle & throw yer jib-poop overboard! Shiver my timbers, my harty!" [N. B. This is ginuine mariner langwidge. I know, beeawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old ABE lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I cant possibly look at it now. Indeed. I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. LINKIN, who do you speet I air?" sed I.

"A orifiee-seeker, to be sure?" sed he.

"Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orifiss I'd take under no cireumstances. I'm A. WARD. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—*both of them.* I eum to pay a frendly visit to the President eleek of the United States. If so be you wants to see me say so—if not, say so, & I'm orf like a jug handle."

"Mr. WARD, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

"Repose in ABRAHAM'S BUZZUM!" sed one of the orifice seekers, his idee bein to git orf a goak at my expence.

"Wall," sez I, "ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!" whereupon Old ABE buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maiding of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orifice seekers arrove & eum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post orifiees, sum wanted eolleetorships, sum wanted furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old ABE would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis erowd eum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfeckly overflowed with orifice seekers, all elameruss for a immejit interview with Old ABE. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of eorn whiskey into him, mistook me fur Old ABE and addresst me as "The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I *you* want a offis putty bad. Another man with a goldheded eane and a red nose told Old ABE he was "a seekind WASHINGTON & the Pride of the Boundliss West!"

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-offis if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "a patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of p atrits this season, aint there Square?" sez I, when *another* crowd of offis seekers pored in. The house, door-yard, barn & woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd eum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Mishygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parler where Old ABE was endeverin to keep the hungry pack of offiss-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fire plaee he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville postoffiee till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" eride Old ABE, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Wiseonsin, in endeverin to erawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President eleek & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire-plaee if I hadn't eaught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate, before another man eum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilently agin the inards and prostratin my voluptoous form onto the floor. "Mr. LINKIN," shoutid the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

Sez I, "you egrejis ass," gittin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread baskit a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the papers *you* want?"

"But I workt hard for the tieket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin' the infatooated man by the eoat-eollar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin' round upon the hungry erowd, "there is seacely a offiss for every ile lamp earrid round durin' this campane. I wish tharewas. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where eppydemics rage ineessantly, and if I was in Old ABE's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "ean't you giv ABE a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death! Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin' sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'origenal and only' CAMPBELL Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—*write for the Ledger*—saw off your legs and go round givin coneerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest livin', but don't come round here drivin old ABE erazy by your outrajus euttings up! Go home. Stand not upon the order of your goin', but go to onet! If in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin eased watch, and brandishin' it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my eage near by, and let my Boy Construetor loose! & if he gits amung you, you'll think Old Solferino has eum again and no mistake!" You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. FAIR. They run orf as tho Satun hisself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you, Mr. WARD, for your kindness?" sed Old ABE, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin I ever repay you, sir?"

"By givin' the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin' ile upon the troubled waters, North and South! By pursooin' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabnit Ministre, WARD?" sed ABE.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got a darn principle! They know how to cater to the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun mustn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains! A. LINKIN, I wish you well! Ef POWERS or WALCUTT wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scacely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us, or any other man! A. LINKIN, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A LINKIN, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each others' liniments when far away from one another—he at tho hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

ARTEMUS WARD.

SIGNIFICANCE IN A POT.

HE 28th of November saw a dinner party given by the leading Republicans at Washington, at which it was agreed that the only way to carry on the conflict with the South would be by frequent rallies round the festive board, so as to keep up the *esprit du corps* during the session. In other words, they are going to try on a little Amphi-tryon.

There is nothing new in this kind of political junketing. England has her white-bait feeds at Greenwich, where there is an observatory maintained solely for the purpose of observing the heavenly bodies that participate in these banquets, and of recording the political philosophy thereat propounded.

The political pot at Washington, however, is much more likely to boil over with black Bait than with white; on which account—as there are precedents for our following English tradition in nomenclature—we take the liberty of suggesting to the festive Republicans of the Federal Capital, that they should adopt in a modified form the white-bait dinners of ministerial British import.

When we say "in a modified form," we mean with such significant alterations as will suit our time and country. Instead of White-Bait dinners, for example, suppose that the contemplated series of meals at Washington be initiated under the designation of Black-Bait breakfasts.

At these banquets, an endless political significance might readily be obtained through the medium of the *carte*, which, indeed, by a proper constitutional arrangement, might be made available as a key to the language of meat and drink—a medium quite as rational, if somewhat less romantic, than that sickly interchange of sentiment known as the "language of flowers."

The Language of Meat would be calculated to meet many contingencies in which reserve might be a necessary element.

Mutton, for example, would be suggestive of Wool, which, in extension, would signify the sable Author of Much Trouble.

J. G. B., of the *Herald*, might be typified by a roasted Sucking-Pig, with an Apple of Discord in its mouth.

The mention of Spinach or Asparagus would afford suggestions for a fine table-pun. "We know a Weed worth two of that," for instance, in allusion to Thurlow.

Lamb, with Mint sauce, would indicate the Treasury, and public money-bags in general. There would be a great run upon this diet.

"Do you take *blanc-mange?*" would give an opportunity for a declaration such as "No, I thank you; I side with Greeley, and think there is nothing like Black Pudding. Color for me."

The hasty demolition of an *omelette-soufflée* would pointedly express the confidence of the eater that the small kind of disunion at present blowing will speedily be roared down by old Boreas of the North. To which the retort courteous may be the offer of a *vol au vent*—signifying that it's an ill wind—et cetera. Should there be an involvement—we beg pardon—we mean an involution of monetary questions and Muslin Lobbying, the last dish may be *a la financiére*. There are a great many fine Nancies flying round loose in Washington during the Third House Season. (Wait till we publish our Startling Revelations of Crinoline Diplomacy.)

f Terrapin will signify—"How strong the ground feels under my eet!—how securely my pins are planted on *Terra firma!*"

Goose—roasted goose—will stand for everybody who says he thinks the South wind is good for the Northern Corn. But Goose will be the great dish—in fact the Peacock Pie to swear by. A glance at it—a nod—the whispered "Sound?" and the affirmative nod—oh, there'll be no doing without the goose.

Pot au feu would be significant of the South in general, and of South Carolina in particular. Wouldn't it be "gone into"?—rather!

"Do you like tomato-sauce with your sweet bread?" "Yes; I go in for the Union." This would be very pretty and eloquent.

"Assorted Pickles"—the five unmanageable States.

"Currant Pie"—the one in which everybody wants to have a finger just now—the great current event of the day.

In the wine way, particular brands would mean worlds of things. A great deal would be done under *La Rose*, of course, her *Villanye Muscatel* would probably have the call: there is no end of *Villanye* about during a session at Washington, as VANITY means to show.

There are but a few suggestions as to the way in which a Carto might be made available for the conveyance of political burdens. The idea is capable of unlimited extension, and worthy of the consideration of the Feeders at the Feederal Capitol.

With Ice.

We call special attention to the annexed:

"Our readers will be gratified to learn that, on Saturday, Judge GOULD pronounced sentence upon BILLY MULLIGAN, condemned him to imprisonment in the State Prison for four years and six months. Before sentence prisoner's counsel intimated that, if his client were at liberty, some of the journals would be made to regret the inexcusable liberties they had taken with his name."—*World Dec.*

VANITY FAIR begs leave to say that if in BILLY MULLIGAN the world has seen the culmination of outrageous villainy long suffered to escape punishment because of Political Influence, it has on the other hand witnessed a not less remarkable spectacle in the counsel who could thus openly threaten with Murder the editors of New York who had dared to comment freely on one of the most notorious ruffians in existence.

However, the Model of all the Manly Virtues has gone up to Sing Sing by this time as a Glorious Example. Hurrah for Judge GOULD. Hip, hip, hurrah.

And may he sentence lots more of them!

A One-Horse Aphorism.

There are ways of doing things, *and* ways. For instance, a man may try the Mettle of his horse without biting a piece off one of the animal's shoes.

EFFECT OF THE LATE COLD SNAP.

NO SIGN.

One of our Boston readers—Boston by the way is beginning to be high-pressurely exercised over VANITY FAIR: it bought up all our last edition and bid a shilling premium on single numbers—Boston reader we say, sends us the following from the *Traveller*:

"It is said that every Episcopal clergyman in Charleston has omitted the usual prayer for the President of the United States. Letters mention that one of the most prominent statesmen of South Carolina, on noticing this omission, rose from his pew and left the church where he had gone to worship."

Oho'!—that proves nothing. Old Buck, You Know 's past praying for. And then he's no President. These facts were settled by VANITY FAIR long ago, to the full satisfaction of All Parties.

To our Lady Readers.

When are lands like certain animals?
When they're Fallow, Dear.
Why is a small dog like Punch or Judy?
Because it's a Pup, Pet.
Why is a young lady cutting High Dutch on the Central Pond like a popular song?
Because she's Skaty—Darling.
Why is a fact like my Devotion?
Because—ah—because it's True—Love!
Why is a catarrh like Total Immersion?
Because it's a Cold—Duck.

Exactly.

"When I once more felt the breath of the tempest on my brow," said BUCKLEHERR, "'twas a perfect treat." "I see," quoth JEEBUS. "You were re-galed."

THE WAR IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

FACETIA, November 15th, 1860.

DEAR VANITY:—GARIBALDI has resigned!

Your American newspaper correspondents are all making a great mistake. He did not resign in favor of VICTOR EMMANUEL, but in favor of myself. I am now at the head of the Army of Italian Independence, and my friends here are pleased to hint that the position is not an unbecoming one for me.

But if fortune has smiled upon me, misfortune has also frowned. I have lost a leg.

It became necessary, last week, to take this town, Facetia, where I now write. The Dictator was indisposed—laid up with an attack of his old enemy, a spavin in the left ear.

"McARONE," said he, "lead my men to victory. Head the Arabian Knights yourself, and take that darned town."

I mustered my troops—perhaps, in respect to the Ex-Commander, I should say Our troops—and we marched upon the place. It was a fine day. The men were in excellent humor. We marched in open order, or rather in open defiance of all order, and the scene was both gleeful and picturesque.

The Arabian Knights, in their splendid uniform, composed entirely of crimson silk fringe; the 78th Tumbrils, in their suits of complete armor, lacking only the helmet, gorget, cuirass, greaves, and gauntlets; the Boomerangers, each with his polished gonfalon shining in the sun, and the Zoo-zoos with their showy dress and barbarous antics, all presented a spectacle at once amusing and instructive, and calculated to inspire the beholder with emotions of mingled awe and admiration.

The Zoo-zoos, as they advanced, chanted their peculiar and terrible war-song, which never fails to produce a panic among their foes. As we approached Facetia, the panic was so great that their best railroad stock went down to 73*a*74. Bullyraggia & Castorbene R. R. sold at 85 and falling. Facetia Bank of Confidence was held at 12 per cent. discount, with few buyers. Consols were nowhere, and the consuls all ran away.

The song which produced such terrific results will be interesting to your readers:

Chantons un chanson a six sous,
La poche pleine de ble:
Vingt-quatres oiseaux noirs
Cuits dans un pate!

Quand le pate s' ouvrit,
Les oiseaux levaient leurs voix,
N'etait-ce pas un joli plat
Mettre devant le Roi?

You can fancy the effect of these awful words, sung in perfect time by 130,000 men, at the top of their voices!

The enemy met us at the bridge before the gates of the town. They numbered 500,000 men, rank and vile,* and were all apparently spoiling for fight. We, on the contrary, were fighting for spoils.

"Forward, comrades!" I cried, brandishing my sword; "Liberty and Pillage! Follow me!"

The charge was tremendous. We rode them down like sheep; very much like sheep, in fact.

We swept over a battery of Flying-Artillery, spiked the guns and horses, took the men prisoners, and completely routed the entire last wing and second joint of the army.

The wild chant of the Zoo-zoos rang high above the din of arms. The enemy retired within the wall, hotly pursued by the Eighteenth Precinct Police.

I emerged from the fray, covered with mud, blood, and glory.

The artillery, assisted by the 12th Pompions, began storming the town.

I went home to dinner, and returned just as the walls fell. I led the Arabian Knights once more. "Pillage and McARONE!" was the war-cry. In ten minutes, I hoisted our flag with my own hands, above the citadel.

But I was not unscathed. The excitement had prevented me from feeling pain, and it was not until I returned to my tent that I discovered my injury. When I took off my jack-boots, my left leg came off with the leather encasing. I then remembered that I had received a sabre-stroke on the thigh, early in the engagement.

The next day GARIBALDI resigned in my favor.

"My occupation," said he, "is been and gone. I'm going to farming. Whenever you want any vegetables, let me know."

Stern and stoical as I have become, I was greatly moved. I wept copiously.

"Good day, General," said I; "I could have better spared a better man. Be virtuous and you will be happy."

He lingered a moment, with his face upturned in the dying light of the sunset. It was a farewell to glory, to honor, to life, to Italy.

"That's so," he murmured, and went.

I haven't seen him since.

The war is nearly over, but you shall hear once more from

McARONE.

* Probably a *lapsus penna* for "rank and file."—[EDS.

THE CITY FATHERS OF ALL EVIL.

ESOLUTIONS are wonderful inventions. There is a saw, something trite, but not unmeaning, that says a Certain Place, unmentionable to ears polite, is "paved with good Resolutions." What hosts of material must the Resolutions of Our City Fathers furnish for that tropical and sulphurous locality! What mighty paviors are BOOLE, and BRADY, and TUOMEY, and GENET, and *id omne genus!*

They have been at it again. The Press was the object of their "sacred animosity," this time. The *Tribune* had used disrespectful language in speaking of BOOLE. The *Herald* had been irreverent touching TUOMEY. The *Express* had couched an article on BRADY in sportive terms, and other journals had not lacked in bitter or mirthful images whereewith to characterize the Noble Board. As for VANITY R!

Whew!!!

So, last week, the blood of the Fathers arose to their pendulous cheeks and carbunculated noses, empurpling them far beyond the customary glow conferred by the brandy of Tammany Hall, and the whiskey of The Pewter Mug. Much like the Hyrcanean Beast, they arose in the dignity of Aldermanliness and holy wrath. If the *Tribune* could jeer, the *Herald* jibe, the *Express* scoff, and other papers join in the fracas, they too could be humorous and severe. Alderman STARR—*sic itur ad Astra*—became funny beyond the lot of mortals, and did this:

"*Whereas*, In the issue of Saturday morning's *Tribune* newspaper, an article appears reflecting upon the members of this Board particularly, and strictures are made on the acts of the Board authorizing the purchase of the statue of Washington, now and for some time past, erected in front of the City Hall, the article in question concluding with the following suggestion: 'As we have nothing to remind us of BOOLE and his companions, after their term of office has expired but the debts they have saddled us with, it will not be altogether a bad idea to have this statue as a suitable memento of them, and let it be set up in one of our dirtiest thoroughfares, which may be called *Boole-vard*, as an awful example to posterity.' And

"*Whereas*, An abject deference to public opinion, as represented by the newspaper in question, should govern the action of members in this Board, and that suggestions made by such disinterested friends as the editor of the paper or author of the article, should at once be gratefully accepted, and acted upon favorably by the Common Council, be it therefore

"*Resolved*, That the statue now in front of the City Hall, recently ordered to be purchased, be and the same is hereby assigned a location in the counting-room of the *Daily Tribune* office pursuant to a suggestion contained in the issue of the aforesaid newspaper, that the filthiest locality in this City be assigned for that purpose; and that the Street Commissioner be and he is hereby authorized and directed to carry this resolution into effect."

But in effect, it wasn't carried. It was only intended as a thorn for the *Tribune's* side, so in obedience to a motion by Alderman OWEN, it was withdrawn.

Then came the question of the Japanese Swindle, about which the Fathers are hugely exercised in mind. They have waited and waited, till the public and the press should forget all about that little bill of One Hundred and Five Thousand Dollars, that they might pop it through, quietly as a burglar pops through a skylight; but the public and the press won't forget it. This exasperates the Fathers, some of whom are growing seedy, and running up heavy scores in the grog-shops, while waiting for the "little difference" to drop into their gaping pockets.

Hence the kind mention of the press, for which we are indebted to Messrs. STARR, GENET, and BRADY. The former thought that all idea of plunder should be given up, the items of the Japanese Swindle collected, cut down to a reasonable amount, paid, and made public. This he said because he stood as one of the committee on the Japanese reception, "a political plunderer, a condemned knave, a thief," which words he quoted from a daily paper, probably for want of more appropriate ones of his own. He then quoted further, saying that this daily had mentioned the Fathers as "unwashed, dirty, foul-mouthed, and rum-drinking," but to these terms he did not take so kindly. On the contrary, he thought that the editor of the paper in question was better described thus, and that "his assistant looked like a graduate of a three-cent rum-shop, whose face (the rum-shop's?) was generally so dirty that it might be taken for a colored meerschaum."

The Board became bored, and when these Aldermanipulations were finished, Father GENET signified his joy by a hilarious exclamation, coupled with the ignition of the festive cigar. Between the aromatic whiffs, this gentlemen objected to any settlement of the reception-bills just now. The Controller ought to see the items, and if they amounted to One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, even, they should be paid. He, Alderman GENET, was pained to see that any of his colleagues should mind "the baby-talk of the press," which he further denominated "newspaper babble."

Alderman BRADY wanted to sink the denunciatory press into oblivion; by what means, he did not say. He assured his colleagues that he still swam on the surface . . . so does all other scum, Mr. B. . . . and as he should undoubtedly be nominated that night, and was a big gun in his district, election was certain for him, no matter what the papers said!

Bully for BRADY!

By the kind assistance of Messrs. CORNELL, DARRAGH, and others, a nice little squabble was inaugurated. When it subsided, Alderman GENET, feeling himself still capable of something, arose to speak, but found that he had nothing to say after all, so he repeated his assertion that newspaper-talk was baby-talk, and threw out the rather alarming hypothesis that the papers made their pennies by robbing the Board and other city functionaries of their character!

How the Honorable Gentleman imagines one can make a living by stealing Nothing, is a question.

This "baby-talk" seems to be a favorite *mot* with the Fathers. The newspapers may be children, but they are of the "wise" kind who are said to "know their Fathers," and are bold enough to tell all they know.

Which makes it Bad for the Fathers.

"THE AMORPHOUS."

Dear Vanity:—Will you suggest to the Common Council the propriety of placing the "Statue of WASHINGTON," if purchased by the City, within the grounds of the Blind Asylum?

PHILANTHROPY.

We will, we do. We suggest that not only the brown-stone What Can It Be in question be placed there, but also divers others works of Art such as:

The portrait of GERARD.

Ditto of a School Trustee taken as a Satyr.

Ditto of GEORGE LAW, taken as St. Lawrence on a gridiron.

Ditto of BILLY MULLIGAN, as the bowld brigand.

Ditto of ENRIGHT as FAGIN.

Ditto of BENNETT in his celebrated character of The Horse Chaunter.

Ditto of Mayor WOOD as Mephistopheles discoursing on Theology.

Ditto of the whole city government as Pandemonium on the Fourth of July.

And then, when the poor blind bewail their loss of sight, people will describe to them the Statue and the Pictures, and the afflicted will be comforted at reflecting that what they Don't see is perhaps something of an offset for the pleasanter objects which they Can't.

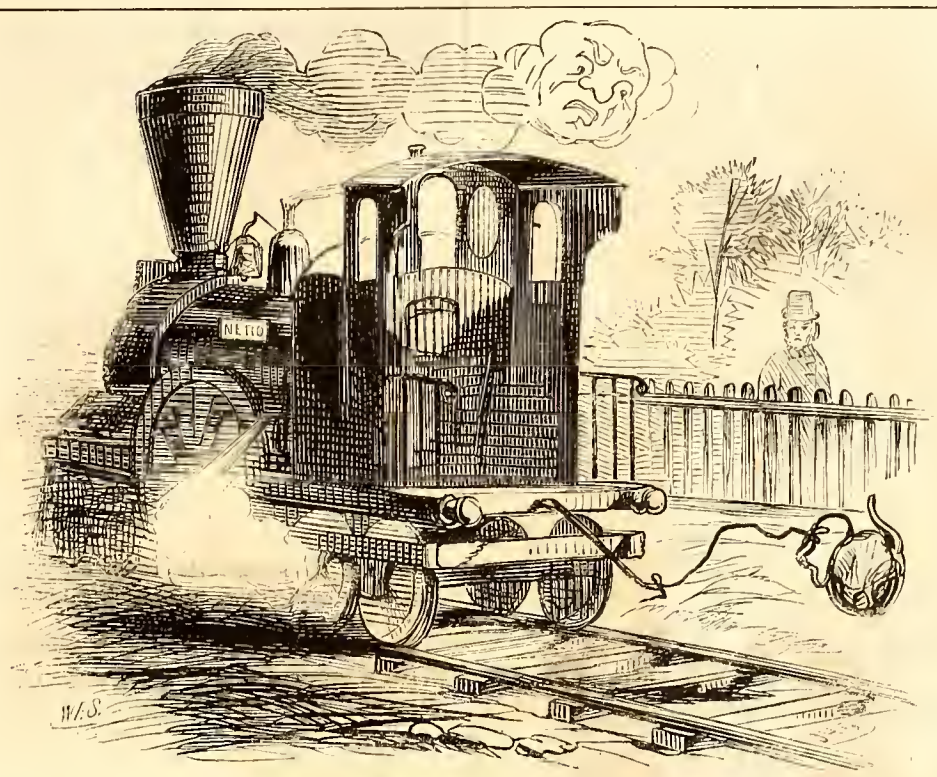
"Where is Fancy bred?"

The *Herald* of last Sunday has a couple of pages devoted to the horses of New York and their owners. Among the latter, we are told, is a fast cracker-baker, who makes the dust of Astoria road fly with "a beautiful sorrel mare that is a kind family horse and can trot in 5 minutes."

Considering the color of the animal referred to, in connection with some collateral circumstances, our inference is that she must be of Ginger Bred stock.

The Miss Take of a Life Time.

Getting married. It is just as you happen to take it, though.



"THE HEIGHT OF CRUELTY!"

Fishy.

FROM OUR SPECIAL MERMAN.

However doubtful it may be whether Georgia is going to secede, it seems pretty certain that she is going to see shad,—the first one of the season having been served up at Savannah on Thursday, the 22nd of November. And the best shad of our New York season are still J. M.—in the market. So the first and last links in the Scale of the year are completed.

By the way we may remark that though they are always Alose in the French markets, shad are anything but a drug in ours.

That's it.

Our Easy Contributor don't think it wonderful that a knight of the Middle Ages should have been a prominent character—he was always going round on his Tilts, you know.

A "Bad Fix."

The Spiritualist who outlives a number of his creditors, must have a hard time of it, seeing that his duns, instead of being dead and gone, are dead and come.

PROPOSED EMBARGO ON COTTON.

Our Southern brethren have a way of talking tall, where cotton is the theme. This is natural, and perhaps inevitable. Cotton is a great product; emphatically a Big Thing—beats "some pumpkins," or other vegetables. VANITY admits its importance, not only to the world in general, but to that Better Creation, to which all the rest of mankind would cotton, if crinoline would only allow the necessary contact. Cotton is not only the chief agricultural Staple of the South, but it may also be called the principal Hinge of Northern commerce. Cotton is King, say our Southern friends; his reins, however, are light, and his crown unusually easy, as it is scarcely, Felt. Perhaps it assumes the comfortable shape of a night-cap; But as Cotton is king we suppose the *sesquipedalia verba* constitute the Court language.

But there is another congenital and hereditary reason for the connection between tall Talk and Cotton. Once upon a time it was used to produce a curious sartorial effect. Masculine garments were unduly extended by its insertion. VANITY has heard that feminine apparel even now assumes a local rotundity from the same cause. VANITY distinctly rejects that imputation. In the barbaric period vaguely referred to as Once Upon A Time, the article in question was designated Bombast, from bombax, the cotton-tree. In the course of that curious transmigration to which words, as well as souls are subject, the effect took the name of the cause, and anything inordinately puffed out or inflated was designated bombast. Thus that madcap Prince of Wales, Hal, called old Jack a "sweet creature of bombast." VANITY is very sure that the just-departed Prince found no occasion to bestow such an antiquated epithet upon any of our great cotemporaries; by no means—certainly not. VANITY would not venture such an insinuation. The Chancellor of the Uuiversity, or the Principal of the Spingler Institute, might consider it personal. Might see proper to call on Fighting Editor, as per advertisement. Any such Soft Impeachment is therefore distinctly repudiated.

From such material application of the term, the transition to a metaphorical meaning was simple and easy. Bombast, nowadays, is sometimes independent of cotton. But it's hard to get rid of old associations; natural relations especially—(particularly the poor ones—they Cotton very close). Therefore, VANITY says, there's a family tie between tall Talk and Cotton. The same original nature is in both. VANITY won't quote what Horace (Poet Horace, not Philosopher Horace) says on this subject, because VANITY is better authority than any Poet or Philosopher, dead or living. But VANITY declares that Yankee ingenuity can't invent any kind of fork that will pitch the nature out of anything—or any other masheen.

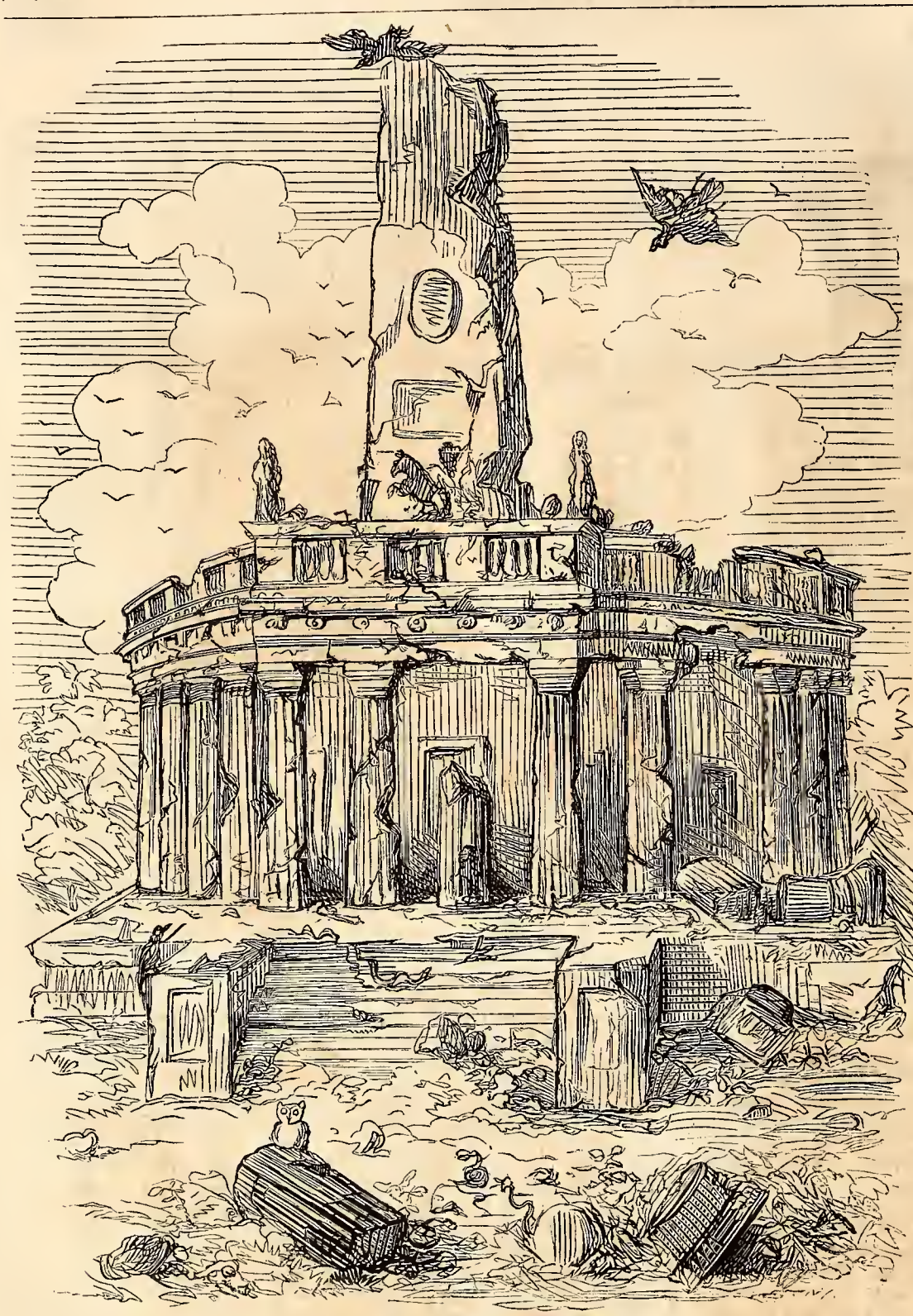
Now, our Southern friends threaten to Embargo their cotton. They mean to show us the difference between cotton States and States without cotton. VANITY wants to know two things—what they'll do with it, and what we'll do without it. VANITY conjectures that it is a serious contemplation to Bombast the whole of Mason and Dixon's line, as old Hickory did his lines at New Orleans. That's *se offendendo*, by Goodman Delver's logic. But cotton is proverbially hot—much more so. It is violently explosive—beats gunpowder, or other projectiles. VANITY, therefore, further thinks that fire-eaters will not keep the article for home consumption, but will Discharge it at invading abolitionists, instead of Unloading it in Northern Ports. Bang! rub a dub, bang! VANITY thinks that'll be Civil warfare; interchange of products.

But MASON and DIXON's line is some distance off—very few people, particularly politicians, know exactly where. Sufficient at present to know it's Down There—VANITY wants to look nearer home, and find out what we'll do without cotton. Can we get a substitute? That question has rather exercised Political Economists and manufacturers, on t'other side the whaling pond. VANITY ventures a suggestion—VANITY will not stand convicted because the returns of the last Census are so slow that the proper statistics are not now accessible—VANITY therefore is to be distinctly understood as only *suggesting* COTTON TAILS. Our state is remarkably Furtail in animal and other products. Rabbits are fertile in theirs. Besides we have innumerable specifics to make *hairs* grow with incredible Rabbitity. VANITY is free from Dogmatizing; but in a matter which runs on all fours with great industrial pursuits, and in view of a possible catastrophe, it would be pussilanimous not to put the public on the right scent. Should this course fail, the game is up, and we have only to consider what's to be done without Cotton. It is certain we cannot look to Wool as an alternative. That, too, is an S. S. (Southern Staple, you know), and, no doubt, will be subjected to a stricter embargo than cotton itself. As an incidental consequence, underground railway stock must go down beyond reclamation. This, however, is but a Fugitive evil. The lasting embarrassment recurs—what are we to do without cotton? We would find ourselves in a Web of worse than Eu-Rope-an complications. The proposed embargo would shut all our ports, as well as Southern Harbors—many of our houses would cease to be *Custom* Houses. The Collection districts would be dollarously restricted. Commerce would Laudguish. The now Loominous prospects of manufacturers would become *geloomy* indeed. Industry would sink in the dust. Free labor would enjoy uninterrupted leisure. Credit would fail, Banks be at a discount, Exchanges stand still, Stocks no longer branch out, Railroads cease to become common carriers, Steamboats lie idle at "Lethe's Wharf," the common Weal would cease to revolve. All Fellowship of society be en-Tirely subjected to the fearful whirl of Revolution.

VANITY will not dwell on the myriad discomforts of a cottonless community. Cotton interweaves itself with the whole web and fabric of civilization. VANITY apostrophises Southern humanity. Think of the dismal destitution which threatens your Northern Brethren. VANITY appeals to the chivalry of the "sunny South." Remember the fair daughters of the frigid North, with scarce a shred to wear, unthreaded, stitchless, shiftless, left in Cottonless Despair.

Firenze la bella.

TOM FLORENCE, the Bellows.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

"WHEN YOUR CHILDREN ASK THEIR FATHERS IN TIME TO COME, SAYING, WHAT MEAN YE BY THESE STONES?"—[Joshua iv. 6.

III.

One day when his cash was almost gone,
Said he, "I'll sculpture WASHINGTON!
Immortal in brown-stone shall he be,
With an architectural plinth, you see!"
An architec-tural lural, lural,
Architectural lay!

IV.

He got the stone and he pecked away . . .
I think it took him at least a day . . .
Then he called some friends whom he had found
In the agricultural districts round;
With their agricul-tural, lural, lural,
Agricultural lay!

V.

'Tis hard to believe the tradition true,
But they said 'twas fine, and he thought so, too!
'Twas the sorriest figure, bald and bare,
With a mournful and sepultural air;
A sepul-tural, lural, lural,
Sepul-tural lay!

VI.

The artist was proud . . . he held up his head . . .
"'Tis the Flower of all my works!" he said;
"The Flower of all!" . . . well pleased was he
With his horticultural simile;
His horticul-tural, lural, lural,
Horticultural lay!

VII.

Long in the Park the statue stood,
And the general verdict was "'Tain't good!"
Though few knew what 'twas meant to express,
Save by a sort of conjectural guess;
A conjec-tural, lural, lural,
Conjec-tural lay!

VIII.

But the City Fathers are lovers of Art,
And with this statue they could not part;
They said in the Park it should remain
Throughout their civic and mural reign;
Their civic and mural, lural, lural,
Civic and mural lay!

THE BROWN-STONE WHAT-IS-IT?

A CIVIC BALLAD, WITH A CHORUS ONTO IT.

I.

A sculptor once lived here in New York
Whose various statues made some talk,
But he, so all the *connoisseurs* say,
Was quite on the Caricatural lay;
With his Carica-tural, lural, lural,
Carica-tural lay!

II.

His name was THOM, a Scot was he
Who hoped from critiques to go Scot-free;
And one great work from this sculptor's hands
In a sweetly rural village stands,
With its sweetly rural, lural, lural,
Sweetly rural lay!

IX.

So, for this brown-stone What-Is-It? to pay,
They gave Two Thousand Dollars away,
And tax-payers groan, both near and far,
"What expenditural fellows these are!"
Expendi-tural, lural, lural,
Expendi-tural lay!

X.

So now the Thing belongs to the town . . .
Or will, when the money has been paid down;
And going through the Park, we admire, each day,
THOM's strength in the Caricatural way!
In the carica-tural, lural, lural,
Carica-tural way!

By our Drinking Contributor.

GOUGH says that liquor is the great enemy of the human race. We presume that is the reason beer is always foamin'.

BROTHER JONATHAN LAME.

Doctor Disunion.—Poor Fellow! His Constitution is so run down that I fear he cannot survive without an amputation.
Nurse Columbia.—O! *don't* give it up, Doctor. Good nursing will do anything—everything—if you will only give him the opportunity.

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

MIO Fernando—you're delicious!

We always said You weren't morally accountable for anything You ever did. We let you off whatever we might say of others. It wasn't possible—our enormous Instinct told us so—for any creature with a Conscience (metaphysics here, You Know, not ethics) to carry on as You do. Or any other——Being! (Sold!)

Some folks Do Wrong. Some folks are Irreligous. (We know three or four editors in the Concern around the Corner who haven't got a mite of religion in 'em, and who come round and loaf in our sanctum just to pick up a few ideas on the subject. The Public ought to know this by-the-way.) But *you*—Lord bless you—You don't know what Piety is. We bet if the truth were known you think its some kind of Pie. A Three Cent Pie, probably with a raisin in the middle. Now tell the truth—haven't you a dim idea that Salvation was christened Sarah? Do you know whether people roll ten-pins, or buck the tiger in Grace Church during the service? Haven't you a suspicion that all such ecclesiastical edifices have private bar-rooms in the basement?

FERNANDO—the fact is you're a tenebrified Heathen.—Sho! you're worse than a H. Pagans, Gentiles, Idolators and all such *do* have some ideas of religion, but you're a genial Nothingarian—almost a Jerseyman. As the Islamite says when he slings his worst cuss at the other man—"You haven't *any* religion—you Son of Shaitan!"

But you might have got on pretty well for all that, if you hadn't tried your hand at a Thanksgiving Proc. Oh—wasn't it Joyous? Wasn't it naïf to see You expressing in your simple, child-like, aboriginal way your untutored ideas of a First Cause! Catch You a thanking GOD indeed, for any thing when You don't see where it comes in under the present anti-Democratic circumstances. "Thanky," indeed! If You had an Anti-Thanksgiving sermon to preach you'd let yourself be heard from we imagine. Something on the other side of thanking. Rather. We think we see you as the *World* did (we ain't wicked enough for that yet) pitching into your Fetish—banging it over 'cos it didn't give you what you wanted.

But then after this you remember in your bedoozled way that Public Opinion and that sort of thing, Fourth of July, Mozart Speeches, and even profanity, all suggest a sort of expression of respect for the Supreme Being, and so—not knowing but what there may be actually something in it—you suggest that it may pay, and at any rate can't hurt to pray a little to keep from getting into still worse scrapes.

Oh FERNANDO!

But suddenly the idea occurs to you of pitching into those whom you hate. Then you're In Town. The Court understands herself there and No Mistake. So with a wild heathen howl for Vengeance in which we see all the *Excommunicatio* ERNULPHI strained through the medium of Mozart Hall, you wind up. "Verily, Verily. And TOBY said unto PETER 'You're One of 'Em.'" That's Scripture, You Know!

FERNANDO—of course You think it's all political or pious slangandering, but we tell you it isn't, when the good old *World* says that if any Hindoo or Hottentot needs a missionary worse than you do, so much worse for the heathen. Go it! There's about as much mutual comprehension of one another between you and one of the *World* constituency, as there would be between HABBABUK MUCKLEWRATH and—ah—well, say WYKOFF. Just about.

Meanwhile we've no doubt that our neighbors of the Repository over the way will send you a Bible. You need it. We'll see them about it.

THE GRATIS PRINCIPLE.

VANITY FAIR doesn't wish to be regarded as an Institution which picks out little flaws in divers objects without heeding what is good in them. If VANITY rakes down the dear old *World's* proof-reading and piety occasionally, it always squares accounts nobly You Know, by duly crediting Messrs. CUMMINGS, MARBLE, SPAULDING, WHITE, STEDMAN, and the rest of the Numerous and Talented, when they *do* make a ten-strike on the Aldermen, or rake down a big pot out of the Mayor—as they did in that leader on FERNANDO's Proc. a week or so ago.

No—VANITY doesn't, for the sake of being Odd, go about knocking knots out of the barn-side, and kicking the loose bricks up. But VANITY has a word to say to those good folks who are just now rushing the E. G., or excessive glory over GARIBALDI because—no, not because he sailed into the Papals and Naples lot in such a sublimely slasher-gaff style—but because he has never accepted pay for his "services."

With all due respect to GARIBALDI's noble intentions—and to those of a great number of other great and good men, we submit that at the present day the theory of unpaid-for performance of any duty is an error. A noble one, Gentlemen—but an Error.

Does any one imagine that GARIBALDI's pay as an officer can be regarded as any recompense for *his* services? But that isn't where the reason comes in. It's in the moral example.

Half the official rascality which comes off, is performed by gentlemen who serve without salary.

Mr. SCAMP, f'instance, is—ah—well, we'll say an Alderman. *He* hasn't any salary. *He* steals—*he* does. That's what's the matter with him.

Mr. RAMP is an ignorant, beastly, superstitious, drunken School Trustee. He isn't paid. We'd rather not mention what *he* does.

Mr. VAMP is a rich man of leisure on a salaried committee charged with some onerous and responsible duty. Mr. VAMP comes the Magnanimous. VAMP Speeches. He resigns his pay "for the per-roud Consciousness of Jewty." Poor little honest Muff on same committee who is worth twenty of VAMP, and who can just continue to Get Along with the pay, has to resign the Pecuniary, too. VAMP walks into dinners, carriages—everything. He isn't paid You Know—and has all the credit of serving for the sake of Jewty.

Ah bah!

These resignations of pay are very noble—but between you and V. F., they set confoundedly bad examples and make lots of mischief. Fact—they do. We've watched this thing in all sorts of quarters, and never saw a case yet, anywhere, when if a man had honestly earned his money it wasn't better for him to take it than leave it. We don't believe in kite-flying your Magnanimity against your Just Dues—Nohow You can Fix It.

As we said before—and we say it without H. and say it B.—VANITY don't like to be odd and Alone in his Views. We've no fancy for being One-some as the Germans say, had a great deal rather be two or three-some, or for that matter half-a-dozen-some, any day. But all of our lone we would protest against the Unpaid Service doctrine. If we had our own way there shouldn't be a Director, a Manager, a Vestryman, or anything else that wasn't paid. And it shouldn't be a creditable thing to serve *gratis*, either. Subscribe what you please, Give what you please.

But remember—when you've honestly earned your money it is your duty for example's sake to Take it. That's so. Now we're off to DELMONICO's and luncheon.

To Our Market Inspectors.

In view of the animal reforms about to be effected by Mr. RAREY, it would be well to have a sharp eye to the city shambles; because butchers, hearing that the great pacificator turns all the Horses into Lambs, might make mistakes, you see—and then we should have a nice Bit in our mouths.

BOSTON AND ITS PICTURES.

THE *contents of private libraries* noticed in late numbers of V. F., particularly the allusion to some choice and rare works in the Boston Athenæum, suggested the idea that possibly a notice of a few of its best works of Art might prove interesting to the lovers of the unique and *recherché*, in the Pictorial as well as the Literary department. The list furnished your never-sufficiently-to-be-patronized-read-and-appreciated journal comprises a class of works not often brought before the Public eye, and therefore the more interesting to those curious in such matters. ALLSTON is the beau ideal of this institution in Art, and his view of the "Rock of Gibraltar" is much admired, though executed in a very Hard Style. "BELSHAZZAR'S Feast," (EATON) is a standard work, appropriately hung by the side of a charming work of LOVER'S, "LORENZO paying his *devoirs* to JESSICA." "The Champion of the P. R.," by HARDING, is an astonishingly Striking Likeness, wherein the Artist made a Decided Hit. A very large landscape, "July in New Hampshire," by SOMERBY, is a wonderful specimen of warm coloring. A full length portrait of O. W. HOLMES on the wheel of the tread-mill (HUBBARD); a standard work. "Every inch a King," LEHR; an admirable representation of Regal Majesty. "The Hungry Kitten," BARTHOLEMEW, (rather feeble.) "A Snow Squall," WIGHT. "Shooting at a Mark," AMES. "Trouting," by A. FISHER. "The Straight and Narrow Way," LANE. "Merry Making," GRIGGS. "Portrait of JOHN SMITH'S intimate friend," BROWN. "Companion to Ditto," JONES. "Banditti attacking Pilgrims," from the collection of Mr. ROBB & SON. Nothing can exceed the freedom of handling and boldness of touch in this daring attempt. "Group of Ethiopians," BLACK. "The Dey of Algiers," by KNIGHT. This artist also displays an accurate "View of Solomon's Great Architectural Masterpiece," which is much admired by the order of Knights Templars. "The Wheel of Fortune," GEAR. "Study of a Sky," BALLOU. "The Trinity Church," *an aspiring artist.* "The Old Oaken Bucket," WELLS. "An Ocean Tempest," C. GREEN; remarkable for its transparency, though the tricks of color are easily seen through. "A Skating Scene," a work attributed to FROST; noticeable for its smoothness. "The Dirty Face," SULLY. "Presenting a Bill," by one OTIS. An exceedingly pleasant picture to contemplate is entitled "View of the Roman See" Sun Setting, by POPE. "On the ice," SLIDELL. A singular picture of a mastiff drenched with honey from an overturned beehive;—supposed an original "CARLO DOLCE," worthy of notice for its charming sweetness, sharp touches and keen feeling. "Early Morning," GRAY. "Swine Reposing" on the ground, "Where snoring pigs in social clusters lie," HOG-ARTH; a most admirable specimen of still life. "The Five Listeners," TENIERS; very low and subdued in tone. "Off with his head," an historical subject by RICHARDS; Handled in the Severe manner (recommended to the consideration of the incoming Administration.) "A Study of Animals," VAN BEEST; excessively brutal. "The Swiss Bell-ringers," PEALE; varied and brilliant in tone. "Portrait of A. BAKER," by DOUGHTY. "The sweep of a caricature," VON BROOM. "Portrait of JOSEPH the Carpenter," by BOARDMAN; from a daguerreotype. There is a charming simplicity and honesty of purpose in this head, which denote the original a *plane dealer.* "Study of a Windmill," TURNER. "The White-washer," DOBSON; the breadth of coloring and boldness of touch are inimitable, its tone is slightly chalky, and a little more softening of the hard edges would improve it. "A Ruined Groggery," BARTLETT. "Hoeing the Corn," FIELD. "Festival of the Juggernaut" in India Ink, from the CARR Collection. "Cooking Oysters," STUART. "Portrait of LONGFELLOW," a full length by TALLMAN. "Ali-Baba," CHILD. The old masters are represented by "The Irish Ghost," MICHAEL ANGEL-O. "The imprisoned Grimalkin," POUSSIN. "Scotch fiddler," DOM-IN-ICHIN-O. "The original American Eagle," CLAUDE. The "*Heart* of the Andes" having proved so very attractive, it is proposed to order a Series with Anatomical titles. Commissions are already in contemplation: "The *Pericardium* of the Alleghanies," by HART; "*Lights* of Boston Harbor," by DAY; "*Stomach* of the Mælstrom," SWALLOW; "In'ards of the Kentucky Cavern," HOLLOWAY; and "Lungs of the Windward Islands," BELLOWS. WOLF MAHLSTOCK.

SONG OF THE REVOLVER.

Though to Sheffield the steel for my barrels I'm owing,
  And straight from Balize came the wood for my stock,
'Twas American genius, so clever and knowing,
  That got up my works and invented my lock.

How I bless the bright Yankee who woke up one morning
  With *me* in his six-barrelled head all complete!
It was plain modern fact ancient fable adorning—
  A brain had hatched power, and made it "repeat!"

Oh, I'm pretty and smooth, and they call me a dandy,
  I'm always so neat, so offensively trim;
But how gentlemen prize me! it's something so handy,
  To have a good backer with plenty of vim!

All serenely I couch in that inner breast-pocket
  As still as the thoughts of my cherishing friend;
But how fiercely I burst on the world, like a rocket,
  When, blazing with ardor, his cause I'd defend!

I go where the "bank" deals its sybilline favors,
  I go where the "cue" darts its magic around:
Wherever the "fancy" discriminate savors
  Of solids or fluids—or language—I'm found.

The brave and adventurous breaker of houses
  May carelessly lose from his "kit" some rare tool,
But you'll catch him perhaps, if the watch he arouses,
  Without his revolver! He's not such a fool.

Higher life at the South is so full of excitement,
  Revolvers there live about two lives in one!
For encounters are constant; and when there's a fight meant
  It's sure to be finished ere fairly begun.

From the West comes a smoke and a sweet smell of powder;
  It makes Indian Summer all times of the year;
And the prettiest roar growing louder and louder,
  Steals over the land and arrests every ear.

In the North and the East how intently they listen—
  How eagerly snuff up the relishing scent!
It delights me to see when their merry eyes glisten:
  They knew, long ago, what these pretty things meant!

Oh, it's quite beyond question, the good I am doing;
  All men will agree upon that head, I think:
And the fools that deny it their course will be rueing—
  I'll drop the first six of them, quick as a wink!

"Awful"—is it now?

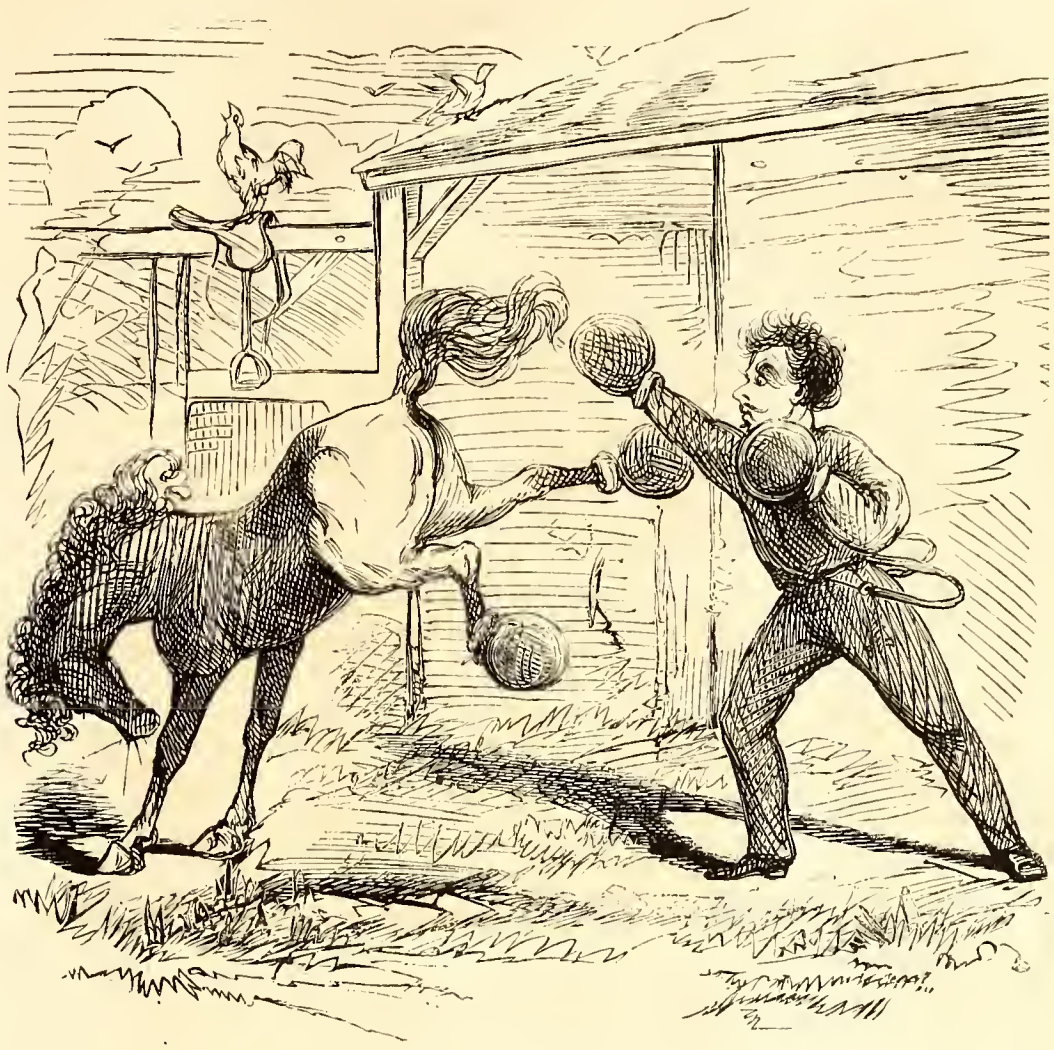
All the way from Fraser River we have the following singular item:

"A number of rich specimens of silver ore has been recently taken from a lake situated about forty miles northwest of Port Douglas, and excites the superstitious awe of the Indians of that region by its luminous appearance."

Our only motion for quoting the above is to Improve the Opportunity for reminding our readers how thankful we ought to be that we are not wild, red Indian Savages, You Know. We have never seen the amount of silver coin of any denomination whatever—nor of gold at that—by the "luminous appearance" of which the "superstitious awe" of any white person could be excited. Lots of people, indeed, get their covetous desires into a state of *delirium tremens* at the bare idea of silver and gold; but O! how superior is that noble feeling to the "superstitious awe" of the untutored savage!

By our World Contributor.

Why is BAYARD TAYLOR a member of the Russian royal family? Because he is always a Roamin' off.



THE "GOOD TIME COMING."

OUR MEN WILL BE SO STRONG, BY AND BY, ON ACCOUNT OF WINDSHIP, AND OUR HORSES SO HANDY, ON ACCOUNT OF RAREY, THAT WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE SOME SPORT LIKE THE ABOVE INTRODUCED BEFORE THE WINTER IS OVER.

"So Ho! Don!"

The Chicago correspondent of the *Herald* treats the public to the following bit of political gossip:—

"Don Piatt, of Ohio, who was formerly in Paris as an *attache* of our embassy there, is Hounding Lincoln, and trying to get a promise of something from him."

Now it is quite evident that this writer is making game of the President elect. Observe, in the first place, how he uses the word Hounding; then consider how commonly the name "Don" is bestowed upon pointers and other sporting dogs; after which nothing can be more natural than the inference that the Don referred to is meant to be represented as making a Dead Set at the old bird of Springfield.

The Chemical Bank.

Much as has been said lately, with regard to the stability of this institution, we always thought that the reports unfavorable to it would prove to be groundless—as they have. And this position held by us with regard to a bank professing to be Chemical, is all the more disinterested, because we have long since ceased to regard money as a mere Drug.

The Political Thermometer

So intense has the heat of secession been at Charleston, S. C., for the last week, that the *Mercury* boiled over on Monday, the 26th inst., severely scalding President Buchanan, who happened to be in the way at the time.

Such an Effort!

Why is a regular plan like the thingamy that an apple hangs by?
It's Sy-stem—you know!

From Peoria.

Who died of amazement?
STEPHEN when he was Stunned by them Jew fellers.

A SOUTHERN POET.

We understand that, when secession becomes a *fait accompli*, South Carolina and her "star sisters" will transfer their postal arrangements to the great transport institution known as "Adams's Express Company"—which would not be the worst step they could take, under the circumstances, by any means. Certain collateral changes, indeed, would spring out of such an arrangement. Letter-writers, for instance, would have to adopt new forms in their epistolary style—because such old ones as "I have hardly words to Express myself," or "Do I Express myself plainly?" would seem to bear reference to something more like postage-stamps than sentiments. And then, talking of postage-stamps, what disposition could be made of the many acres of those tenacious little vouchers that must be distributed among the Southern P. M.'s? Should South Carolina "raise the hatchet," indeed, then the adhesive patches might be turned to use as plasters for the chops received by her warriors from the hostile hatchets of the foe. But no; how would a *beau sabreur* of chivalrous S. C. look with a red stamp on the bridge of his nose, displaying a likeness of the Father of the Union, with the legend "U. S. Postage—Three Cents?" Nary red. The thing couldn't be tolerated by the seceded braves. If the Lone Star is to form a republic by herself, however, she might dispose of her postage-stamps by papering with them the walls of her Lone Star Chamber, as her council-room of state should appropriately be named. The blue stamps would be preferable for this purpose, as they would match the general tint likely to be assumed by things under the circumstance if war should ensue; and the dignity of the Lone Star Republic might be vindicated by sticking the stamp on upside down, which would produce a general effect of an indefinite number of Fathers of his Country tumbling headlong from the ceiling, like flies in a frost.

By our used-up Contributor.

The man who neglects his hair in early life, will have Toupeé for it.

From our Engineering Contributor.

You have heard, I presume, DEAR VANITY, that the Superintendent of the Newburgh Branch of the New York & Erie Railroad, (which is said to be the slowest road in the State of New York,) intends hereafter to place the Cow-catcher, (or as it is now called, the Pilot,) on the rear car to prevent Cattle from running over the train. This reminds me of a western road that in addition to carrying a *Chevaux de frise* of Cattle-guards, had posted up in each car the following notice:

"All Passengers are strictly forbid to get off the train to shoot ducks, catch fish, or snowball, when it is running a down grade."

And yet—such is the Depravity of H. N. (human nature You Know,) that they kept on doing it!

Yours eSteamedly,

SCILICET.

A Thankless Office.

That of Mayor of New York. For did not the present incumbent, FERNANDO WOOD, commend Thanksgiving Day to the attention of the citizens by declaring that neither he nor they have anything to be thankful for? If turkeys had votes, now, we should say that FERNANDO's reëlection would be a pretty safe thing—and, indeed, we don't know but that Geese may secure him as the matter stands.

Con. by our Colored Chemist.

Why is de smell of a bottle of LUBIN's Extract as it comes up like Chloride o' Lime.
Kase it's *De oder risin.*

From one who ought to know better.

Q.—When is an Irish sufferer by fire like an Ethiopian minstrel?
A.—When he is Burnt Cork man.

JENKINS ON THE NEW HIPPODROME.

HOOP, hurrah!

Oyez! oyez! Tumble up, Mr. Merryman! Harlequin, Columbine, and Pantaloon jump into the ring! while Mr. Clown relates his experience in the new Hippodrome, the arena of Fashion and Beauty and *bon ton*—the circus of simpletons!

The New York *Herald* of Sunday, November 25th, after having deputed JENKINS on an expedition extraordinary to the Central Park, devotes ten blessed columns of nonpareil to a description of the horses, the men, the women, and the Fancy, who congregate in that festive place. JENKINS did his duty nobly. He has evidently studied the animal, horse, in all his moods and tenses, and if he had only devoted one half the time and labor upon his native (or adopted) language, and common sense, we should propose Stuffing and a Glass Case. But now for a few specimen bricks from this remarkable edifice. Now then, here we are. We omit names, (naturally excepting SIM DRAPER's). The *Herald* does not, of course:

"Mr. ——— rides a thorough-bred English chestnut horse a great deal."

Ah! exactly; evidently a mis-print, for *horse-chestnut*. How annoying these printers are, and how well Mr. ——— must look on the great Deal!

"A young man by the name of ——— is seen a great deal, seated on a brown horse."

"A young man of the name of GUPPY!" As this is a brown horse, it can't be a horse-reddish—which vegetarian pun is entirely original, and called out by the occasion.

"Mr. — ——— an India rubber dealer, finds time to exercise a chestnut pony."

The idea of an India rubber man on a wooden horse, is certainly new; a good toy for children, doubtless.

"Mr. ——— of Seventh street, and sister, are seen together in the saddle, mingling with the throng in the Park. *They both handle the bridle with skill.* Miss ——— is invariably seated on a cream-colored animal, and never fails to attract attention."

It must be an entertaining equestrian spectacle to see the gentleman and his sister upon the same horse, especially when they both "handle the bridle."

"Mr. ——— the India rubber man, occasionally leaves his fast nags in the stable and visits the Central Park in the saddle, accompanied by his niece. Has two saddle horses, both bays."

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast," which is probably the reason why this "India rubber man leaves his nags in the stable," and prances up and down in the saddle.

"Miss ——— of Fifth avenue, is seen in the Park every day, seated on a large gray animal, and wearing a jockey cap."

The only "large gray animal" that we can think of is the elephant; we Would like to *see* him.

One gentlemen is spoken of as "riding a cream animal." Which must of course be a Cow:

"A medium-sized and solid built animal, rode by a middle aged man, whose whiskers have just begun to turn gray, has attracted a great deal of attention of late. He is to be seen galloping and skipping about in all parts of the Park, frequently riding up the little hill near the terrace upon the jump, and soon after appearing in some other portion of the drives, playing like a young kid. The rider of this well-trained animal is Dr. — ——— of Twenty-sixth street, who is very fond of this kind of exercise."

The only medium-sized animal that we know of, with whiskers, is the cat.

"SIMEON DRAPER, of political notoriety, has a showy pair of blacks, which are invariably driven in a barouche."

The idea of SIM DRAPER, the standard-bearer of the anti-slavery party, and ABE LINCOLN's right-hand man, driving a showy pair of Blacks in a barouche, is a Nuckleberry Above our Persimmon. But stand aside, Hooray! here we come!

"One of the most tasteful carriages that appear on the drives about the city, especially for Park riding, is a Victoria carriage, that of ——— ———, usually drawn by a pair of ponies. It is a low wheel carriage, and so constructed that it does not crush the ladies' dresses nor conceal them, but enables those passing by to see the attire of the ladies seated in the carriage almost as well as though they were on a promenade. It has fenders to keep off the mud, and is withal, one of the best carriages for Park riding that we have seen on the drive. Mrs. B. is often seen holding the ribbons, and never fails to attract attention. We understand that BREWSTER & BALDWIN have received orders for several similar, to be in readiness at the opening of the next season"

A'gh—ah! There, Mr. *Herald*, what do you say to that? Arn't you ashamed of yourself now? You who pretend to be the type and model of American newspapers? Arn't you ashamed to disgrace yourself and your class by publishing ten mortal columns of such disgusting, fulsome, puffing trash as this?

Now, Don't you think such toadyism is a disgrace even to YOU? *And then* to wind up by puffing and praising Her mode of "holding the ribbons!" Faugh! *we're* ashamed of our sex and avocation, saith VANITY.

SPECTACULAR ENTOMOLOGY.

Stage art has rarely achieved a greater triumph than the exquisite transformation scene in the somewhat diabolical *spectacle* of "The Seven Sisters," now to be seen nightly at LAURA KEENE'S Theatre. The scene in question is called "The Birth of the Butterfly in the Bower of Ferns." It is a marvel of exaggerated form and color, and must have been inspired by direct revelation from some eminent florist or hot-house person in the spirit land. As right and proper in an in-fern-al piece, the ferns are of a size that may truly be described as supernatural—placed beneath the smallest fern of the lot, FANNY FERN would be quite in the Shade. The other vegetables are sized—and varnished—to match. In the background an immense number of pillars are to be seen turning, turning, turning. Our only theory at present about these pillars is that they must be Cater-Pillars, and will keep turning until they turn into butterflies. As for the butterflies they are the most gorgeous things we ever saw: nor are the moths that attend on them much inferior to them in grace and beauty. If we had such a lot of moths about our clothes, catch us putting camphor in to banish them! It's no use for an outsider to hammer his brain as to how this effect was produced, or that; but the impression on our mind is that LEESON is in reality the "Old Gentleman in Black" represented by him; ROBERTS the scenic art ist of the theatre, APOLLYON or some other able demi-demon; and the whole business, ballet-girls and all, a thing to be rushed at to see as quickly as possible, as there is no telling how soon it may go up, or down, or something, leaving nothing to judge of it by saving a sulphurous smell.

A TIP-TOP INSTITUTION.

The Western Reserve College says its Faculty is "authorized to remit the tuition of young men who have the work of the Ministry in view, and who possess industrious and economical habits."

Please notice. The Faculty—the learned and grammatical Faculty—and not any Other Man—advertise that they will Remit the tuition of young men who have the work of the Ministry in view.

Come now, we like that. Ah—ah—r'r'— HEM! Now for 'em. Let's give our Western Reserved friends a rake over the Dictionary.

Let's WORCESTER 'em up a little.

"REMIT, *v. a.* [Latin *remitto*, *re* back, and *mitto* to send.] Never mind the Spanish and Italian, you know.

1. To relax; to make less intense, to abate—an education!
2. To forgive; to pardon: to absolve—an education!
3. To send or place back; to return—an education!
4. To give or deliver up; to resign—an education!
5. To restore; to replace—an education!
6. To refer—an education!
7. To send or transmit to a distant place,—an education!

SYNONYME.—To forgive—an education!"

Any of those you like. Vichever you please, my little Dears. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

You can weaken or abate educations with a Remit; you can forgive them, or you can send or place 'em back. And it does look as if you were Going Back on Them.

You can give the education up, or replace one, or refer it to somebody else, or bestow on it your final forgiveness.

But you can't give an education—not for money or gratis or anyhow.

Western Reserve—you may be a very fine University, but you can't raise a dictionary. That's on Record.

ARTEMUS WARD

SEES FORREST.

LETTER IV.

Durin a recent visit to New York the undersined went to see EDWIN FORREST. As I'm into the moral show bizniss myself, I ginrally go to BARNIM'S moral Museum, where only moral peple air admitted, partickly on Wednesday arternoons. But this time I thot I'd go & see ED. ED has bin actin out on the stage for many years. There is varis 'pinions about his actin, Englishmen ginrally bleevin that he is far superior to Mister MACREADY; but on one pint all agree, & that is that ED draws like a six ox team. ED was actin at NIBLO'S Garding, which looks considerble more like a parster than a garding, but let that pars. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles & commenced peroosin the evenin's bill. The awjince was all-fired large & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York. Sevral opery glasses was leveld at me by Gothum's fairest darters, but I didn't let on as tho I noticed it, tho mebby I did take out my new sixteen-dollar silver watch & brandish it round more than was necessary. But the best of us has our weaknesses & if a man has gewelry let him show it. As I was peroosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me, axed me if I'd ever seen FORREST dance the Essence of Old Virginny? "He's immense in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair champion jig," the young man continnerd, but his "Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny." Sez I, "Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

"No," sez he.

"Wall," sez I, "I'd appint your funeral to-morrow arternoon & the *korps should be ready!* You're too smart to live on this yearth." He didn't try any more of his capers on me. But another pussylanermuss individooul, in a red vest & patent lether boots, told me his name was BILL ASTOR & axed me to lend him 50

cents till early in the mornin. I told him I'd probly send it round to him before he retired to his virtoous couch, but if I didn't he might look for it next fall, as soon as I cut my corn. The orchestry was now fiddlin with all their might, & as the peple didn't understan anything about it they applaudid versifrussly. Presently, Old ED cum out. The play was OTHELLER or More of Veniss. OTHELLER was writ by WM. SHAKSPEER. The scene is laid in Veniss. OTHELLER was a likely man & was a ginral in the Veniss army. He cloped with DESDEMONY, a darter of the Hon. Mister BROBANTIO, who represented one of the back districks in the veneshun legislater. Old BROBANTIO was as mad as thunder at this & tore round considerble, but finally cooled down, tellin OTHELLER, howsever, that DESDEMONY had come it over her Par, & that he had better look out or she'd come it over him likewise Mr. & Mrs. OTHELLER git along very comfortable like for a spell. She is sweet-tempered and luvin—a nice, sensible female, never goin in for he-female conventions, green cotton umbrellers and pickled beats. OTHELLER is a good provider and thinks all the world of his wife. She has a lazy time of it, the hired girl doin all the cookin & washin. DESDEMONY, in fact, don't have to git the water to wash her own hands with. But a low cuss named IAGO, who I bleeve wants to git OTHELLER out of his snug government birth, now goes to work & upsets the OTHELLER family in the most outrajus stile. IAGO falls in with a brancless youth named RODERIGO & wins all his money at poker. (IAGO allers played foul.) He thus got money enuff to carry out his onprincipled skeem. MIKE CASSIO, a Irishman, is selected as a tool by IAGO. MIKE was a clever feller & orficer in OTHELLER'S army. He liked his tods too well, howsever, & they floored him, as they have many other promisin young men. IAGO injuces MIKE to drink with him, IAGO slyly throwin his whisky over his shoulder. MIKE gits as drunk as a biled owl & allows that he can lick a yard full of the Veneshun fancy before breakfast, without sweatin a hair. He meets RODERIGO & proceeds for to smash him. A feller named MONTANO undertakes to slap CASSIO, when that infatooated person runs his sword into him. That miserble man, IAGO, pretents to be very sorry to see MIKE conduck hisself in this way, & undertakes to smooth the thing over to OTHELLER, who rushes in with a drawn sword & wants to know what's up. IAGO cunninly tells his story, & OTHELLER tells MIKE that he thinks a good deal of him but he can't train no more in his regiment. DESDEMONY sympathises with poor MIKE & intercedes for him with OTHELLER. IAGO makes him bleeve she does this because she thinks more of MIKE than she does of hissclf. OTHELLER swallers IAGO'S lyin tail & goes to makin a noosence of hisself ginrally. He worries poor DESDEMONY terrible by his vile insinuations & finally smothers her to deth with a piller. Mrs. IAGO cums in just as OTHELLER has finished the fowl deed & givs him fits right & left, showin him that he has bin orfully gulled by her miserble cuss of a husband. IAGO cums in, & his wife commences rakin him down also, when he stabs her. OTHELLER jaws him a spell & then cuts a small hole in his stummick with his sword. IAGO pints to DESDEMONY'S deth bed & goes orf with a sardonic smile onto his countenance. OTHELLER tells the peple that he has dun the state sum service & they know it; axes them to do as fair a thing as they can for him under the circumstances, & kills hisself with a fish-knife, which is the most sensible thing he can do. This is a breef skedule of the synopsis of the play.

EDWIN FORREST is a grate acter. I thot I saw OTHELLER before me all the time he was actin, & when the curtin fell, I found my spectacles was still mistened with salt-water, which had run from my eyes while poor DESDEMONY was dyin. BETSY JANE—BETSY JANE! let us pray that our domestic bliss may never be busted up by a IAGO!

EDWIN FORREST makes money actin out on the stage. He gits five-hundred dollars a nite & his board & washin. I wish I had such a Forrest in my Garding!

ARTEMUS WARD.

A Case of Color-blindness

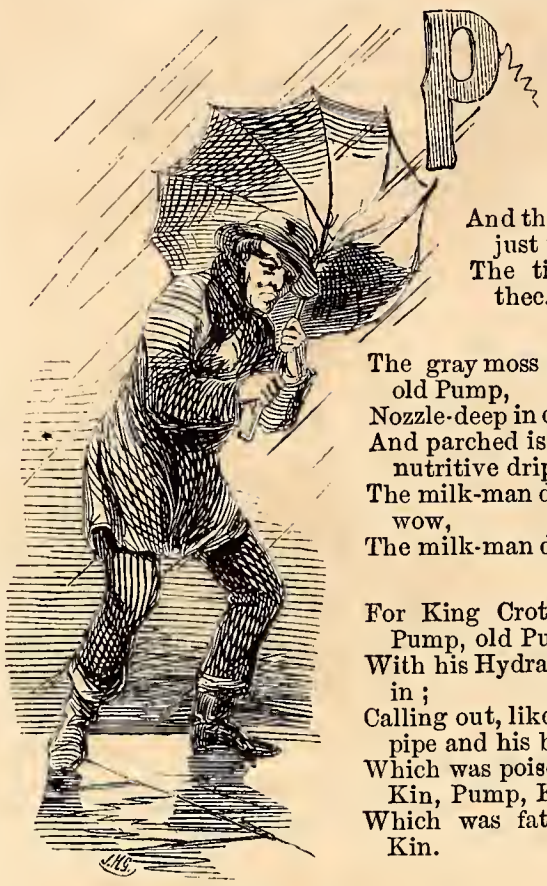
The late Professor GEORGE WILSON, and other physiologists, have recently drawn attention to a singular defect of the usual organization in some persons. It consists in an inability to appreciate the relative condition of objects with regard to color, and is commonly known as Daltonism, in compliment to DALTON, who first made much of it, or as color-blindness, on account of its being that.

The senior editor of the *Tribune* is a curious illustration of this defective sense—black being, in fact, the only color recognized by him. In that journal of December 4th, inst., the following passage, for example, it to be found:

"The unluckiest thing that can befall a man in this country is to be black."

Now, had not the senior editor of the *Tribune* been afflicted with moral Daltonism to a hopeless extent, he would have propounded that the worst thing that can befall a man in this, or in any other country, is to be Green.

PATERFAMILIAS TO THE PUMP.



PRAY don't look so crusty, old Pump, old Pump!
Nor flirt up your handle at me;
There's a tide in the span both of pump and of man,
And the tidings are cheerful just now for thee,
The tidings are jolly for thee.

The gray moss bemottles thy shins, old Pump,
Nozzle-deep in dark weeds thou art;
And parched is the lip with whose nutritive drip
The milk-man diluted his cow, wow wow,
The milk-man diluted his cow.

For King Croton the Wilful, old Pump, old Pump,
With his Hydrants came swaggering in;
Calling out, like King Cole, for his pipe and his bowl,
Which was poison for thee and thy Kin, Pump, Kin,
Which was fatal to thee and thy Kin.

But like King Bombalina, old Pump, old Pump,
King Croton blew up with a burst;
And his Pipe and his Bowl settled down in a hole,
Leaving nothing for washing, and less for thirst—
O! the dirt, and the thirst, athirst!

Then tip me your handle, old Pump, old Pump,
My jug I'll replensih from thee—
On revient toujours a ses prémiers amours,
And Pump is the King O! for me, for me,
King Pump is the Pumpkin for me!

FROM OUR ENGINEERING CONTRIBUTOR.

No. II.

Dear Vanity:—The first 20 miles of the Pioneer Rail Road, of Wisconsin, is remarkable for its curvature. The locating Engineer being called upon to state why such a succession of Compound Reverse, Parabolic, Hyperbolic and Diabolic curves were used, an air line being practicable, gave us as a reason, that they prevented lateral motion, a fact since proved, for it is notorious that no matter how freely one may from force of circumstances measure the width of a sidewalk, Centrifugal Force in all its rapid reversions, is all-sufficient to make a trip through the train remarkably steady—a beautiful system of compensation in all the eccentricities of motion. Some have asserted, that during the location of the road, the Engineer was horizontally and vertically inebriated—but that is a matter of doubt.

When New York capitalists were induced to furnish means to carry on the road, they sent out a competent Engineer to examine it. His report stated that he had found One place where another curve Could have been put in. This has, however, been denied, as it is believed he was persuaded to misrepresent the facts—no such place existing. Innocent passengers inquire which is the sunny side when they take seats. After one hour's ride, they are somewhat uncertain whether the train is not the centre of the universe, and the sun a revolving luminary.

It is stated that the Engineer of a long freight train, on a dark night, seeing a red light ahead of him, whistled on the Brakes, and on examination, discovered that it was the light on the tail end of his own train.

Legislation being necessary to prevent further progress in this manner, the Governor of the State, in his annual message, recommended that the Company's Engineers be provided with compasses with fixed needles, that they might be able to run straight lines.

The balance of the road is straight.

Yours Pro Track Tedly,

SCILICET.

SPECIMEN OF A DEBATE IN THE PRESENT CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7

Dear Vanity:—You request me to report fairly, equably and evenly.

I rather flatter myself you have set me a hard row to hoe. But I am equal to any Emergency and trust that the following comments and jottings will be found U. T. T.—up to the times.

The session was opened with prayer.

Mr. SNOOKS (Dem.) of Coney Island, rose to introduce some resolution—concerning the State of the Union.

Mr. GRIMES (Rep.) of Kennebec, said he hoped no member would discuss such exciting matters in these times.

Mr. JONES (Opp.) of South Amboy, wished to present a bill for the better preservation of the Confederacy.

Mr. ROBINSON (Rep.) of Sconsett, expressed great sorrow that gentlemen should introduce such disturbing subjects now.

Mr. SMITH (Dem.) of Bedloe's Island, introduced some measures for relieving the present financial pressure.

Mr. JOHNSON of Peoria, thought the discussion of a topic so dangerous, should be deferred.

Mr. BROWN (Dem.) of Chilicothe, gave notice that he should present, shortly, a motion providing for the organization of a Pacification Committee.

Mr. GRIMES moved an adjournment.

Mr. SNOOKS asked what they came there for, if they were to do nothing?

Mr. JOHNSON begged that nobody would get into a dispute nor nothing.

Mr. ROBINSON moved that when they adjourned it should be for six weeks.

Mr. SMITH desired that something should be done . . . he had several bills to present.

Mr. GRIMES hoped that the gentlemen would do nothing just now . . . he insisted on his motion for adjournment, with Mr. ROBINSON's amendment.

Mr. JONES opposed this. The sailors and their wives and children were suffering for want of pay already overdue, and he had a proposition for their relief.

Mr. JOHNSON thought that no disputes on troublous subjects should be entered into at present. He called for a vote on Mr. GRIMES's motion.

Mr. BROWN said that their constituency expected something more than adjournments of this Congress.

Mr. GRIMES said that such sentiments were calculated to create unnecessary excitement. He called for a vote on his motion.

Adjourned.

Yours,

FOUNT IN PEN.

ALWAYS ON THE GO.

"We learn that an appalling rumor has gone up from Newburyport to Boston, to the effect that CUSHING cannot stop! He has been at his speech now for an indefinite time, and they say has wound himself up, like the famous cork leg, and now that he is started, is determined forever to keep at it. The rumor furthermore runs that the citizens of Newburyport are in a panic about it, and are moving their families to Plum Island as rapidly as possible."—*Tribune Dec. 7.*

Don't be alarmed, oh *Tribune.* There be others in like predicament who have Got a-Going and Can't Stop. And yet nobody moves Out of Town on their account. You are far from being In Town when you make such statements.

There you are Yourself, for instance, You know. You've been going on that everlasting Wool since goodness knows when—and yet you don't move away families—not out of New York that is. You do something in the Emotional line—but not much in the Remotional.

There's the *Herald*, too. It has been for a quarter century at its business of making bad worse in every conceivable form, from stirring up panics down to ripping up the most sacred and secret sorrows of private life, and giving all the shames and sins of unobstrusive men and women to the grinning world. It can't stop; but though it has undoubtedly broken up many families it never moved any of them to Plum Island, that we ever heard of. Possibly a certain connection with the neighboring Plum Gut may have deterred them from settling in that sea-girt paradise.

No *Tribune*, no. Perpetual motion, even in oratory, don't agonize us—after we're used to it. And we're all used to CUSHING. *Cu-Shing* means in Chinese, you know, "ancient glory," and CALEB keeps going in order to sustain his Old Renown.

"How goes the Enemy?"

We have met the Enemy and they are Hours.

EQUESTRIAN.

MR. HORNPOUT SUCCEEDS, TO HIS HORROR, IN "BITTING" HIS HORSE *à la Rarey*.

Never!

We in New York may be given to idolatry, may call the Dollar almighty, and may make graven images of brown stone; but we never shall be so sunk in heathenism as to worship Wood.

The Further you go, the worse you fare.

It used to be thought a severe punishment to send a man to Coventry; but a severer one has just been discovered, which is to send him to Coventry Patmore!

Sug-jested.

In view of the financial difficulties into which secession may plunge South Carolina, it is suggested that the State emblem be altered to the "Loan Star."

New Coinage.

Mr. MILLS (M. C. for S. C.) says that S. C. has agreed to go out of the Union.

One *Mill* makes *Assent* it seem now.

Why is Harvard University considered one of the Lions of the Day?

Because it sends forth such tremendous Rowers.

A Lesson in French.

Q. What is *tout le monde?*

A. The *demi-monde* multiplied by *Tout.*

A Motto for Delmonico.

BY OUR LATINIST.

Pop in a minute!

LANGUAGE WITHOUT A MASTER.

Dear Vanity:—I've been let down lately pretty deep into Languages Without a Master. With all due respect to that excellent work I think I know a better way to learn languages without a M., than even it teaches.

How?

Why—get a lady to teach you.

I myself am at present learning linguistics from my fascinating F., the Widow WILHEMINA WILLABY. Permit me to exhibit the following specimen as a result of one week's practice:

De Gustibus non est disputandum—"there's no doubt about these high winds," as Captain DAMBANGER said when his hat was blown off.

Chacun à son Gout as the Old Father said when studying out the affinity between his toes and his turtle.

Clara voce as I said when CLARA BROWN sung.

Chevalier d' industrie as the WIDOW said when she saw the eminent old B—— sawing up and down industriously, crosscut tip and sifter, in the AV, on that seventy-five dollar marc.

Cane vecchio non abbaia indarno—"That old dog don't bark worth a darn," as the thief said when Bose was after him.

Sub utraque Specie? "will you take it in silver or gold?" as the paying teller said to me on a small check.

Sui generis—"SUSAN is very liberal," as BILL thought when she sent back his presents.

Parva componere magnis—"You may mix me a little magnesia," as SAM told them round at the Apothecary's.

Ruse contre Ruse—"It takes a Russian to fight a Russian," as SPUYTENTUYFEL said when he got two *moujiks* to blows.

Rez de chaussèe—"I must raise a pair of shoes," as GEORGE said when he shied his last boot at his neighbor's flower-pots.

Tripotage as the Chevalier said when he raked down three pots at poker.

Tout au contraire, "I wish you'd toot that horn of yours t'other way," as HORACE said to the German musician who played in his face.

Yours rosily,

MEISTER KARL.

Found Lying in their Tracts.

Abolitionists.

VANITY ON THE MESSAGE.

P. B.—President BUCHANAN you know, not Permanent Basis—has just edited his annual publication. With the politics and principles—count us out.

But JAMES—JAMES *per se* we shan't let alone severely, "no how or any other-wise." So to begin, JAMES, we wish to know why you use the word Throughout so plenteously. Right in the middle of your three-cent pie of a start, you gave us Throughout once in each successive short sentence. Which is Tautological.

JAMES, were you thinking of anybody whom the indignant People Threw Out—out into political obscurity? Were you dreaming so much of being flung, that you couldn't keep from messing it up with the affairs of the age in your Message?

But hooray! Here is what makes the Effect.

"The only question of any importance which still remains open, is the disputed title between the two governments to the Island of San Juan, in the vicinity of Washington Territory. As this question is still under negotiation, it is not deemed advisable at the present moment to make ANY ALLUSION to the subject."

The divil a wurred will we spake on *that* subject. Sure an' it spakes for itself iligantly.

A Cryptographic Romance.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Herald*, the other day:

OZIRO!—PLEASE SEND ME A NOTE TO LEL ME KNOW BUT YOU intend to xszutv your Pmev? Soon comes the day when I sfnt that wvzi Lrocgfiv to my svzig where it shall yo, if not ivozawvw. Address Xszipvh, Drpqrnhmn Dargv Lpzrno Hgzgh Nvw Bmig Z.

Now if there is anything exasperating in life, it is to learn the beginning of such a romance as this, without being able to follow it to a happy termination. Alas, we never know whether OZIRO intended to xszutv her Pmev or not. We dwell in ignorance of the happy day when XSZIPVH shall sfnt his wvzi Lrocgfiv to his svzig! Did it yo? Or did the dreadful ivozawvw prevent? Poor XSZIPVH! our heart bleeds for him, unless, as we hope, the wvzi Lrocgfiv did yo in peace upon his svzig. Answer, fair OZIRO; xszutv your Pmev at once, and bring happiness to the svzig of ZSZIPVH!

"LIFE ON THE ROAD."

Our head-line is a quotation from eight several captions to an article published by the *Herald* about a fortnight ago—an article descriptive of the horses of New York, their riders and their drivers. Among the notabilities of the road, one would naturally have expected to find the senior editor of the journal in which the article referred to appeared; but, either through modesty or mistake, no mention was made of that renowned rider of the hobby-horse—an omission which we feel ourselves inspired to rectify. Anybody who saunters through the columns of the *Herald* on a fine Sunday morning, may observe a remarkable-looking person mounted upon a rather "groggy" old hobby, which he rides as fast as he can get it to go through the tortuous avenues of that journal. Of strongly accentuated Scotch features, and with an energy remarkable for his years, this Caledonian ICHABOD CRANE is no other than the Senior Editor of the *Herald*, mounted upon his well-known hobby, "Washington Heights." It is remarkable that, no matter what hobby the S. E. of the H. selects for his constitutional jolting on week-days, the one just mentiond is rarely mounted by him except on Sundays. Whether the dam of this funny animal—the hobby, not the S. E. of the H.—was a nightmare or otherwise, we are not in a position to inform our readers; but we can aver that there is not a spot upon "Washington Heights" which is not "cracked up," at least semi-monthly by the S. E., as a spot of unrivalled beauty. Would that all the hobbies ridden from time to time by our Caledonian ICHABOD CRANE were of as equally pacific character as the one under notice! but, alas! many of them are vicious even beyond the skill of a Rarey or a Grecley. The celebrated woolly horse of the latter would have a bad time of it if shut up even for five minutes in the same stable with one of the mildest of them. Most of them are of the same race—sired by Mendax out of Firebrand.

The accompanying sketch was taken by a special artist, on one of the "spots."

THE SENIOR EDITOR OF THE HERALD, TAKING AN AIRING ON HIS SUNDAY HOBBY, "WASHINGTON HEIGHTS."

To Penny-a-Liners.

It being customary with gentlemen of the above profession to make use of the expression "limpid element," in reference to the Croton water, notice is hereby given to all concerned, that—on account of the manner in which the liquid in question Halted, a few days since, on its way down Fifth Avenue to the City, it is henceforth to be characterized as the "limping element."

WARD-ROOM WIND.

U. S. SCHOONER SLUDGE.

"We are Surveyors of the Coast in weather dark or fine,
The line we follow is not base, though we follow a Base Line.

"Say fellows," quoth our Sarcasm Man, "the Coast Survey of the United States is a material undertaking of the Highest character and importance. [*Vide* APPLETON'S CYC. TOME V.] The writer of some articles derogatory to the aforesaid 'n'sh'l und'rt'king' don't seem to see it. Did we credit the charges of wilful extravagance set forth by the Disagreeable Man, we might recommend a more suggestive title, U. S. *Cost* Survey. As for me, I can enjoy a segar at any time."

"*Il y a* (so can I!") It would be well to state that this was utteranced by our Man of Funth. He was formerly midshipman in the army, but resigned, very sensibly, when his present appointment was offered him—that of Brevet Corporal in the Coast Survey. The youthful scion had a pious contempt for things scientifie, not essentially unlike the rest of us Poor but Talented SUBS.

"When are we going to sea?" sigheth ZEPHYR. "As soon as (sang SETH JONES) the South disunes, I cal'late. Captain WINDWARD U. S. R. Navy, Genl. Interfering officer U. S. C. S., will be on board next week to make another inspection."

At this The Grogneur made a humid allusion to "luck," coupled with a shocking word sometimes found hyphened with mill: adds, "If that aunt Sally-in-epaulets attempts to coerce *me* with his assumption of authority, I'll devilish soon give him a chunk of my mind in the rough, and 'shut him up,' in two lambs of a shake's tail. The Captain of *this* vessel is the proper head of *this* party, and to him I owe allegiance—and to *him* alone!"

"Tiger-r-r! !!"

"Our operations" (resumeth our S. M. meditatively) "are called Hydrography—from *Hydro*, you know—because they are confined to the water, for which we have a natural antipathy. In the determination of subaqueous irregularities, it"——

"Avast! messmate," (the senior Lunatic speaketh) "our operations should be called *Hydragraphy*—from *Hydra*, you know—because the number of chiefs who arrogate to themselves unlimited power over us poor master's mates is muchly." "Ay! a *little too more* than 'humans' can amiably put up with:" saith The Count, in a musing manner.

"*Il y a* (t are) most too most!"

[S. M.] "'Why *is* dust and ashes proud?' was the observeth of HIGH JACK LOW the sailor-boy, when he finished the touching story of WELLINGTON and his Cat Friday on the dissolute island of Don Juan Fernandez." This moral reflection makes one feel charitably toward his fellow creatures; and in this mood, I think Capt'n WINDWARD (Genl. Interfering officer U. S. C. S.) *too good* for this world, and he should be called hence. Should he be induced to Drink his Sword, he will be cheered to know that he will not pass away unhonored, or unsung. His admiring friends will secure for his mortal remains. I trust, a *something* characteristic of the man during his long and honorable career in the service of his country. I would respectfully suggest *a soft spot for his head-piece*,"

"*Il y a* (so mote it be). * * * * *

"Ward-Room Boy?"

"Here, sah!"

"Is Captain on board?"

"No sah, he went asho' in his gig sah, an hour ago sah."

"Very good! now you can *run a traverse* to my state-room and bring "Inspiring John Barleycorn" hitherward; then *scull* some glasses on the table; after that, get a pitcher of water underweigh and *beat it up* to the head of navigation; and"—there's where—"Fill, fill the barkling sprimmer' comes in"—— * *

Oh! VANITY! Dear VANITY, This is all wrong—radically wrong, I know; but if I haven't convinced you that our wrongs are many, our *sighings* huge, then—you are not the man I take you for, or any other man.

Yours Considerably,
M. T. HEAD, U. S. C U S.

Marine Intelligence,

The prophet of the *Herald*, or the pilot, or somebody, came out in a late number of that journal with the following tremendous squall, all about the South wind:

"A terrible storm is about to burst upon our heads. Let everybody take in sail and be prepared for the worst."

This is nearly as bad as Cumming, and might lead weak-minded persons to think that we are all Going; on which account we think it judicious to republish it under the head of "Marine Intelligence:" less on account of its nautical flavor, however, than in consideration of its being remarkably provocative of the traditional recommendation—"Tell that to the Marines."

THY HAND, GREAT MAN, HAS LET THE CURTAIN FALL.

29 NORTH THIRTEENTH STREET,
New York, December 10.

OURTEOUS and Caustic VANITY: I've been to meeting. Saw an advertisement of the "New York Evangelical Alliance" for last Sunday night. Thought I would like to go. Didn't know what the Alliance was for, when I went in, but found out before I had been there long. Alliance is to furnish preaching for folks down town. Meetings to be held in theatres and sich. Poor folks to be visitated at their homes. Believe in the Alliance. Think if laymen as well as clergymen (*i. e.*, Re, as well as In-cumbents) will take hold of it, they'll make a good thing of it. Think though, it would'nt be a bad idea while they're about it, for them to leave a tin hat and a bar of soap at each house, with directions how to use them. Think of suggesting it to the Committee.

Meeting was very well till it came to the Doctor's turn to speak. He cut it rather fat I thought. He drew a picture. He didn't draw it mild either. See if he did:

"Of the 800,000 inhabitants of the city, there are 600,000 who never attend church. If this state of things continues, Infidelity, Intemperance, Murder, and Rapine will run riot in New York."

Bless the reverend gentleman's soul alive—Doesn't he know that a large portion—a *screechiny* proportion—of this number are babies-in-arms, who can't *crawl*, much less "run riot."

"This is a Mäelstrom which threatens to engulf the city."

There are divers ways of being sucked in, Doctor!

"We are on a volcano. You can hear it rumbling."

I listened, but heard nothing but an old gentleman in the next pew winding up his watch. But I couldn't help getting nervous. The speaker was a big man, and I am a little one, and of course I couldn't help looking up to him some. It made my blood run cold to hear him go on.

"Behold this great army, chained side by side, marching on to destroy us! Can we resist? No! They are too many for us."

I was completely unnerved by this. I trembled with fear. The only running comment I could make was to rush from the sanctuary, and cut for home before it got any later. My sensations weren't any of the pleasantest, for the only weapon I had was a walking-stick. I looked down every street I came to, to see if I could see the forlorn hope of the "army." I was in Fouché's pickle. "The air was full of poniard."

I dreamed bad that night. I thought the conspiracy had broken out. The 600,000 non-church-goers were in arms, infants not excepted. The work of butchery was begun. The churchiers made a feeble resistance. They were shot promiscuous. The army was led by the *Herald* man carrying a SHARP'S rifle. They had put him in the van, because when he aimed his piece every man thought he was aiming at him, and took to his heels. I was overtaken and knocked down. A young man whom I recognised as the man who supplies me with meat, stepped up, and with a horrible imprecation, discharged his cleaver at my head. By a lucky dodge I escaped with the loss of my nose. My invalid grandmother then hove in sight. She was in the garb of an applewoman. She brandished a cheese-knife, reeking with the heart's blood of a Baptist deacon, and shrieked "Slit his windpipe!" "Cut his liver!" suggested a tall man in crape. "Scoop out the bloody eyes of him!" growled an Irishman ("his accent betrayed him.") A little devil of a shoe-black put his block on the ground. My head was placed upon it. What would have followed, I don't know, for I found myself sitting up in bed, in a violent perspiration, and shaking in every limb.

Mr. Editor, rather than spend another such a night, I'd buy a *World* with my last solitary red. Oh tell me! Is my alarm groundless? *Is* there any danger of my waking up some morning and finding my throat cut from ear to ear. Ask Instinct. Find out in some way. Oh speak, and allay the fears of

A TREMBLING CITIZEN.

FOUR SPECIAL DESPATCHES.

In the Styles of the Leading Dailies.

I.

IN THE STYLE OF THE *Herald*.

WASHINGTON, Dec. —

The excitement rages terrifically. A financial crisis has paralyzed all business. A private session of the Cabinet was held last night, when trouble arose between Mr. BUCHANAN and the Secretary of the Interior. High words were exchanged, but they did not come to blows. I am not permitted to divulge the reason why they did not. This news you may rely upon, as I have it from *the highest authority*. It has been disclosed to no one else.

LATER.

The absurd rumor that appeared in some of the papers this morning, concerning a difficulty in the Cabinet last night, is totally without foundation. I have this denial from the very best source.

II.

IN THE STYLE OF THE *Tribune*.

WASHINGTON, Dec. —

There is no excitement whatever here. Mr. BUCHANAN will probably resign in favor of Mr. LINCOLN, within a few days. The Southern delegates are all enthusiastic Union men, and some of them hold strong Republican principles. One hears nothing of Secession anywhere. Business was never more prosperous. One of the senators from South Carolina will shortly introduce a bill for the better enforcement of the Personal Liberty Bills in the North.

LATER.

The excitement is rapidly decreasing.

III.

IN THE STYLE OF THE *Times*.

WASHINGTON, Dec. —

Unless something happens immediately, it will be some time before anything occurs. The tone of the South is not very favorable to abolitionism, and if South Carolina successfully secedes, nothing can prevent her going out of the Union. Trouble in the Cabinet was reported last night, but unless supported by facts, the rumor can have little foundation. The excitement here, in political circles, is not so great as it was before it began to subside, but is still greater than before it reached its present height.

LATER.

If there is no difficulty, all will be well.

IV.

IN THE STYLE OF THE *World*.

WASHINGTON, Dec. —

Private BUCHANAN, violent of last night, reports difficulty of question in session. Secterior of Cabinet arose, no words to question INCHANAN trouble. The dispute high old venerable public functionary floating around town, but nothing serious; secret session, merely, without Cabinet of the proof there is.

LATER.

The weather is fine.

More Suffering.

As another instance of the unparalleled distress resulting even to the wealthy classes from the bursting of the Croton main, we are assured that diamonds have gone up several hundred per cent, on account of the Water in them.

One of the Best Booths in the World's Great Vanity Fair.

EDWIN.

BRAVING THE STORM!!!

"I REGARD THE CONSTITUTION OF MY COUNTRY, AND I AM DETERMINED TO STAND BY IT."—*Extract from Gen. Houston's Letter of Nov.* 14

SHOUT THAT ALL MAY HEAR!

"Oh, for one horn of Dundee!" oh for the great Will and iron Power which should force Conviction on the men of the North and the South, and strip from either their error and show them their madness!

"Oh for one blast of that dread horn" of the great Emperor, who, in a wilder age than this, could bend to his tremendous rule the Norman and the Latin, the Knight and the rebellious Savage? Men—brothers—we are drifting down and down—an eternal plunge before us—because we want a Voice—an awful Voice to sound in thunder-words broad and wide over our land and speak that which once heard can never be forgotten. Oh where is he slumbering who should utter it? Wake, wake, and warn them, Thou of the Mighty Will and Warning Voice!

In the great hour of awe on the day of death, in the year of destruction when Jerusalem was at her fall; when the enemy grieved her sore—in that hour evil prevailed, and the defenders fought one with the other and fell.

There is a fair river in the German land, and on its banks are two ruined castles called the Brothers.

Once they were full of life and light. Towers rose proudly in the sunlight, music rang out on the breeze, merry trains passed from gate to gate—the castles lent to each other joy and revelry in peace, and strengthened each other in war.

Clouds came between the Brothers—jealousy and bitterness, and rankling pain of soul, and enmity even to the black and bitter vow—and to Murder!

And the Curse came—the Curse which glides by night and by day, in slumber and waking, in storm and silence, over the brothers who hate. Never yet from Cain of the World's dawning did a brother hate, that that curse did not dart straight from the Lord of Dread, and hover over him, waiting its hour, dreadful in its inevitable power as the Fury of old. Woe, woe to him over whom that Nameless Horror unfolds its wings.

It came—and the music died away, the laughter was hushed, pleasant parties of cavaliers and dames rode no longer between the castles—the curse had stilled them all.

Then came the Blow and the Ruin.

The towers are crumbling away—the owl has her home in the hall, the wind wails through the once golden chamber—Beauty and Joyousness are dead—dead as the Warring Brothers.

Oh for the Voice—the stern order which shall turn Our Brothers again to one another—oh speak to them! speak! cry aloud if thou art—for verily the Curse is looming up from afar—already its lurid eye gleams through the clouds—save them, oh save them!

Strip and tear, rend and sear—cut away to the bone, but rend from each of you the foul disease which makes ye both hateful to each other. Soon and without fear. No delay—no cowardice—this is *no* hour for delay. Cut, cut deeply. Know ye not the terrible Voice which calls to ye? Obey, or a more fearful One will ring at some darker day from the deadly Shadow Land!

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED AT VANITY FAIR OFFICE.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BONAPARTE, L. N.—Thoughts about Smoked Provisions. Vol. 1. Recollections of Ham.

ARCHITECTURAL, CIVIL ENGINEERING, &c.

DOUGLAS, S. A.—On the best mode of constructing Public Platforms, with Sectional Designs for a new Tammany Hall, and plan for a Patroon Bridge over Salt River.

SCIENTIFIC.

SCHELL A. CONCHOLOGY, of New York, from late specimens collected since the 7th of November, 1860.

ETHICS.

BENNETT, J. G.—On Moral Obliquity of Vision. Its Cause and Cure.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

POORE, B. P.—The Diversions of Perley, with a view of the Hub of the wheel of the Wheelbarrow that wheeled the Barrel of Apples into the Hub of the Universe—6pp Cotton Edges.

SNYDER, JOHN.—Big Thing on him—Kalbfleisch & Co. All along the Bowerie—Half Calf.

DOGBERRY'S LAST CHARGE.

Dogberry - - - - - -	J. B——n.
Seacoal - - - - - - -	A. L——n.
Verges—A good old man—but who will be Talking -	J. G. B——tt

DOGBERRY.—*Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: this is your charge! you shall comprehend all vagrom men! you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.*

SEACOAL.—*How if he will not stand?*

DOGBERRY.—*Why then, take no note of him, but let him go.*—SHAKESPEARE.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BOOTS.

HAEV occupied myself considerably in searching for the out ward manifestations of the divine ME. I have travelled through the Wilt Whatman, the Weller & Fowls, and the R. A. F. Waldersonian Schools. With the first I have sat on the lap of Paumanok, and heard the little Child say softly—amid the hoarse, heaving breaths of the Old Mother, as W. W. put it :—

> "O what am I?
> O I don't know anything about it.
> O that I did,
> Or you,
> Or any other man."

I commenced a course of lessons with the Professors W. & F., in their sublime science. But it was untimely ripped — no, nipped (isn't it ?) in the bud by an untoward or froward circumstance. You see, Prof. F. was instructing me in the location of the various organs. The practice consisted in moving the head quickly, at the word of command, in the direction of *Idee*, *Individ*, or *Caus*-ality, *Approbate*, *Vitate*, *or Combat*-iveness, as the Prof. tersely expressed it. And one day, as he gave the word—*Approbate!*—which, as the readers of VANITY know, would require a lateral movement,—I threw my head in the direction of *Self-Esteem*—backwards, of course. As the Prof.'s occiput was in critical proximity to mine, his *Perceptive* organs were suddenly increased in a much greater ratio than those of Jack Easy's father with his Self-Improvement machine. So the Prof. said our paths in the science of Mentality must thenceforth be divergent.

I have sat at the feet of the sage, octogenerical R. A. F. W., while he defined the Finality of the Senses, and the Supreme Illimitable Essence of Intellect, Subjective, Injective, Objective and Adjective, to the extremest, finest point of Intellectual Monadism, or Nomadism. I think that is what he calls it. Some Mad-ism, I know.

In my communion with these and other kindred spirits, personally and through their celebrated works, I have met with many theories of Manifestation. Some thought it was confined to the Countenance. Others claim the carriage and gait. Others the voice. These points may be considered debatable. But, strange to say, none of them have discovered another and unfailing test, which I have long known—from childhood, in fact.

At my first quarter's schooling in Tickletobyville, the earliest reminiscence is dated. I remember it as if it were yesterday, the dread and awe with which I took the seat that was assigned me, and stole a furtive glance at The Master. But one peep was all I dared. My eyes fell till they met his feet.

O, VANITY! here is my discovery. Here is that on which is based all my fond hopes of yet ranking with the Galileos and Harveys, the Galls and Spurzheims of the world :

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BOOTS.

O, ye dread pair, who first cleansed the rheum of ignorance from my young eyes, I will have you before me while memory holds her uneasy seat! Magisterial, sober-looking Boots were ye, with a mysterious, self-possessed repose clearly defined in your expression. (As my friend R. A. F. W. said to me once,—"Expression does not need eyes and facial muscles to him who has been given insight. Can he not read you the moods of prisoned, plaintive-singing brooks, of hanging rocks their grim wardres, of trees drooping in pity over them?") I have seen those Boots stand erect in the corner behind their slippered owner; but no sign did they give that the life had departed from them: they frowned as grimly as ever, and as firmly and self-consciously grasped the dusty floor. Nay, when the oldest boy—he with the sturdy limbs—ventured surreptitiously into the sacred Boots, and joined us in the playground,—they fitted him well enough, but which of us did not recognize the accustomed Presence, and tremble?

The other day I saw a portrait of the Count d'Orsay. He was a handsome man, and I carried away a general impression of a tall, elegant figure; but my whole being was wrapt up in delightful contemplation of his Boots. As much aerial grace as consists with dignity and power; courtier-like suavity, yet lofty resolution; in fine, the mind's highest ideal of the preux chevalier—all, and more, were stamped in every line, every curve of those miraculous Boots.

Numberless other representative Boots I might name. But I forbear. The world is slow to receive new ideas, and the promulgation of my theory must consequently be gradual.

It is to be hoped that one piece of vandalism will be checked when my discovery reveals itself to the consciousness of men. Shall we talk about an infirmary for worn-out horses, and devote our chimney corner to decrepit dogs, and cats in the decline of years, while we sacrifice our Boots to the Lares and Penates? (Mythologic for N. Y. Jeemses and Biddys.) As I was reminded by that Boanergetic youth, Forrest, at the W. G. the other night—must our Boots return to such base uses as stopping the bungs or forming the spouts of lager-barrels?

Forbid it, kyind Heaven!

Not mine, sir. Never!

Think, O VANITY! what gratification to the feeling breast to form a museum of his cast-off Boots! And how he could call up in retrospection the vicissitudes, the joys and sorrows of his past life! How vividly he could recall, from the dated memorials, the changing epochs of his character, from toddling infancy to sprightly, bounding youth, and firm, reflecting manhood. (Talking of a museum reminds me that I was at Barnum's the other day, and saw the sandalled shoon worn by the Japanese. After gazing only a few moments, I made a number of discoveries in the Japanese character. I think seriously of writing a refutation of Oliphant and the rest of them.) The pumps, honored as those in which your toe was stubbed by a Prince's heel in the Lanciers; or those which tripped in unison with Sophronia Boole's, at the Japanese riot; the highlows which elevated themselves in the schoolhouse at Lennieville, when Miss Smith wielded the birch with such marked effect,—are all these and the others, stamped with our individuality, to be discarded like our nail-parings and superfluous beard?

> No! in ourselves our souls exist,
> A part of ours."

ALDI BORONDI FOSCA PHORNIOSTICUS.

A REPUBLICAN ALLEGORY.

"A HUGE HORNET'S NEST.—Mr. E. G. WHITNEY has presented to the state agricultural collection the largest hornet's nest we have ever seen It measures five feet in circumference in one direction and three feet in the other. It is supported on five diverging branches of a maple tree. It was found in the woods near Dickson, Franklin County, by RALPH HAZEN, who was out searching for a LINCOLN pole.

We scissor the above from the *Albany Journal*. Appearing at any other date, we should have been disposed to regard it only as a natural curiosity, an instance of insect industry, wherefrom nothing deeper than a Dr. WATTS-like moral might be deduced. But in these "parlous Times" everything becomes significant. We sniff an allegory. The huge hornet's nest is the Presidency; the discoverer "*who was out searching for a* LINCOLN *pole*," (an evident, though uncomplimentary allusion to "Honest ABE's" well-known longitude of person,) is the Republican party; "the diverging branches of the Tree," supporting it are the factional divisions of American politics. While wondering that Mr. WEED should so cruelly satirize his own party, we cannot but admire the appropriateness of his simile. "A hornet's nest," indeed! could anything be more pertinent? What legions of hornets have rushed out of it, and how they are stinging poor Uncle SAM, to be sure! The proverbial condition of a man "with a bee in his bonnet," promises to be nothing to his in the Time coming.

Comparative Bores.

There is a great Artesian bore, at Columbus, Ohio, about which some calculating genius has gone to the trouble of figuring out a curious, but not very valuable statement. He finds by algebra or something, that if said bore could be conveniently continued so as to pass through the globe, the boring rod or grinder, or whatever they call it, would "come out" in China, within exactly fifteen miles of the great wall. This would be a great bore for any John Chinaman who happen to be sitting on the calculated spot just about gimlet-time. In view of such a contingency, we have written to our special correspondent in China, instructing him to avoid being around anywhere within fifteen miles of the big wall, lest the gimlet—or what would be worse yet—the Calculator, might suddenly crop out from the ground, and proceed to bore him.

Why the Wather giv' out.

Bekase we couldn't get it be the usual mains.

PROVERBS, NO. 1.

"A light purse is a heavy curse."—*Old Proverbs.*

Our "Newspaper Friend."—Loq.—No Free List! There goes my *tete-a-tete* at Maillard's.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Editors of Vanity Fair:—Gentlemen,—I have long made it my study to secure the diagnoses and forms of treatment of curious diseases, and I wish to call your attention to a prevalent disorder, of intermittent character, which just now rages in this city again, after a brief disappearance. I can find no mention of it in any medical work, yet, if I mistake not, it has been known a long while.

I refer to the Athletic Fit.

The first symptom noticeable is a feeling of great strength, causing the patient to talk wildly and incoherently of his physical prowess and capabilities. About the second day, he speaks frequently of "batting you in the eye," "swatting you over the gourd," etc. Toward the third and fourth days, spasmodic symptoms appear, as exhibited in a tendency to bend the arms violently, so as to contract the *biceps* muscle. Indeed, I have reason to think that the muscle is the seat of the disease on its appearance, as there is a constant desire on the part of the patient to examine it and feel of it, saying frequently, "There's a muscle for you!" etc.

The fit is now well developed, and spreads in a short time to the entire muscular system. A sudden eruption of acrobatic feats often takes place, greatly endangering the patient's life. Gymnasium occurs on the twelfth day, with profuse perspiration, great prostration, colds, pains in all the muscles, and an incontrollable desire to witness circus-performances, sparring-exhibitions, etc.

The patient at this stage is very miserable . . . a nuisance to himself and all around him. I remember that at the time of the Heenan and Sayers excitement, Athletic Fits were epidemic . . . they raged everywhere . . . and it was as much as one's life was worth to venture about. I made some valuable diaries of cases, but it was so disagreeable to be constantly endangered by the terrible convulsions of the sufferers, that my studies were necessarily limited. The present attack, being slighter, offers better opportunities.

In order that these fits may be understood by the public, I append two marked cases from my diary:

1. Charles Augustus Aveynu—aged 20—lives in Madison Square—engaged in no profession. Taken while reading of the Woods and King prize-fight in the evening papers. Great feeling of physical power. Trouble in the biceps appeared on the second day. Third day, boxing-gloves completely covered both hands. Patient spoke wildly of mawleys, claret, peepers, getting the left home, etc. Went out on the fourth day, and returned with a large puffy swelling under the left eye, which gradually assumed a dark purple color. This was the culmination of the case, and the patient rapidly recovered.

2. Bob Short—clerk in a hardware store—aged 24—living in Bleecker Street. Taken while witnessing acrobats at the Bowery circus. Biceps symptoms visible immediately. Second day, severe attack of dumb-bells, followed by intense pain in arms and chest. On fourth day, gymnasium broke out. Patient greatly weakened. Good symptoms followed this exhaustion, but after the Woods and King affair, a relapse came on. Strong convulsions and general disposition to violence. Eighth day, swelling and discoloration of both eyes, and large contusion on right temple, which the patient ascribed to a "rattling slogger on the nob." This case terminated very singularly. The patient was married on the tenth day, and the fits instantly disappeared. On being asked about his Athletic symptoms, he replied that he had something else to think about.

I have as yet found no treatment for this disorder, but it seems to possess a decided resemblance, in most instances, to hypochondria. In every case I have seen, the patient fancied himself a very muscular and terrible person. Probably intellectual studies a free association with refined persons of both sexes, temperance, in drink, and mental occupations, would entirely prevent the appearance of any painful Athletic symptoms.

Yours truly,
Galligh Potts, M. D.

OUR TRUE BOND OF UNION.

The religious editor of our neighbor, the *World*, was stunned last Monday morning by reading the following paragraph, which preceded an able article under the above caption:

"We have often happy Union should be d issolved, and our country so diverse, and yet so allied and necessary to be divided up into two or more separate and possibly hostils states. Our material interests heard it asserted: "It is impossible that our each other," it is affirmed, "will hold us together as a nation. The productions of the North, both of nature and of art, are such as the South needs, and those of the South are such as the North needs.

"This is all so."

"This is all so"! Vanity closed its eyes and in imagination went on a waft to the breakfast-table of the aforesaid editor, and instantaneously the same imagination answered for him, "That is *not* so." Having thus soliloquised, we stepped round to the office of the *World*, to ascertain if Our Material Interests had Really Heard It Asserted, but he was not in. We then inquired for Our Each Other, and learned that he had just sailed in the "Berryofship" with the "Gold-headed Palcaptain." And we wended our way towards our sanctum, with strange forebodings for the future welfare of the *World*.

World—if you do that sort of thing because you think it funny, you must put some method in it. *Crede experto Roberto*—take the advice of the Immensely Gifted Vanity—and remember that all grotesque goblins are not merry devils, while to produce something more than a merely typographical impression you should be more artistic in the disposition of the Ink You Buy.

A Paragraph in Slippers.

In an article entitled "Thanksgiving Eve," in a late number of the *Herald*, the following fine passage occurs:

"It is not our intention, however, to go through the catalogue of good things, animate and inanimate, that tempted the unbounded stomachs of the crowd. It is simply enough to say that everybody and his wife seemed to be out laying in their store and providing for the comfort of the coming day, preparing, as it were, to crowd a maximum of dinner into a minimum of space.

There is a free, loose touch of nature in the expression "unbounded stomachs" that is vividly suggestive of unbuttoned waistcoats, and zones recklessly let out four or five holes to meet the exigencies of the repast. The position of "everybody and his wife" under these festal circumstances is, indeed, worthy of the pencil of a Teniers, an Ostade, or a John McLenan. But, alas! the writer of those exquisite words, like the wayward cow that kicks over the pail after contributing to it her quota of the lacteal fluid, ruthlessly dashes to the floor our mental ambrotype of "perfect looseness," by the last words of his paragraph—"a minimum of space." O! that an "unbounded stomach" should be identified with a "minimum of space!" Ah! the inconsistency of it.

ON THE CALIFORNIA TRAIL.

Traveller (sarcastically)—"HOORAY!—MAYBE THEY FINE A CHAP UP HERE FOR CROSSIN' THE BRIDGES QUICKER NOR A WALK!"

Sporting Intelligence.

A sporting paper of this city, called the *Tribune*, and edited by a well known old "sport" conspicuous for his white coat and black sympathies, makes the following statement in reporting a recent prize-fight:

KING'S left eye was nearly closed by the twenty-third round, and at one time he was driven back into his corner, where he fell into a water pail.

Now, with reference to the above, one of two things is clear: either this must have been a very small pugilist, or a very large pail. Or, stay, there is another solution of the thing: the fighting man in question may be a darkey, for all we know, and that would sufficiently account for the anxiety of H. G. to get him Inside the Pale.

The War of the Creeds.

"Allah is great!" exclaims the Turk,
In love of his Creator;
"But," cries the Christian, with a smirk,
"Sure *Allah mode* is greater!"

Street Item.

Are the ladies aware when getting into an omnibus, that if thereare no chaps on the sidewalk looking at them, that there are "felloes" in the wheels?

By an Astronomer.

Why is Donati's comet like an Irishman sent on an errand? Because you can't compute the period of his return!

Blessings in Disguise.

Fancy-dress Balls.

AQUARIAN.

Ho! Ho! Ho!

We out of Water. We're Deaquad. We haven't got no Limpid Rill left in the hyrdrant and our stop-cock refuses to Crow—ton.

What shall we do under these circums? There is a degree of rolling-mill pressure under which strength avails nothing—nor any other man. MILO—he was a Crotonian by the way—was a strong man—but he couldn't have done without water you know. You can't navigate even rum without some water.

Mayor WOOD—we're Extremely Obliged to you. In the name of a large and delighted constituency of manufacturers, merchants and upper ten-strikers, we return you deep and undying thanks. Your persistent opposition to the laying of the new Fourth Avenue mains claims a Vote—no, don't jump too quick—a Vote of Thanks! Everybody knows that You are opposed to Pipe Laying. Oh—Yes!

(N. B. "This is rote Sarkastikul.")

It may interest our readers to know what was done lately in New York, to remedy the general short crop of water caused by an accident in the Main and consequent enforcement of a New Liquor Law. (Good!)

At the *World* Office the doors and windows were at once closed, and evening services advanced one hour. Then all hands were assembled and each with a tub before him informed that in future the whole establishment would be required to practise what they preached. This produced such a C. F. T.—copious Flow of Tears—that the pails were at once filled and the boilers replenished.

The *Tribune*-ites finding HORACE in powerful convulsions owing to the perusal of an account of the smashing of FRED DOUGLAS'S N. M. in Boston, lost no time in attaching him to the beam of the engine. Of course he worked it—it fact it went rather too fast at first and they had to calm him off with a portrait of ABE LINCOLN—when we left he was singing Dixey, with the whole corps redactorial in grand chorius.

Now we's got de ting a workin'
Got de ole cobang a jerkin',
Come away, come away!
Away in Dixey.

Dar is whar dey'd like to bang us,
Dar is whar de fokes would hang us,
Way down Souf in Dixey.

As for the *Times* it simply turned on a flood of its usual eloquence and went like an overshot mill in an extra freshet. Our neighbor has, we understand, a contrivance by which waste editorial steam is laid away in bundles and used, as wanted in the boiler.

The *Herald* — — — — — — but the H. will tell the public loudly enough what *it* did. Only make some little allowance for its exuberant spirit of narrative. It's a gezzogerating thing you know, and sometimes take a little after the late GULLIVER.

The *Evening Post* had on hand as usual several hundred thousand reams of rejected MS. poems. These it promptly traded off as waste paper for a vast number of bottles of claret which were promptly poured in. Some of the genial fluid was, to be sure, spilt on the way—at least at the last advices the cobang was working like a wine press, much laughter was heard, and the festive party were singing BERANGER'S, VANITY FAIR'S and other beautiful lyrics, and putting conundrums to each other.

The *Express* tried at first a Torrent of Sass—but finding it too thick concluded to send over to Brooklyn for Seven Dollars' Worth of the Essential.

DELMONICO provided as usual large pitchers of ice-water, but many—most—of his Customers with great delicacy refrained from touching them. In fact many were so chary of his feelings as simply to take an extra couple of fingers of the Potent—just to show that at Such a Time they had too much G. B. (good breeding) to infringe on the Croton.

Go It. There's no Discount on this town. Not in any Emergency.

"Mutato Nomine," etc.

An article in the *Herald*, on the bursting of the Croton main, has for one of its head-lines, "*Scenes around* THE OLD PUMPS"—a caption which would have been very applicable to a report of the Prince of Wales Ball, considering the number of Old Pumps that were Seen Around on that occasion.

FROM THE OIL LAND.

Dear Vanity:—

GREEABLE to promise I will write you something of the Oil Regions, for I can now speak from actual observation. I have been here full 3 weeks and believe with HAMLET that there are more things in heaven and earth (especially earth,) than are dreamed of in OUR Philosophy.

After visiting a number of wells that pumped from 5 to 1900 Barrels of oil a day, I arrived at the great well at *Tidioute*, which has a 6 inch bore and is the Most Wonderful Phenomenon ever known. The owner, after boring about 7000 feet a few weeks ago, struck a vein of oil (pure sperm,) which burst out with such violence that the drilling and boring apparatus were thrown out of sight, and have never been heard of since. But this was only the beginning. For the last two weeks it has been pumping so, and has kept all the coopers in the country so hard at work, that several have gone off and died of Hooping Cough at extra hours.

On last Saturday night, the flow eased up, when they plugged it, and the operations had a rest. But this morning while listening to some of the wonderful stories of the well, a bumbling noise was heard, like the gurgle of a whiskey barrel, and out flew the plug. Oh, DAN RICE! you should have seen the oil! 'Twas terrible. Fancy a stream 6 inches thick, and spouting up 50 feet—to begin with. Such a waste, no barrels to put it in, and the united efforts of the whole populorum could not plug it. At this crisis, the steamer Corn Planter, arrived direct from Pittsburgh with a few barrels, and Captain H——N, knowing that oil had Gone Up, sung out, "I'll give you $50 an hour for four hours for the flow of your well!" It was bargained and all hands set to work. In a very few minutes with the staging and some planks a spout was made with which the oil as it came down was run into the hold of the boat. "Put out the fires and cool the boilers; lower the chimneys and plug the ends tight, for I'm bound to make the trick pay," sang out the Captain.

We all saw instinctively that he was making a very nice thing out of his speculation. Very soon the hold was brim full, when they turned the stream into the boilers, filled them, and then the chimneys, to say nothing of everything else—pockets alone excepted. The Captain then cut loose and floated down the river, but the well squirted on. Fifty dollars were then offered to the man who could plug this well. In this trying moment I happened to look up, and saw that a large, dead tree overhung the Institution.

I got some of the hands to cut a plug and hold the point of it at the edge of the well. Then I took my axe (you know I served my time logging) and felled the tree so exactly that it struck the plug fair and square, plugging the well as tight as a drum—saving the owner an immense quantity of oil, and giving him time to get barrels. Now is it any wonder, DEAR VANITY, that speculation runs high, and that people get excited? Lately, the fourth of this well has been sold for $5,000.000 cash. The party purchasing will immediately start for England and buy the Great Eastern, Bring her to New Orleans, buy all the empty barrels and casks at every Port she stops at, and come up the first Rise. Meanwhile bills will be introduced into the Legislature, to compel all the bridges to construct draws large enough to admit the great ship through, and to make oil in ten-gallon kegs, a legal tender for the banks in this section (they having all suspended, except the old bank doors at PETTS and JIM HAYS coal bank.) This will be a great relief, and our banks will not forfeit their charters and repudiate their money, for the people of Western Pennsylvania abhor repudiation above all things.

The great ROTHSCHILD sent an agent over by the last Steamer, and he and I are travelling together. They gave him, of course, a Carte Blanche for any amount he may see fit to invest for them. The demand is so great for this oil, that it has given new impetus to many branches, and seriously affected others.

The agent has seen all the wells, many of them as powerful as the one here. He has sent an order to England for 25,000 coopers, and has bought out 62 ROLLING MILLS, in Pittsburgh, 20 of which are to roll nothing but hoop iron, 5 to make nails, and the balance are to be converted into Cooper shops of the first magnitude. A great change is going on in Pittsburgh: a number of the largest Cotton Mills have been turned into Cooper Shops, and most of the Flour Mills have been converted into Oil Refineries. The Rafting interest has suffered. Raftsmen who used to get $2.00 per day now demand $5,00—their work being doubled. The oil, you know, floats on the water, gets on the rafts, in consequence of which the boards become so greasy that the poor fellows can't get a foot-hold to pull on, and the stumps and trees are also so fearfully lubricated that they can't tree up safely. But it has had one good effect. Formerly these Raftsmen, when they got to Pittsburgh, and Ports below, used to fight with everything, and being six feet six in socks, were ugly customers. But now, Ah! Mrs. Swisshelm! what a change!—All are as oily and sleek as if they had been under the instruction of Oily Gammon, and had read the *World* for a year at least.

I have engaged a lease for you, my dear VANITY—it is 20 feet square, and you can see oil on it now, (if your powers of Imagination are good for anything.) The terms are reasonable; $10,000, cash, and if you find oil, half to the owner of the land.

I was very fortunate in getting it for you; there are so many thousands bargaining for Oil Privileges, that to get one is a privilege indeed.

Mr. JAS. GORDON BENNETT and YANCEY have gone into partnership in a claim, hoping to find some kind of Oil that will Ease Her off. They have already got a show—their drill, in fact, looks quite FEATHERY, but it smells like TAR more than Oil. The Senior Editor of the *World* came up last week, got a site, and commenced Boring. In a short time the drill was taken up, and he applying his nose to its point, exclaimed:

"Oh, that my words were now written!
Oh, that they were printed in a book!
That they were graven with an iron pen,
And lead in the Rock for ever;
For I know that I have struck ILE."

I have heard it said by those who ought to know, that his OIL will throw some light on their past history and future prospects. That it will also enable him to make the thing slide. 'Tis also said that if he gets a 1000-barrel well, he intends to send the *World* free to every one that can be induced to read its Religious Items. HORACE GREELEY had an offer of an interest in a well, but declined, for the reason that he has struck *Ile* in a new spot early in November; but he does not intend to commence pumping until March 4, 1860. But the wagon is waiting to take ROTHSCHILD'S Agent and myself on to the next big well, so I will close, and let you know of our progress in my next. Aff. Yours,

SAMUEL HUGHES.

TIDIOUTE, Venango Co., Penn., November 25th, 1860.

"Spare the Rod," etc.

Chicago seems to be much in want of a rigorous "schoolmarm;" for, although there is lots of BURCH there just now, people don't appear to have been brought up much in dread of it.

Half a "Smile" too Much.

M. W. S. G., in a recent *Ledger* sketch, describing the fair heroine's features, said: "Around those rosy lips lingered a smile, half coquettish, half regretful, and yet half mirthful!"

JOHN HARDY'S

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

IN the North side of the town, as it is generally called, why I never exactly understood, since it is really the West side, if the points of the compass are to be depended upon—on the North side of the town, I say, not far from the river, is an out-of-the-way little street, which, for want of a better name, I shall christen Dean Place. It is a quiet, dreamy little street, not much wider than a country lane—indeed, it seemed a lane to me, the first time I saw it, and I think I have heard it was one, in the olden time, the far off quaint, old time when New York was Niew Amsterdam. It is as winding and crooked as a lane, Dean Place is, and in summer, when the trees on each side are out, full as leafy and green. Grass grows in the street, shooting up between the round cobble-stones, and the little plots of earth in the front areas are sown with flowers. The sides of the houses are spotted with moss, the roofs of the sheds are crusted with it, and the gutters, what you can see of them, are as green as the bottom of meadow brooks. All this shows what a rural, homely, untravelled, unbusiness-like little street Dean Place is. It looks as if it had never known what business was, or, having known it, (how long ago it must have been!) would never know it more. Shops there are few, or none—I should say none, did I not at this moment recollect an Apothecary's shop about midway the street, a small shop with large bottles, scarcely seen in the day, but as brilliant at night as so many rainbows. Yes, and a Baker's shop, too—how could I forget that? There is always a Baker, where there is an Apothcary (and a Butcher, also, for that matter, though I don't remember to have seen one in Dean Place), for before people can die (I mean no disrespect to the Apothecary,) they must live, and how can they live without a Baker? Of course there is a Baker in Dean Place, and all the children around know it!

This, I flatter myself, is not a bad description of the locality of my story; at any rate, it is an outline which a suggestive mind can easily fill up. There is, however, another side to the picture, another view of Dean Place, which I have not yet presented. I have hinted what it is in summer; permit me to show you now what it is in winter, say towards the last of December—nay, let it be on Christmas Eve, when my story opens. It was several years ago; it may have been five, it may have been twenty; the exact time is not essential; enough that it was Christmas Eve in Dean Place. The day had been overcast and lowering, a raw, damp, disagreeable day; no wind stirring, only a still, cold, benumbing air, that penetrated you like a wet sword. The sky was heavy with something—rain or snow; it felt more like snow than rain. The walks however were wet, as you saw when you drew near the lighted lamps; not wet enough to shine as they do in the rainy summer nights, but moist and slippery, as in the misty summer mornings. There was a faint moon overhead, a spot of gray light in the darkening blank of the sky, which made Dean Place look weird and ghostly. The houses rose on each side like dark walls of cloud, tolerably distinct when near, but dim and unreal in the distance. Here and there through the closed blinds were little flashes of light, the flickering of lamps and candles within, or the unsteady blaze of the hearth-fires. The trees in front of the houses were grim and dark; not a leaf lingered upon them; you saw every crook and twist of the withered branches, drawn against the sky like fantastic black skeletons.

Towards the lower end of Dean Place the street makes a sort of curve, after which it runs straight to the river. In the centre of this curve, the elbow as it were of Dean Place, there is a little court, which looks so much like a street, what there is of it, that you cannot help thinking it was intended for one. It seems as if a great wedge had been driven in there, forcing apart the houses until it came in contact with a church, where it suddenly stopped, not wishing to create a split among its members. It is a triangular court, of course, or it would not have suggested my simile of the wedge. It is paved with cobble-stones, and has narrow sidewalks of flagging, and at the further end, in the shadow of the church, stands a worm-eaten, mossy old pump. There are three small wooden houses on each side of the court, old, two-story wooden houses, with narrow windows, and porches at the door. The doors are embellished with large knockers, six mild-looking, fat old lions, with rusty rings in their mouths. Bells are out of place there, and night-latches also, although one of the houses *has* a night-latch of the latest and safest pattern. In this house, the second on the right of the court, lived JOHN HARDY, the hero of my story, whom I should have introduced to the reader before. Let us enter at once, then, (you need no night-key while with me,) and see how he keeps his Christmas Eve. We are in the front room on the lower floor, a small, plainly furnished room, suited to a man of very moderate means. It contains but little furniture, and most of that is old. *Item:* Six mahogany chairs, with seats of black haircloth; a mahogany card-table, standing on carved lions' claws; a lounge to match; a half-worn carpet of a small stiff pattern, (you see it was made for a larger room, because the edges are turned under all round); chintz curtains at the windows; a tall, three-cornered, black-walnut book-rack, with a large family Bible, and a cup and saucer of old china on the upper shelves; an astral lamp on a stand beside a lady's work-basket; three or four engravings on the walls—an English landscape, by MORLAND or GAINSBOROUGH, a full-length of WASHINGTON with a sword in his hand, a head of CHRIST crowned with thorns, and over the mantle, between two silver-washed candlesticks, a sad, sick-looking woman. The ladies may arrange all this to suit their tastes, (the table stood between the windows, and the book-rack in the corner, if that will help any,) while we busy ourselves with JOHN HARDY. He sits before the grate in a sober, contemplative mood. As far as I can judge by his appearance, he is about forty, a tall, angular man, with stooping shoulders, and thin hair beginning to turn gray. He is not handsome, he is not homely, but hovering between, now one, now the other, as he is moved from within. His forehead is large and square, his cheek-bones prominent, his nose long and sharp; his eyes are fine, however, kind, loving, intelligent. His lips are thinner than I like to see lips; the lines are too firm and severe. There is a world of determination in them, and possibly a little injustice. His hands are ill-shaped: the fingers are too short, the knuckles too large; in fact his hands and feet are ugly. So much for JOHN HARDY, as God made him. For the rest, the handiwork of his tailor, there is not much to be said. He was dressed in a plain black suit, a good deal the worse for wear; not shabby, mind, for JOHN was too neat by nature ever to be shabby, but somewhat whitened by age and hard-brushing. You saw at a glance that he was poor, but still not crushed by his poverty. Downcast he might be, as who is not, at times? but not less strong on that account. Take him all in all, he was a strong, brave man, shy, but self-sustained, stubborn, but sensible, severe but just; in short a thorough New Englander of the best but narrowest type.

JOHN HARDY was the last man in the world whom you would have supposed a hero, yet he was one, in his way, and had been for years. There was nothing remarkable in his past life—no adventure, or romance. It had been passed in work, hard, ill-paid, incessant work, not so much for himself, for he could have lived on a third of what he earned, as for his mother and sister, who were entirely dependant upon him. His father, a sickly, consumptive tailor, died about twenty years before, leaving JOHN the head of the family. The boy, for he was scarcely more, settled up the estate, paying his father's debts to the last cent, but also exacting the last cent that was due him, and with what was left, a hundred dollars in cash, and an old-fashioned, silver watch, with a large cornelian seal, moved the family to New York, and began the

battle of life. He soon found a situation, first as a copyist in a law office, then as a book-keeper with a small salary. It was as much as he could do to keep out of debt, for his mother was generally sick, and his sister KATE too young to be any help to her; still he managed to do so, by sacrificing himself on all occasions. He even went hungry, when his funds were low, hiding under his own cloak the wolf that might otherwise have attacked his dear ones. It is a small matter to go without your dinner occasionally, particularly if you have already eaten yourself into a dyspepsia, but go without it day after day, as JOHN HARDY did, healthy, hungry JOHN HARDY, to buy useless medicines for his mother, or a new book or ribbon for his sister, verges a little on heroism. So at least it seems to me, under the correction of wiser judgments.

I might write pages about JOHN HARDY'S early life, but they would not be very interesting, for one year thereof was as like another year, as one leaf is like another leaf, (what, indeed, are the Years but leaves on the great Tree of Time, fading, falling forever?) so I shall say no more about it, but return to JOHN himself, whom we have left all this while sitting in front of the grate. He leaned back in his chair, his left hand resting on his knee, his right dangling his watch-seal, the great cornelian seal of which I have spoken. He wondered as he twirled it in his fingers what the pawnbroker would lend him on it. But why not pawn his watch, instead, you may ask, if he was so hard up? Because it

was already pawned, and the beggarly equivalent spent, part of it for the coals with which the grate was freshly filled, the remainder for a small brown-paper parcel on the mantel, (I had almost forgotten that), and a large basket of provisions in the back room. JOHN pawned his watch that afternoon, to carry the family over Christmas, but not wishing his wife to know it, for he strove to conceal his poverty even from her, he retained his chain and seal, to delude her into the belief that it was still safe in his pocket! JOHN, JOHN, I would not have expected this from you!

JOHN HARDY was out of work. He was a book-keeper, as I have said, and a good one, too, but not of the kind that commands high salaries. He was competent and faithful, but mechanical and slow, a workman, not an artist. How he came to lose his place, I never heard. The house of BLIGH Brothers may have failed in the Panic (I know their liabilities were heavy at that time,) or they may have felt it their duty to discharge JOHN for not voting as they did. Perhaps he was not sound on the goose—that mythical, troublesome goose which our Southern brothers are now roasting so brown! It is possible that he refused to make a false entry in his books. But no matter what the reason was, he was out of work, and had been for half a year. He had at the start a little money laid by in the Savings Bank, but it gradually ebbed away in fives and tens, until one day all was gone. He sold his books, the poorest first, hoping to save the best, which he now had leisure to read, SHAKESPEARE, DICKENS, and the like, but he was forced to part with them in the end—all except the old family Bible, which his mother had given him at her death. He was unwearied in his efforts to obtain a situation. He called on all the firms with whom BLIGH Brothers had done business in his time, and on all the book-keepers whom he knew, to engage their good offices, in case they should happen to hear of anything, besides spending a small fortune in advertisements, but all to no purpose. He could not get work. Others could however. There was young TOM CLARKE, who was under him at BLIGH Brothers', and who was discharged the same time he was, *he* found no difficulty in getting a place, for in less than a week after his discharge, he was on his way to the South as a travelling agent, with a salary of Two Thousand a year, and found. To be sure TOM was a favorite with the country customers of BLIGH Brothers, whom he initiated into the mysteries of city-life, when they came to town, introducing them to certain palatial mansions which he frequented, inhabited by beautiful young damsels, who dressed in the most expensive manner, (though strange to say their dresses always seemed made from remnants, the patterns were so scant!) and whose steady drink in the evening was champagne; and certain other palatial mansions, inhabited by benevolent, middle-aged gentlemen, who kept open houses for their friends every night, setting tables of two sorts for their instruction and gratification, the one covered with green cloth and stiff pieces of pasteboard of an oblong shape, emblazoned with the effigies of royal personages, and cabalistic spots of different figures and colors, (I think they call them cards!) the other with plate, and game, and famous brands of wine, not forgetting the universal champagne, of which we are all so fond! The scape-grace could get a situation, the gentleman could not. It was hard, very hard.

Of what was JOHN HARDY thinking that lonesome Christmas Eve? Really, my good friend, you ought to know as well as I, for if what I have told you about him and his circumstances does not give you the clue, I am sure I can not. I know what I would have been thinking of, and you, too, unless you are an angel or a brute—money, money, money! It is not an ennobling thought at any time, least of all on Christmas Eve, the holiest season of the year, but it is one from which the poor can not escape. It will force itself upon them at all hours; it will haunt, and trouble, and baffle them. JOHN HARDY was thinking of money. He had appointed himself a Committee of Ways and Means, and was trying to dream out a plan to replenish his empty treasury. It would not have troubled him had he been single, for a single man, he said, can always take care of himself. But taking care of a wife and child (JOHN had given those "hostages to fortune") was quite another matter. JOHN was thinking of his wife and child. How he should get food and clothes for them if he did not get work soon. "Were I a bachelor," he thought, "I would go to sea as a sailor, or enlist as a soldier, but as it is, both the army and navy are closed to me." He filliped his seal, and stared in the fire, and gave himself up to his thoughts.

While he sat there brooding over his poverty, the latch of the back-room door was lifted, the door was thrown open, and in walked a large small boy. He was a sturdy fellow, with chubby red cheeks, plump arms and body, and a royal pair of legs, which he planted firmly on the floor. He wore a red merino frock, and white cambric drawers ruffled below the knee, short woolen stockings, and a pair of patent-leather gaiters, buttoned at the side. He was a healthy, hearty little man, with nothing noticeable about him except his head, which was covered with a shock of red hair, thick and matted like the mane of a young colt. It struck you unpleasantly at first, as red hair generally does, but you soon began to like it, the color was so unusual—not really a red, but a shade of purple, such as you sometimes see in the pictures of the old masters. Behind this young gentleman, who had reached the venerable age of five years, and whose name was PHILIP HARDY, was a little lady carrying a coal-scuttle. She was dressed in a chocolate-colored muslin de laine, which fitted around a neat little waist and bust, and came up high in the neck, where it terminated in a little white isthmus of collar. She had a petite face, delicately cut, but irregular, small red lips, kind, blue eyes, and heavy golden hair, not the flaxen counterfeit which often passes for it, but real golden hair, yellow, glossy, precious, twisted at the back of her head in a great coil. She could scarcely be called beautiful, (though JOHN thought her so, the simple fellow!) but she was certainly a lovely little body; lady-like, cheerful, and good. Her name was ELIZABETH, but everybody called her LIZZY, LIZZY HARDY.

Master PHILIP walked up to the fire and took his station alongside the grate; his mother stole softly to her husband's chair, and laid her hand on his burning brow. He started suddenly, like a man roused from a dream, and seeing the coal-scuttle in her hand, rose and took it from her. "ELIZABETH, you should let me do that." There was a tone of grave reproach in his voice—a hurt

gentlemanly feeling, which would have done honor to a grandee of Old Spain.

"It was not heavy, JOHN," she answered pleasantly, "you see, yourself. But what a man you are! you didn't rake the fire as I told you. You want to freeze me and PHIL. Don't he, PHIL?"

"He'd better not," said the stout urchin, shaking his fist at his father.

JOHN smiled, and began to hunt about for the poker, but his wife, whose eyes were keener than his, saw it first, and seizing it, was down on her knees before the grate, and raking out the ashes, before he could interpose.

"That's the way to make a fire, sir," said Master PHIL, complacently. "See how mother does it."

The grate was filled, the blower put up, and JOHN and LIZZY sat down together. Their chairs were near, and would have been nearer but for the jealous child, who thrust himself between them, and leaned on his mother's breast.

They talked together, JOHN and LIZZY, as husband and wife should by the fireside; not of the shadow which had come over their happiness—the poverty with which they were struggling—they had talked of that many and many a time in the past six months, but of their household matters, the sayings and doings of their neighbors, the thousand and one little things which go to make up life—the sweet, domestic chat of a loving husband and wife. JOHN had met Mr. LUDLOW in Broadway, and he was not looking so well as usual. LIZZY had been to see Aunt SARAH, while JOHN was down town. PHILIP had made a funny speech at dinner. The Apothecary had discharged his new clerk for helping himself too freely from the till. Mr. HENRY, who lived opposite, at number 5, had brought home a pair of enormous turkeys. Domestic small talk, delightful enough by the fireside, but flat and stupid in a story. I shall not repeat it.

Master PHILIP made several attempts to divert his mother's attention, but not succeeding, quitted her in a pet, and clambering

up in his father's lap, curled his legs under him, like a miniature Grand Lama. LIZZY moved her chair nearer her husband's, and while he smoothed the matted locks of the Grand Lama, stretched her left hand towards him, and pointing to the third finger, touched the plain gold circlet thereon, and whispered softly, as only a woman could, "Sorry, JOHN?" He shut his eyes to keep the tears in, and clasping her hand in his own, shook his head sadly. She understood his dumb answer, and rejoiced. Not that she had for an instant supposed he was sorry for having married her (it would have killed her, I think, if she had,) but she was a woman, and wanted to be assured of what she already knew. When a woman gives a man her love he takes it for granted ever after; but when a man gives a woman his love she is continually seeking fresh proofs of it. It is her way, silly creature, and who would blame her for it? Not I for one, for think what a compliment it is to us men! We are sure of her, conquering Turks that we are, but she is doubtful of us. It tickles our vanity amazingly.

"You are not sorry then, JOHN?"

"If I am, ELIZABETH, it is for your sake, not mine."

"Sir, and madam," said the Sacred Potentate, uncurling his troublesome legs, "you are dummies."

They both burst into a laugh, the first that cheered the house that Christmas Eve.

"Father," said Master PHILIP, "what's to-night?"

"Christmas Eve, PHILLY."

"Santa Claus's birth day, isn't it?"

"There isn't any Santa Claus, my son."

"Isn't there though! You just wait and see! He filled my stocking last Christmas with a box of marbles and a whip, but the whip wasn't a good one. There isn't a Santa Claus, then I'll cut off his head. Anyhow I'll hang up my stockings, both of 'em. Mayn't I hang up yours too, mother? It's bigger than mine."

"Not much, PHIL," said JOHN, who caught a glimpse of his wife's little foot.

"You're a bad man, JOHN," continued the irate youngster, resenting his father's attempt to demolish his cherished myth.

"You've got somebody something," said LIZZY diplomatically, spying the parcel on the mantle.

"T-O-Y-S." JOHN spelled the word slowly in a great whisper.

It was not long before Somebody began to show signs of drowsiness. The rosy door of his speech was closed, the fringed curtains of the windows of his soul were let down; all was quiet in the little house with the purple thatch.

"Bed, darling, bed," said mother, rousing the heavy sleeper.

He rubbed his eyes, and expressed his willingness to go at once, but declared he would not sleep in the bedroom. He would sleep in the parlor to see Santa Claus when he came down chimney. He was coming down the parlor chimney, because the fireboard and stove-pipe wouldn't let him come down the kitchen. But his last argument was the clincher. "If you don't let me sleep in the parlor I'll break my heart."

"Do let him this once," pleaded LIZZY, and as she really seemed to desire it, JOHN consented. He placed the juvenile conqueror on his feet beside his mother, and while she undressed him—what a royal little gladiator he was when stripped!—went into the bedroom, and fetching out the walnut crib in which the boy was accustomed to sleep, arranged it in the corner.

"Now my little boy must say his prayers."

"Prayers are not good," said the little sceptic, stoutly, to the secret delight of his father, who put on a severe face, and made him kneel down by the crib.

He accepted the situation, but revenged himself by occasionally sallying from the field of ethics, into the more congenial domain of natural history. He made a sandwich of bear's meat out of our daily bread, while our debtors were somehow transmogrified into crocodiles! Amen over, he hung his stocking on the foot of the crib, and was tucked up for the night.

The bell now began to ring in the church at the end of the court, calling its members thither to celebrate Christmas Eve. JOHN seated himself again, and crossing his hands, hearkened to its solemn vibrations. His wife went to the window and looked out. It was a disagreeable, dark night, so dark, in fact, that she could not have seen across the court but for the lights in the windows opposite. She turned towards the street, of which she could get a glimpse, for there was a lamp before the court, and stared at the flitting figures of the passers-by. She watched them come and go, fidgeting, as if she expected some one who did not appear. In a few moments she half-closed the curtain, and returned to the fire.

"What time is it, JOHN?"

He clapped his hand to his seal, but suddenly recollecting himself, blushed scarlet, as if he had been caught in a crime. She bit her lip with vexation, while a queer twinkle shot into her eyes, and answered, "No matter, I will go into the kitchen and see. I forgot to wind the clock."

JOHN blessed her forgetfulness, and when she came back was staring into the fire innocently.

"How late is it?" the good old hypocrite asked.

"Eight o'clock." And then to herself, "I wonder what keeps her so late."

"Come and sit down, dear."

"I promised Mrs. HAWKINS to come up and sit with her awhile: she is sick."

"Why, I saw her out to-day."

"Yes, but she is not well."

Not well, indeed, Mrs. HARDY, you are quite safe in saying that of Mrs. HAWKINS, for that estimable lady, according to her own account, has been dying these fifty years!

"May I go, JOHN?" She cast her eyes towards the window, and

saw through the half parted curtain the outline of a woman's face peering cautiously in. She nodded a sign of recognition, and was about to open the door into the entry when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "JOHN," she said, returning to her husband; "you must not be angry with me, but I have something to tell you. I saw KATHARINE to-day." She trembled, and looked at him anxiously.

"Saw her?" he stammered.

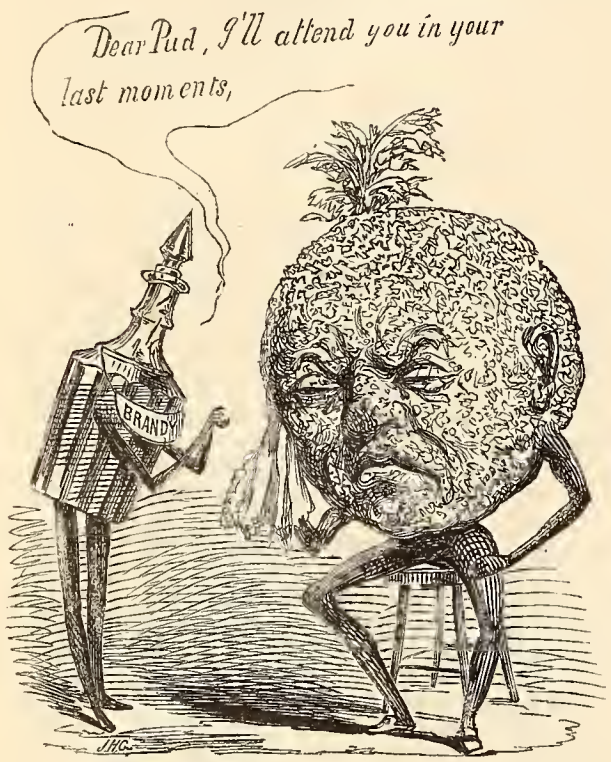
The face at the window grew more distinct, and a finger was laid on the lip.

"Her," he repeated; "you?"

"Dear JOHN," she said solemnly, "remember the words of Christ. 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors?'"

She kissed him, and was gone.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.



THE HIGH old times in merry England
When Christmas whitens the pane,
And the chine and sirloin in chorus join,
Singing, "Cut and come again!"

When under the bower of mistletoe
Resounds the well-planted smack,
As DOROTHY's kissed by scatter-brained JOE,
And golden-haired SUE by JACK.

And, ever so jolly, the bright-faced holly,
His brow with red berries bound,
Sets off the white mug and the brown-bellied jug
That are pacing the board around.

But what of us here and our own good cheer,
When almanacks blow and hail,
And Christmas lightens the faltering year
From its burden of woe and wail?

No mistletoe tree, indeed, have we,
With its "Kiss me quick and go!"
Better notions of sport have the girls that *we* court,
With their "Stay, love, and kiss me slow!"

And though England may brag of her haunches of stag,
And her pheasant-cock gorgeous to see,
Yet the best of her game is but puny and tame
Compared to our wild tur-key.

Let her centre her belief in her bacon and beef,
Double X and stiff Burton ale:
Her caboose we can stump with our buffalo-hump
And our succulent beaver-tail.

And if she in her pot has a white-finned tur-bot,
Or a full-breasted Dorking fowl,
Why, she knows not the *gout* of our terrapin stew,
Nor ever hath heard of squab-owl.

Of the rivers and sea strange fishes hath she—
Finnan haddies, and flounders, and dab:
But never, I guess, in her daintiest mess
Was included a soft-shelled crab.

She may moisten her clay, in her own old way,
With brown beer in the pewter drawn;
But for liquor to scare the blue devil Care,
Give me our own Bour-bon.

Yet in wetting our pipes to the Stars and the Stripes,
Let us take in her Union Jack—
For we well may make merry and treat her with Sherry,
'Tis so long since we gave her the Sack!

TO BARNUM!

BARNUMBO—hail! *Slam Ilikeum!* as we say in Arabic You Know. So you're Out Again!

It's all Humbug to call you a Humbug for you use Humbug so thick to prove that Humbug ain't Humbug, and somehow or other succeed to proving to Yourself that every thing is a Sham—the shadow of a shadow. You peel away after your fashion at this onion of a world, and as every scale comes off you cry "a Humbug." By-and-by you'll peel it all away and say—it was All Humbug. The fact is that you patted and stamped Gammon down so hard that it really looks like solid Truth—and you believe it's the real thing. And a great many believe with you—all who think that Mammon is a solid eternal Truth and the only difference which separates Mammon and Gammon is that between a labial and a dental. The latter to be sure is rather transcen—dental—but that's out of their line entirely—and Yours too!

BARNUM—we don't regard you at all as a Doctor Dulcamara or a Mountebank, or a Jack Pudding, or a Charlatan—or Any Other Man. These were all small items—You're a Principle—a Nelement you know. You've risen with the Age, and between the toots of your Merry Andrew trumpet you come preacher over us. "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen—I assure you upon my Honor there is no Deception! I have made money—it is the only Real Truth—and you all Get Your Money's Worth! Be Industrious, be Enterprising—be—be—be——"

Yes—you're a Nelement and an Exponement, and all that. *Tan tara tara, tan tara!* And—the world owes you a great deal. For since the Cant of Sham Puritanism with Sharp Practice and Quackery and "Enterprise" *must* exist, perhaps 'Tis best, oh BARNUM, that You, the Avowed Humbug, should roll them all up in one and keep them down to a Woolly Horse level. There's a vast amount of Stuff, oh BARNUM, which—often climbs much higher than it ought to, which you have, by Barnumising it, converted from the Irrepressible to the very Pressible indeed—pressing it as under a rolling-mill quite below the limit of a—h'm—well—we'll say what in Certain Circles is generally regarded as Proper.

BARNUM you are the Self-Offered American Moral Sacrifice, and National Columbian Scape Goat of the Century.

HORRIBLE AND ALARMING PIECE OF DARING ON THE PART OF A YOUNG MAN ON CHRISTMAS EVENING. (*From a sketch on the spot by our Special Artist.*) N. B.—HE IS EXPECTED TO RECOVER.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE.

Christmas Jingle.

Last CHRISTMAS, I remember,
  I sat beside the hearth,
And watched each glowing ember
  To tiny flames give birth,
While the snow-flakes of December
  Were whitening the earth.

Rapt close in meditation,
  And all that sort of thing,
The idle brain's creation
  And vague imagining,
I had a visitation
  Perhaps worth mentioning.

My pipe its clouds emitted
  In wreaths of azure hue,
Through which strange visions flitted,
  As they are wont to do
When one is sombre-witted
  And feels a little blue.

Strange visions . . . girls with faces
  Of loveliest blush and smile,
Whose forms wore all the graces
  That strengthen woman's wile,
When clothed in silks and laces
  Cut in the latest style.

Then rare, melodious noises . . .
  Some seraphic trombone . . .
Came mingling with sweet voices
  Blent in a tender tone,
Saying, "When all the Earth rejoices
  Why should'st thou be alone?"

I felt that I was weary
  Upon that CHRISTMAS day . .
That I alone was dreary
  While others all were gay
With CHRISTMAS feasting cheery.
  So I hadn't much to say.

And again they put the query,
  Why I should lonely be
While other folks were merry,
  And said they could n't see
Why I should be so very
  Fond of my misanthropy.

While still these figures fluttered
  My lonely hearth-stone o'er,
And still these voices uttered
  Their question as before,
I, half-unconscious, muttered
  "I'll be alone no more!"

"'Away with melancholy!'"
  I'll seek me out a bride,
And when the berried holly
  Glows red at CHRISTMAS-tide,
I'll know of no such folly
  As a lonely fire-side!"

Then fled the fairy visions . . .
  Their object was attained . . .
They had fulfilled their mission,
  Their ultimatum gained . . .
They fled, but my decision
  Quite palpably remained.

Again the CHRISTMAS season
  Rolls round as seasons roll,
The feast is more than reason,
  The flow is more than soul,
And Tyrant Care, by treason
  Is drowned in many a bowl.

Again within my chamber
  I sit and muse once more,
While from the hearth each ember
  Gleams red across the floor,
And the snow-flakes of December
  Lie white on hill and shore.

Again I sit, but never
  As once I used to sit,
By phantoms haunted ever . . .
  Vague forms that fade, and flit,
Enough to make a clever
  Fellow have a stupid fit!

Ah no! my resolution
  Has straightly been put through,
And another institution
  Has crept my life into . . .
I have declared for "Fusion,"
  And my ally has proved true!

My ALLY . . . that's my ALICE . . .
  A vision far more dear
Than those that rose in malice,
  From the pungent Latakia
That burned within the chalice
  Of my meerschaum pipe, last year.

No more in lonely musing
  I hear the slow hours chime . . .
No more my lot abusing
  In sentimental rhyme . . .
No more I'm caught refusing
  To have a jolly time!

But, free from blues and bother,
  Quite cosily at ease,
I sit by BABIE's mother
  With BABIE on my knees,
And look from one to t'other
  As proudly as you please!

So you, who do as I did
  On Christmas-days gone by,
Ere She and I decided
  Our forces to ally,
If lonely you've abided,
  This other method try.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE CAVALIERS, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF VIRGINIA.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE.

Christmas Jingle.

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  I sat beside the hearth,
And watched each glowing ember
  To tiny flames give birth,
While the snow-flakes of December
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Rapt close in meditation,
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The idle brain's creation
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And look from one to t'other
  As proudly as you please!

So you, who do as I did
  On Christmas-days gone by,
Ere She and I decided
  Our forces to ally,
If lonely you've abided,
  This other method try.

A lonely Pine is standing
  In the North where cold winds blow,
Shivering, while around him,
  Lie drifting ice and snow.

He's dreaming of a Palm Tree
  Which, far in the Southern land,
Sadly is ever drooping
  Alone in the burning sand.—HEINE.

Old bachelors grow spiteful,
  As I erst-while have known . . .
Heart-loneliness is frightful,
  And in the Book 'tis shown,
That it isn't good, or rightful,
  For Man to be alone.

I hear my ALICE singing
  As the CHRISTMAS snow-flakes fall,
And the CHRISTMAS bells are ringing
  From every belfry tall,
This CHRISTMAS burthen bringing,
  "God Bless Us One and All!"

SOMETHING LIKE A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

In a work entitled "Fossil Footprints," we find an account of a bird that has made its mark upon the old time geological strata of Connecticut, in a manner the reverse of contemptible. This fowl —spoken of by Professor HITCHCOCK, the author of the book referred to, as the *Brontozoum Giganteum*—displayed, or rather splayed, a foot eighteen inches long, and proportionably broad. In one sense, then, the B. G. may be said to have three feet, the arithmetical aggregate of its two, in inches, being thirty-six. It is calculated to have been about twelve feet high, and to have weighed, when in prime condition, something like eight hundred pounds.

Ah! the times of old Connecticut, and the folk and the fowl! A Christmas carol, for instance, in proportion to the *Brontozoum Giganteum* that steamed upon the festive half-acre of table, must have been rather a loud thing in those days; Paterfamilias proceeding homeward with his Christmas *Brontozoum Giganteum* in one hand, and its complementary fascine of celery in the other, a picture. It is a pity that we have no records of life in Connecticut when such things were: but we should say that if Cock-Crow was on a proportional scale to the *Brontozoum Giganteum*, people must have been started out of their beds pretty quick in the days of old Connecticut.

"What will He Do with It?"

It must be some two or three years since an English fancy man, named BULWER LYTTON, alias LYTTON BULWER, began to worry the public with the above question, and as neither he nor his publishers seem to have arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, we venture to suggest a few "ifs," and one "but."

If it is "pewter," or popularity, or a polecat—Run after it.

If it is a band-box, or a poor relation, or the truth—Run from it.

If it is a meerschaum, or a shoulder of pork, or a coon in a hollow log—Smoke it.

If it is a pot of incense, or a tailor's bill, or one of his own novels —Burn it.

If it is a ballot-box, or the skin of a "What Is It?"—Stuff it.

But if it is a bailiff, or a Hoop snake, or the face of an upright man or woman—Run like blazes!

'Alf and 'Alf.

WENDELL PHILIPS said, at the late attempt at a JOHN BROWN meeting in Boston, that a year before, he had carried the ashes of JOHN BROWN half-way from Virginia to North Elba. He omitted to state that it was the last half.

Latest from Congress.

See-Session.

THE WAR IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

POLICHINELLO, Dec 8th.

MIABLE VANITY:—Order reigns in Warsaw. Italy is comparatively free.

But I have lost my other leg.

GARIBALDI is at Caprera. I have just seen some turnips from his farm. If there is anything in this world to compare with his generalship, it is his turnips.

VICTOR EMANUEL and I gracefully wear the mantle of the ex-Dictator. I have taken the King into my confidence. All is therefore well.

You are aware that my regular army . . . the Piedmontese . . . objected to the confirmation of the Garibaldian soldiery as regulars, and refused to call the officers by their titles. This provoked many *émeutes*, which, in some cases, required my personal interference.

On the morning of the 30th ult., while I was still in bed, enjoying a cup of chocolate, a cigar, and a copy of Dr. WATT's hymns, a Zouave of the Garibaldian army rushed into my presence, livid with fear and alarm.

"Generalissimo!" he cried, "there is trouble below! The pampered minions of the King have fallen upon the gallant patriots of the Dictator, and are playing hob with them! *Au secours!*"

"Slave, begone!" said I; "I will be there anon. Give me my boots, and a cocktail, not too sweet."

Clothed in these simple articles, I sallied forth, sword in hand. A party of Piedmontese had surrounded the town-pump, and would not allow the volunteers to get water therefrom. The latter had endeavored to assert their right by force, and the regulars, being the strongest, had repulsed them.

In such cases, cruelty is often necessary. My position was painful, but on my prompt action depended the safety of the army . . . of Italy . . . perhaps of the World.

I do not refer to the newspaper of that name.

Seeing, then, that the Piedmontese were determined and mutinous . . . a dangerous body of men, some two hundred in number, all armed . . . I threw myself upon them like a tiger, and in a minute, unaided save by my goodly sword, I had slain them all.

The Zoo-zoos were delighted, and called upon me for a speech.

I declined . . . they insisted.

Finally, to appease them, I mounted the pump, and began an address . . . one that I have often delivered in my own native land with great effect. It begins:

> "The boy stood on the burning deck,
> Whence all but he had fled."

As I got so far, I stamped my foot, to give emphasis to the words, and the togs of the pump, being unsound, gave way.

I found myself precipitated half way down the well, inside the pump-log, where I lodged, and could move neither one way nor the other.

The soldiers, who supposed at first that my disappearance was intentional, applauded loudly. My calls for help, however, convinced them of the awkardness of my position, and they immediately lifted out the log in which I was jammed. We, that is log and myself, were carried to a carpenter's-shop, and placed on a circular saw, which cut my wooden enclosure in two just at my waist. The lower half was easily removed, but the upper would not budge. We tried all sorts of devices for getting it off, but in vain, and I resigned myself to my fate.

"Never mind," I said; "let me alone. I will wear the log for the sake of Italy and liberty!"

The soldiers wiped their eyes.

The carpenter wiped his nose.

I left the shop, and walked up toward my quarters, with the log still firmly fixed upon my body.

The town authorities, thinking that I meant to steal this portion of their pump, arrested me, and I was forced to call my soldiery to the rescue.

They came. The citizens took the part of their city officials, and the battle of Polichinello began!

With the log about me, I joined in the fray, and was effectively used by the Zouaves as a battering-ram. In the heat of the action, however, the men who handled me got me turned the wrong way, and tried to beat down a stone wall with the end of the log whence my only remaining leg protruded. The result was, that my unfortunate limb was shattered, the wall was battered, and the enemy scattered. The log, in which I acted as a wedge, was split open, and I escaped, but with the loss of my last remaining limb. At present I haven't a leg or an arm to stand upon.

I have been placed on wheels, however, and am quite comfortable.

I have intended to resign my position here, return to America, and finish my days in agricultural happiness and peace at Coney Island, where I have a large clam-plantation, but I see that there are breakers ahead.

Next Spring, I shall want 100,000,000 of men, under arms. Please send them to me, and oblige, Yours etc.,

McARONE.

Appalling Ignorance.

A correspondent, (evidently a young man) wants to know the origin of the popular phrase "Got him on a string." We fear our friend must have learned to write before he learned to read, or he would have known that this classical sentence originated with B. FRANKLIN, and that the key to this great philosopher's success in the study of Electricity, was owing to the fact that he first got Lightning on a string!

Science Going Up.

We have heretofore had our doubts, about the Cellular Theory so much in vogue among physiologists of the present day, but the result of recent anatomical experiments, by Professors MULLIGAN and MASSEY in New York, has convinced us that muscle may sometimes be deposited in Cells.

Aptly Named.

> In days of old,
> As I've been told,
> Each Herald would his trumpet blow,
> Can we, then, say
> 'Tis strange, to-day,
> The *Herald* that same thing should do?

"Sweet are the Uses," etc.

When the Panic came, in '57, we thought it A Loss, but now in '60, it turns up A-Gain!

Disorderly.

S. C. State Bonds—at Sixes and Sevens.

A CHARACTERISTIC TRAIT.

THIS EPICUREAN AND PRACTICAL SWELL, FINDING THE WAITERS VERY INATTENTIVE AT EVENING PARTIES, INVENTS A PORTABLE TRAY, ADAPTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF PERPENDICULAR FESTIVITY.

What we Know about Centres (and what we Don't.)

We know that the New York *Observer* is the centre of Levity, that the *Sun* is the centre of Gravity, that the *Herald* is the centre of Depravity, the *Tribune* the centre of Sobriety; *Home Journal* of Society; but where in the *World* the centre of Piety is, we don't know.

P. S.—We have the VANITY to consider our journal a FAIR specimen of the centre of attraction, and if it were not for fear of having a lie-bill to pay in these tight times, we would *Express* our convictions as to the locality of the centre of Detraction.

Historical Parallel.

X. says he doesn't believe that the Border-troubles in Kansas are a circumstance to the Boarder-troubles in his own house . . . especially in the starvation way!

Ups and Downs.

Since the reign of Pope PIUS IX. has experienced so many elevations and depressions, it has been suggested the Holy See should be called the Holy See-Saw!

That Message.

Many essays have been written on Political Economy, but J. B.'s last effort was an essay on Political Extravagance.

A Very Bad Con.

When is a Wide-Awake like a Poultry Dealer?

When he has a Cap(e)-on!

Spirit of the South.

Cotton-Gin.

THE BROWN STONE "WHAT IS IT?" AGAIN.

Mr. Editor:—

SIR:—I am a member of the Noble Seventh! The Seventh Regiment, Sir! I come to you in an hour of sorrow, or, as I might safely say, in a week or even a fortnight of sorrow. I know you are Our Friend, consequently I solicit your aid and consolation.

We are just getting comfortably settled in our new and splendid quarters (nothing done by halves there I can assure you), and are about to prepare for an immense jubilation thereupon, when, Alas! —Well, you will say, why alas? Does the roof leak badly enough to drown us all? Or has it fallen in and crushed our Braves? Has our Mighty Maj. Gen. CHARLES W. resigned? (Alas! he has not, although You so kindly gave him *notice to quit* a few weeks ago.) No, Sir, in none of these lies our Grief! our *Despair!!* our HORROR!!!

Behold the Cause!!!

The Common Council of this City have directed that that Mass of Brown Stone which now stands before the City Hall, and which is supposed by some ignorant people to represent a Man, shall be placed in the triangular Garden-Patch *in front of our Armory!* Imagine our Rage! Fancy our Disgust!!

What *have* we done to deserve such a fate? Didn't we generously allow that Person WOOD to enter the building for the purpose of delivering it officially to us? Why, Sir, we even cheered him, as Mayor, upon that occasion. And will he in return for our politeness allow this Calamity to fall upon us?

Sir, we are Men of Taste as well as Soldiers. Witness our Chapel, our Alhambra, our Council Chamber (to visit all of which you will, in a short time, be specially invited by a select committee.) Must we have all our finer feelings crushed, withered, pulverised by having that Geological What Is It continually before our eyes! Sir, we cannot stand it! We would be recreant to our sense of Right and Justice and Discipline if we did not in the name of Decency make a very extensive and forcible objection to this act of wanton cruelty.

The city does not raise corn in that "Park," neither are we Crows; consequently, of course, no Scarecrow is needed in that locality.

Mr. Editor, it's perfectly evident that the Common Council are entirely unaware of the height, the breadth, the depth, the solidity, the continuity, the unanimity and the immensity in general of the DAMN! that will be elevated around, upon, at, over and concerning That Thing, if in defiance of all taste and propriety, it is set maliciously under our noses. There'll be a Riot! A large Riot!! A perfectly irrepressible Riot!!! I tremble at the thought! And I beg you distinctly to understand that it is from suppressed rage that I tremble, and *not* from any other emotion.

Sir, we cannot, we do not object to a statue of some kind being placed in the spot referred to, but let it represent to the life, say BOOLE, or BRADY, or even The GERARD. We would compel ourselves to endure even that for at least a reasonable period, but let the C. C. carry out their resolution, and, sir, we will not hold ourselves responsible for the result. No means, I assure you, sir, on my word of Honor as a Gentleman and a Soldier, would be left untried to rid ourselves of such a monstrous outrage.

Yours Indignantly,
PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA.

Epigram by our Talmudist Contributor.

Of all the versions made to suit
The tale of the forbidden fruit,
The Rabbins' gloss upon the text,
Most sagely guesses how the sex
Was tempted to the fatal fall
That wrought our mortal evil:
For EVE was woman young and fair,
No man beside her spouse was there,
And rather than not to flirt at all,
She flirted with the Devil!

The Sublime and the Ridiculous.

Old Father Christmas trying to get up-stairs on Parlor Skates.

Good for a Spar.

Box-wood.

JOHN HARDY'S

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

(Concluded.)

WHEN I was a young man, a very young man, the reader will conclude, after hearing the confession I am about to make, I thought myself the most unhappy of mortals. I was in trouble at the time—I forget now what it was, love, or debt, or something of the sort, and I flattered myself it was killing me. It was my first thought when I woke in the morning, my last thought when I slept at night. I brooded over it all day long. If I caught myself in the act of forgetting it, as I sometimes did, I burned it into my memory afresh. It tortured me to remember it, but it tortured me still more to forget it. I hugged my misery to my heart like the most precious thing in the world, and was never so happy as when miserable. Misery was my happiness. I used to stare at my face in the glass, enamored of my sunken eyes and haggard cheeks, and when I walked the streets I mentally compared myself with the crowd around me. I pitied them for their rosy looks, their springy steps, their thoughtless happiness. "When you suffer like me you will be men," I exclaimed, "but now"—I shrugged my shoulders and strode on, wrapping my conceit around me like a cloak, and chanting *De Profundis*.

You see how young and foolish I was. I am older now, and, I trust, wiser. At any rate I am wise enough to know, what I did not then, that sorrow is the heritage of no one man, but the common portion of all. There are skeletons in all closets, tragedies in all lives. There is our friend JOHN HARDY—we might hunt the whole city through and not find a more ordinary man. Adventures he has had none; a romantic thought has never visited him; his days have flowed on as calmly as the water in a Dutch canal. An even-tempered, right-minded, commonplace person. Yet there is a skeleton in his closet, a tragedy in his life.

You shall hear about it.

I gave you a sketch of his early days, beginning at his father's death, and coming down to the Christmas Eve of which am telling you. I should have done more, and would, had I not feared that a longer prologue would have put you out of conceit with my little drama; but since one act of it is over, and you have been polite enough to sit it out, (*Merci, Messieurs!*) I venture to repair the omission.

[Gentlemen of the Orchestra, you will oblige me by laying aside your violins. We shall not need your services till the tag, when you will come in with—a dirge, or a dance, as the actors may require. In the meantime you had better look over the score.]

When JOHN HARDY moved to New York after his father's death, the family, as I believe I have mentioned, consisted of himself, his mother, and his sister KATE. JOHN was twenty at the time, his mother fifty, (she was an old maid when his father married her) and KATE about the age of Master PHILIP. You know the circumstances of the family, and can guess the child's life. She had a few toys which she made the most of, a little basket of patchwork, a puny kitten with sore eyes, and the history of Cinderella. She went to school when her mother was well, carrying her slate and books in a green satchel, and her dinner of apple-pie in a tin box. After school was out she learned her lessons at home, sitting by the window with her geography and atlas, till dusk; and on the Saturday afternoons, (the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday were holidays then,) she learned a chapter in the Bible. She went to Sunday-school twice every Sunday, and to church as often, and fell asleep during the sermon, with wonderful regularity. She saw her brother but little—a few minutes, perhaps, before she went to bed—for the smaller the salary of a book-keeper, the later he stays at night—his work increasing as his wages decrease. He was kind to her, thoughtful of her wants and wishes, frequently making her little presents, ribbons, collars, and the like, but he was reserved and silent, as your New England man is apt to be at home. He loved her, without doubt, but seldom or never showed it, acting rather like her guardian than her brother.

So five, ten years passed. At fifteen she was a woman. She was tall and beautiful, with dark hair, black eyes, and a ripe strong mouth. Her gait and carriage were superb. Something about her seemed to say, "Here is life, and strength, and passion—a glorious, dangerous creature." Her mother wondered at her beauty, which she truly declared did not run in the family, and was as proud of it as if it had been her own. Even JOHN saw it, mole as he was, and resolved, in his blind way, to favor it. He furnished their rooms in better style, hired a piano for KATE, engaged a music teacher—in short did all that so simple a man could think of, and so poor a man do. And she was grateful to him for it, or tried to be, though I fear she did not succeed, for gratitude is seldom the virtue of beautiful women like her.

By and by Mother died, the house was broken up, and JOHN and KATE went to board. The boarding-house was as fashionable as the means of JOHN would allow. It was kept by a young widow, (whose husband was alive and well in California,) a gay, young widow whose weakness was a splendid wardrobe and late suppers, which last came from the pockets of sundry rapid young gentlemen whom she had learned to manage skilfully. It had a suite of parlors on the first floor, furnished without regard to expense, (*A la Mode Row* was a genteel place, let me tell you,) with Wilton carpets, brocatelle divans, rosewood chairs, damask curtains, Sevres vases, and a harp! They saw less of each other than ever, JOHN and KATE, for, in addition to his late hours, JOHN had fallen in love, which led him to retire into himself, while KATE was always in the parlor of an evening. She was a fine musician, ("vocal and instrumental," JOHN said, when he mentioned the fact) and was greatly in request among the gentlemen who frequented the Widow's. They were struck with her beauty, and wit, paid her elegant compliments, and made her costly presents, which JOHN forced her to return, noodle that he was! Her life was a whirl of pleasure, the Opera, the Theatre, Balls, calls on her lady acquaintances, parlor visits from their brothers, and occasionally a perfumed note, marked "*Private.*" Poor fly! you are buzzing around the flame! So is JOHN, too, great beetle that he is, and ere long his wings are scorched, and down he falls. The flame in his case was a certain ELIZABETH BRADLEY, the daughter of a well-to-do cartman, who rode for BLIGH Brothers, and nothing would answer JOHN but that she should belong to him for life. So he married her one day, and took her to a house which he had hired—a neat little house, of which she was henceforth the Light.

KATE would have preferred to remain at the Widow's, but as JOHN did not feel rich enough to pay her board there, ("was not able," he said, "to keep up two establishments,") she went with him to his new home. The Widow pressed her to remain gratis, for she was aware of her value as a parlor ornament, (it was not put on that ground, oh, dear no! She wanted A Companion, A Friend, A Soul In Unison With Her Own!) but KATE was too independent and wise to stay on such terms. She had a hankering for Society it is true, but she knew that she could pay too much for it. She had paid too much already, poor child!

Regrets were exchanged between her and her summer friends, who promised to call upon her and the newly married couple, but failed to do so, greatly to her disappointment and chagrin. She led a dull life in her new home. She liked her sister-in-law for her simple, winning ways, but pitied her for her devotion to household matters. She was not interested in the prices of pork and tea, the rise and fall of flour and molasses; the fluctuations of the market were nothing to her. She killed the time with crotchet-work or embroidery, wasting her days in idleness, her nights in

unsatisfied longings. She crouched by the window after tea, and stared moodily into the street, while JOHN and LIZZY sat by the fire wrapt up in each other, as is the way of all young married people. "I used to sit at the piano now," she thought, unconsciously beating a tattoo on the pane, "and float my soul to heaven on the full rich tide of music." She heard her old melodies, *Casta Diva* and *Robert toi que J'aime*, and the storm of applause which they never failed to elicit at the Widow's. She saw the Widow's parlors, the glittering chandeliers, the merry groups on the sofas, even the mulatto boy who carried round the cake and wine! It was so different from JOHN's little room! How could he and LIZZY sit by the fire so contentedly, watching the blaze in silence, or talking in low tones, of breakfast, perhaps, or something else equally unromantic! She despised them for their humdrum ways, she hated them for their want of sympathy. Sometimes JOHN asked her to sing, not the passionate Italian music which she loved, but some homely old English ballad, unsuited to her taste and voice. She contemptuously complied, accompanying herself on a guitar which he had purchased for her, but so badly that even his untutored ear detected her discords. Weary of this amusement, (torture rather,) she picked up a book and tried to read. JOHN'S library was not a brilliant one, though it could boast a Paradise Lost and a Proverbial Philosophy—"excellent works, both," in JOHN's opinion, but not such as KATE wanted. So she took to reading novels, which she procured from a Circulating Library in the neighborhood, beginning with JAMES and his solitary horseman, and ending with BALZAC and GEORGE SAND. I might say something here of the pernicious effects of Fiction on the minds of the young, but as I am not writing for THE SOLEMN SHAM, (are you a subscriber to that pious journal?) it is not necessary; besides, I may write a novel myself some day, and shouldn't like to be flogged for it with my own whip! I like GEORGE SAND, and BALZAC, and JAMES, (the last on a rainy day at a temperance tavern in the country,) but there are times when they should not be read, when no novelist should be read—dark and dangerous times, when the sense and soul are sick. God help us if they fall into our hands then, as they did into KATE HARDY'S!

There is a beautiful line in TUPPER, I am told by his admirers, (I have never read his book, myself,) a beautiful, touching line about a babe being a well-spring in a house. If this be so, JOHN HARDY had now a supply of water! It came in the shape of a bouncing boy, who in due time was cherished PHILIP, after one of LIZZY's uncles. He broke up the old order of things in the HARDY household, and taught its inmates a lesson which it is well for all to learn. In making JOHN a father and LIZZY a mother, (father and mother—divine words! as much above husband and wife, as heaven is above earth!) he filled their souls with a deeper and holier love, and even purified for a time the stormy nature of his passionate, wretched aunt. She pressed him to her heart in his swaddling clothes, hushed him when he cried, sat by him when he slept, in short watched and tended him, night and day. JOHN was delighted with her devotion, and LIZZY, too, though she was a little jealous of her, as what young mother would not have been in her place? How pretty she looked, the little mother, as she lay in her bed, pale, languid, but smiling, a very April of a woman, raining and shining together! And when she sat up in the large arm-chair, wrapped in her figured dressing-gown, the baby asleep on her lap, I—don't wonder she reminded JOHN of some old picture of the Virgin!

Some natures are easily modified. A new turn of events awakens a new strength, or weakness, which for a time overpowers the old. Cowardice is shamed into bravery, and bravery shocked into cowardice: curses break from praying lips, and prayers melt from cursing ones: CRŒSUS and ELWES change places, the one hoarding gold, the other sowing broadcast—but only for a time. The torrent seems to drown the river which it floods with its wild, white foam, but its waters emerge a little way on, and keep their accustomed flow, winding through bloom, or blight, until they are lost in the sea. So it was with KATE HARDY, when the novelty of the baby wore off, for she went back to her old self, and was more idle and moody than before. She was like the man in the Scripture, from whom a devil had been cast, but into whom entered seven other devils, each worse than the last. Had she looked into her heart and seen it as it was, she might have exclaimed with FERDINAND in "The Tempest":

> "Hell is empty,
> And all the devils are here!"

One night about this time JOHN brought home a stranger to tea. He was a handsome-looking young fellow of twenty-five, with thick, sandy hair, a pale, gray eye, and, what was then a courageous innovation, a massive moustache. His complexion was clear and ruddy, and his teeth, which he showed when he laughed, were large, and white, and wide apart. He had a frank, off-hand way with him, which made every one feel at ease. You felt that there was much good in him, but feared there was some evil, not inherent, perhaps, or deeply rooted, but nevertheless there—a graft from the tree of knowledge. He was a salesman in a store down town, next door to BLIGH Brothers, I believe, and his name was FRANK BLAIR.

The good-breeding, lively conversation, and *bonhommie* of his presence were not lost upon Kate, for she soon began to brighten up, and say smart things. After tea JOHN asked her to sing, and she consented gladly, feeling sure of an appreciative listener. She sang "Home, Sweet Home," for JOHN, till the tears came to his eyes, ("there was no place like home," for him,) and *Casta Diva*, which he said was beautiful, though he didn't somehow feel it—a doubtful compliment, which was immediately atoned for by the commendation of Mr. BLAIR, who declared she reminded him of GRISI. The evening passed so pleasantly that eleven o'clock came before they were aware. Mr. BLAIR was invited to come again; "whenever you feel like it," JOHN said, and "soon," added KATE and LIZZY, the last stifling a yawn, for which she was good-naturedly scolded by KATE, when the gentleman had bowed himself out. They sat by the fire awhile after he was gone, and talked about him, and the nice evening they had had, and went to bed in the best of humor. At least KATE did, for his visit had been as inspiriting to her as a glass of sparkling champagne.

Mr. BLAIR came again a few evenings after, and again the following night, when KATE went with him to the Opera. It was not long before he became a regular visitor, ('a welcome and expected guest," JOHN said, while his wife nodded her golden head in acquiescence,) gliding into the family as one of themselves. He took Kate to the Opera, and the Theatre, and occasionally to Church—a place of amusement to which he was not partial, though he was too well-bred to say so. He spent several evenings in the week at the house, often with KATE alone, for JOHN and LIZZY soon perceived that their company could be spared, and made little errands out, or went to bed while their suppers were undergoing digestion.

Six months, a year passed, and KATE seemed happy. Then there came a sudden and surprising change. JOHN rose early one autumn morning to get his breakfast, and going into the parlour for something, found his sister sitting where he had left her the previous night, and staring into the fire, or rather the ashes, for the fire had burned out hours before. She sat bolt upright, with a fixed glare in her eyes, and a strange expression on her face. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. He touched her, but she did not stir; her hand was icy cold. He was alarmed, and shouted for his wife. The noise that he made roused his sister, who turned and looked at him strangely. "What is the matter, KATHARINE?" he asked. "I have fallen," she murmured, "fallen asleep by the fire." She started to her feet, and began walking up and down the room rapidly. "It will restore the circulation," he said to himself; and then aloud, "I will go and make a fire directly.' She clenched her hand, when his back was turned, gnashed her teeth, and with a mighty effort, smiled. It was a terrible smile, bitter, defiant, but painful as death. She took her place at the breakfast-table as if nothing had happened. She rattled away, and laughed, and seemed as happy as could be. A keen observer would have seen that her talk was forced, and her laugh hollow, and mocking. Not so JOHN and LIZZY, who were delighted with her flow of spirits.

Three or four months from that morning a singular conversation occurred between JOHN HARDY and his wife. It was night at the time, and they were both in bed.

"JOHN," began the little woman, in a very grave voice, "something has happened, and you must know it. KATHARINE has fallen!"

He groaned as if a dagger had been thrust into his heart.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and started up in his bed.

What else was said that night I know not, but whatever it was, it was not calculated to bring sleep to the eyes of the outraged brother. He groaned and tossed till morning, when he arose, haggard, but stern. He went to his sister's room, and, waking her from a sound sleep, charged her with her shame. She neither denied it, nor admitted it, but turned upon him boldly, savagely, like a tigress at bay. He told her what he had done for her since she was a child, (which was not generous on his part, nor wise,) and said she must leave the house. He would not have his hearth darkened by her shadow; his wife should no longer be polluted by her presence. She should have all the furniture that was her mother's, and he would pay her board, and support her, until—what was coming choked him, and he stamped his feet furiously. "Forgive me, brother," she tried to say at one time, the wild light in her eyes softning, but he interrupted her with a hard, stern, inflexible "Never." "So be it," she answered coldly, and bade him leave the room while she dressed. She did not take her seat at breakfast, though LIZZY went to her room several times, and returned in tears.

"Oh, husband, she is going."

"Never to return," he replied solemnly, "never, never."

In a few minutes KATE appeared in the breakfast-room, with her bonnet and shawl on

"Farewell, brother."

He did not answer.

"Good by, LIZZY, and God bless you."

The poor woman laid her head on the table, and sobbed aloud.

"By, by, PHILLY," and she stooped and kissed the boy, who returned the kiss, and stared at his father, wondering what it could mean.

She turned leisurely, walked to the front door, and, opening it softly, departed—never to return!

This was the skeleton in JOHN HARDY's closet, the tragedy in his life.

Do you wonder that he was troubled when his wife told him that she had seen his sister that day? He would have been more or less than man had he not been troubled. He was inexpressibly shocked. Three years had passed since the blow had fallen, and though it was never forgotten, he had ceased to remember it with pain. The wound had closed, and was already healing, when it was torn open again, suddenly, cruelly, strangely! He pressed his hands to his temples, while his bosom labored with a deep-drawn sigh. Then he trotted his foot, and wrung his fingers until the joints cracked. His eye wandered to the portrait of his mother, and a spirit seemed to pass into it, and watch him through the mask of the dead woman's face—a pitying, solemn spirit, that sat in judgment upon him.

The figure vanished from the window, the night-latch was turned in the street door, and an instant after a woman stole into the room. It was KATE HARDY. She walked straight up to her brother, and extended her hand. He made a movement as if to take it, but sullenly drew back. She sauntered to the fire, and throwing off her shawl, which was whitened with snow, leaned her elbow on the mantel, and stared at him. It was a striking picture—JOHN sitting uneasily in his chair, with his lips compressed, and KATE standing grimly before him, twisting the string of her bonnet. She was as handsome as ever, with the same full lips, and brave, black eyes, though the expression of both was changed, it was difficult to say in what. She was dressed in black silk, a half-mourning dress, with fashionable flounces; the chain of a watch or locket hung in her belt, and her fingers were loaded with rings.

"Well JOHN," she began at last, "since you won't speak, I will. It is three years now since you turned me out of doors."

He was so agitated he knew not what he was saying, or he would not have asked her, as he did, where she had been all that time.

"Where should I be?" she asked bitterly. "There is but one place for the like of me."

"Not there," and he hesitated.

"On the town—out with it—where else could I be?"

True enough, where else could she be? It was not the first time that the thought had occurred to JOHN, (indeed, he seldom had any other when KATE was in his mind,) but it never came home to him as it did then.

She watched him narrowly, with a curious, melancholy smile.

Nothing was heard for a few minutes but the stroke of the church bell, vibrating on the air.

The mind of JOHN HARDY would have been a singular study for a dramatist. He was holding a court of justice in it, and trying the case of "HARDY, versus HARDY," the plaintiff and judge being one. Judge HARDY exercised his ingenuity to excuse the plaintiff, (himself,) and to criminate the defendant, (his sister,) and if he did not entirely succeed in the first, persuaded himself that he did in the last, for his Honor delivered himself of the following: To wit, namely,

"But you could have worked."

His Honor forgot that there are certain classes of criminals of whom the world is shy. The cropped hair of the prison-bird is a doubtful passport to reform; also the brand of the galley slave, and the scarlet letter of the harlot!

"Work? Who would give me work? Who would open their doors, when the door of my home was shut? Who take me in when my own brother cast me out? It is not the way of the world."

True enough, his Honor thought, and wondered why it had never occurred to him before.

Baffled by the remedy he had proposed, his Honor had suggested another, which is sometimes resorted to in these cases.

"Death is better than a life of shame!"

A shade of unutterable anguish passed over the face of the prisoner at the bar, who sighed and said:

"It is not too late yet."

Judge HARDY was shocked, not so much at the appalling truth of the answer, as at himself for having suggested it, and visions of sudden death flashed through his mind. A woman with a razor in her hand, and her throat cut, lying on the floor in a pool of blood. A woman stiff and stark on a bed, holding a vial labelled "Strychnine." (Did they sell it at the Apothecary's in Dean Place?) A woman on the pier at night, throwing herself into the black water with a dreadful shriek, upbuoyed a moment by her garments, then sinking sullenly, rising again in the death-struggle and drifting further out, past the black hulls of the ships, then sinking again, down, down—to be found a week later, miles away, on a barren beach, her long hair drifting on the brine like sea-weed, her face battered by the wheel of a ferry-boat—a sickly, ghastly, loathsome, horrible sight! He shuddered at the picture, and buried his face in his hands.

Who am I, he thought, that I should put on the black cap of the Judge? How dare I condemn her, when a greater than I, The Judge of All, hath said, "I condemn thee not. Go, and sin no more"?

Judge HARDY left the bench, and became plain JOHN HARDY again, a tender-hearted, but wretched and remorseful man. "God forgive me," he groaned, and the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Why did you come here," he faltered, "to reproach me? I deserve it, wretch that I am."

"No, JOHN, not to reproach you, but to ask your forgiveness. I sat at home this morning, brooding over the past, and you came into my mind, as you had not since that dreadful morning. I remembered that to night would be Christmas Eve, and I said, 'I will go and see JOHN. We used to meet on Christmas Eve when mother was alive, and forgive each other all the faults we had committed through the year. Perhaps JOHN will forgive me *my* fault, for mother's sake, if not for my own. At least for His, who was born to-night. Won't you forgive me, brother?"

He opened his arms. She fell on her knees, and was folded to his heart.

The dull vibration of the bell had ceased, and the air was still; nothing was heard but the click of the snow on the whitening panes.

JOHN unlocked his arms at last, with a heavy sigh, and his sister rose with a wet, but smiling face. She drew up a chair and sat beside him, giving him her hand, which he caressed. Moved by a common impulse, they gazed upon the portrait of their mother, which looked down benignantly upon them. The spirit in the portrait smiled.

John was the first to speak.

"I will ask you to forgive me, KATHARINE, when I have forgiven myself, if I ever can. I fear God never will. How could I judge you as I did, so harshly, inhumanly, brutally? How could I forget that you were my sister, my dear, dead mother's child? Mother placed you in my charge on her death-bed—"*Watch over Kate,*

my son,"—and how did I obey her? I neglected you. I have seen it since—and perilled your soul's salvation. I was the oldest—I feel very old at times, KATHARINE, and I should have guarded and guided you. I didn't know much, I own, not near so much as you, but I knew some things that you did not, men always do, and I should have taught them to you. I should not have been so reserved as I was, but should have opened my heart to you, and made you open yours to me. You would, would you not? But I have been punished, bitterly, bitterly! I have not had a happy day since you left me! Why did you leave me? Why did n't you come back? I would have forgiven you, my darling! Oh, if you could know how I searched for you! I never walked home a night that I did n't stare into the faces of the poor, lost souls on Broadway, in the hope of seeing yours! And I went—I'm half ashamed to tell you, LIZZY doesn't know it—but I went to all the places where fallen women live,—me, the father of a family, the husband of the best woman alive! But it was for you, and you will forgive me."

There was not much doubt of that, I think.

"But all is well now," he went on. "The Lost Sheep is returned, and all is well. You will come and live with us again, and everything will be as it was, only better, for we are both wiser than we were, are we not, sister? I am not very rich just now, but we shall get on famously, for all that. You will come, won't you?" A thought seemed to strike him here, and he diverged for a moment. "Where is it? why didn't you bring it with you?"

"'Tis dead, JOHN."

She fumbled in her belt, and unfastening something from the gold chain, handed it to him. It was a locket of hair, child's hair, fine, silky, golden!

"Poor thing," he murmured, gazing upon it tenderly,

"You must come at once, KATHARINE. Nay, you must stay now. You shall never leave us again."

"I must, JOHN."

"Must? I do not understand you. It can not be that you love the life you lead."

"I fear I do, brother."

"Sister," he said solemnly, "I adjure you by the memory of our mother—"

What else he would have said was lost, for at that moment there came a knock at the outer door, a thundering knock on the nose of the lion, accompanied by the stamping of a pair of impatient feet.

KATE sprang up, and, running into the entry, returned with a man and a basket. Upon the former was a slouched hat, the brim of which was covered with snow, a pilot-cloth overcoat, buttoned up tight to the chin, with a sheet of snow on the breast, muddy, gray, trowsers, and thick, stout boots, which left a white print on the carpet. In the latter, (not the boots, but the basket, see the beginning of the paragraph) was a Christmas turkey, a royal fellow, which must have cost—but I really forget the price of turkeys then.

"He here?" said JOHN, referring to the bird, of course.

"Why not, brother?" his sister answered, unbuttoning the great white overcoat, "he is my husband."

"Has he forgiven you, Posy?"

"Yes, FRANK."

"Then he must forgive me, too. JOHN HARDY—brother JOHN, if you will let me call you so—I have wronged you and yours deeply, and I have nothing to say for myself, except that I have repented, and made what reparation I could, a poor one, I know, ("FRANK!" whispered his wife, tenderly,) but still the best in my power. Your sister, my wife, has forgiven me—God bless her!—will not you do the same, brother JOHN?"

Brother John came up to the mark like a man, and shook him heartily by the hand.

"Thank you, John," said KATE, quitting her husband, who was brushing the ice from his moustache, and giving her brother a kiss, for the first time since she was a child.

But now the door of the Hospital up stairs was heard to close, a light pair of feet stole down the stairs, wafting their owner, the Princess with the Golden Locks, into the palatial chamber, which she had left a short time before. She entered clothed with smiles, the happiest little lady in the city that night, I warrant. Of course she kissed KATE, and FRANK, and JOHN, particularly JOHN, over and over again.

"Dear, dear," she chirped, when the loving contest was over, and they were sitting together, "if the blower hasn't been up all the while! JOHN, JOHN, I shall never make anything of you, never!" While she was pretending to cuff his ears, KATE removed the offending utensil, freeing the light and heat which it had imprisoned behind it. The fire flashed in their faces redly, and drew a circumvallion of light around the grate. They pushed their chairs back, and enjoyed the cheerful heat. LIZZY and KATE chatted in low tones, JOHN smoothed his chin meditatively, and FRANK plunged his hand into his pocket. Suddenly he started and drew out a small parcel.

"I had nearly forgotten something," he said, and passed the parcel to LIZZY.

She took it demurely, and handed it to her husband, telling him it was his Christmas.

He undid the paper in which it was wrapped, and discovered —his watch!

Nothing was said, but the three conspirators chuckled. JOHN, poor fellow, turned as red as a beet.

"ELIZABETH, where did this come from?"

"I gave you the coal ticket to sign, this afternoon, and you made a mistake and returned me the other."

"Oh, here is something else," cried FRANK, fishing another parcel from his pocket, and handing it to JOHN. "It is LIZZY's Christmas."

The detected criminal opened the second parcel, and found therein a small gold cross belonging to his wife! It was her turn to blush now.

"How did you come by it, FRANK?"

"LIZZY gave it to KATE, to give me, to get your watch for you. Don't you see?"

To be sure he saw, the happy fellow!

A third parcel was dragged from the inexhaustible pocket, and on being opened it was found to contain a silver cup, marked "PHILIP." As there was no reasonable doubt for whom it was intended, it was squeezed into one of the little stockings on the foot of the crib. The parcel on the mantel was likewise opened, and its contents—a tin trumpet, a wooden pail, and a number of miniature barber's poles, smelling strongly of peppermint, inserted in its fellow, but so unskillfully, so clumsily in fact, (I need not name the operator on this occasion,) that the occupant of the crib awoke, and came near detecting his father in the act of impersonating Santa Claus! Up popped his purple head, his great eyes opened wide, and spying his well-filled stockings, he was out of bed and rifling them in an instant.

"Look here," and he strutted up to his father with the trumpet in one hand, and the candy in the other, "what do you say now, sir? Santa Claus has been here!"

"A better than Santa Claus," said JOHN HARDY, devoutly, casting his eyes to heaven.

A deep silence pervaded the room, a holy awe, befitting the thought and time. They bowed their heads and communed with their souls, harkening the while to the prayer of the rector in the little church at the end of the court. It was wafted out into the night solemnly—a river of thanks and praise. When it ceased the organ commenced, and a sea of music rose, a grand and solemn sea of harmonious sound, freighted with the voices of the choir, and floating from earth to heaven! Harken!

"It will come, the happy day,
(It is coming fast,)
When the love of Christ shall reign,
And man's hate be past:
No more wars or tumults then—
Peace on earth, good will to men!"

"Amen," said JOHN HARDY, at peace with himself, and the world, that happy Christmas Eve.

According to Law.

GEORGE LAW, who runs the Williamsburg ferry-boats, seems to be a very oppressive LAW. His monopoly of the line enables him to do what he pleases, and he does it—his last freak being to "douse the glims" on board all his old scows after a certain hour at night. Thus, the poor souls condemned to be paddled across by this Charon in the mid hour of the night are taught to know that LAW's ferry-boats are not Lighters. The Romans of old acknowledged that *Necessitas non habet Legem*. How good it would be for the dwellers at Williamsburg, if the Necessity that drives them to pass over there at all hours of the night knew no LAW, but had a liberal, whole-souled ferryman to deal with, whose boat could be furnished with other Dips than those that passengers are likely to Fall in with at present, as they stumble off and on the G. L. scows in the dark!

A Golden Rule.

Amatory poets have a way of exalting the marketable value of red hair by describing it as "golden tresses."

The only analogy we can see between hair of the color in question and gold is the standard—Carats being applicable to both.

A Howlin' Wilderness.

The Barcan Desert.

NOT ONLY WATER-PROOF, BUT BALL-PROOF.

Observant Boy.—"HERE'S A PLEECEMAN ASLEEP!—LET'S PLAY OUT A MATCH OF BALL AGAIN HIS INJY RUBBER GABLE!"

Question of Usage.

During the trial of an important mercantile case, as reported in the local paper of the period, we find that CICERO, who had been quoting authorities rather tediously for an hour or two, suddenly laid upon the table his Abbott on Shipping, and (prophetically imitating the look and manner of CHOATE, somewhat later) astounded the Court and Jury by the utterance of the words: "*Legi, morique parendum est;* the Laws and Customs must be enforced." (Our translation, not CICERO'S.) This, we think, marks out the policy for J. B. to pursue under the secession troubles. It is evident that the *customs* must be collected. In other words, the South Carolina question is narrowed down to this simple alternative—either the Government must take the Dues, or else the Duece must take the Government.

The "Lap of Luxury."

The following item taken from an exchange paper, will be interesting to admirers of that noble animal the Dog:

"A lap-dog, of the King CHARLES species, was sold at auction in London, not long ago, for $2,600.

To account for the immense price fetched by that lap-dog, we suppose it must have been taught to Fetch at a very early age, and that it was purchased specially for the large place of repose designated in our head-line.

The Pons Asinorum for New Aspirants to the Championship of the World.

Staley Bridge.

Motto for a Crockery Dealer.

Ewers &c.

THE REVELATIONS OF ZULOWSKI.

"I'm in every land at home,
I'm in every home content,
If I Northward chance to roam,
If my course be Southward bent,
Happy when alone afar,
Ubi bene iti patria."

I have been much amused frequently, at the stupid blunders the Americans, particularly the ladies, made regarding my ability to keep a secret. I stated this to one of my female friends in Boston, adding that the great CATHERINE of Russia once said of me—"If ZULOWSKI was only at present in my dominions I would select him as my lover to the end of life—ZULOWSKI can keep a secret!" On this account, although I was at that precise period unborn, I have always regarded the Empress with a feeling that approached respect. We differed slightly—particularly regarding the strangling of ALEXIS KATORICHASSOFF—but the Americans have probably remarked that I only speak of her in terms of mitigated and gentle censure.

Sixty years ago next February, when CZAR PAUL was knocked in the head and strangled by a party of drunken revellers, so that ALEXANDER reigned in his stead, if my advice could have been taken the bloody scene that followed (the fighting among the soldiery) would have been prevented. ALEXANDER himself said as much to me over a game of chess. I won the game, hence my hasty departure from Russia.

I am not easily shocked at small improprieties of conduct in America, because I am constantly expecting so much grosser ones. I must say, however, that the following incident which occurred at the residence of one of the local butchers of Cambridge, surprised me much. The occasion was the First of April, ("All Fool's Day," I think it is called,) and I was making a call of ceremony upon the wife of the retailer of meat. Her little daughter, possibly nine years of age, ran suddenly to the window crying out, "Oh, mother, mother, here comes pa with his eye out!" The lady sprang to the window, when the child added with a shriek of laughter, "*Out of doors!* Oh! ain't you an April fool!" Such an incident could not have occurred in Europe.

I was the originator of the theory of "natural selection," which DARWIN has so boldly put forth of late, that I am surprised to find he is English and not American. I published an elaborate treatise upon the subject, seventy years ago, in the Polynesian tongue, with notes in Arabic. I have been unable to find it in any of the poorly furnished libraries of America.

Mr. LONGFELLOW, the rhymer, met me one day in the streets of Cambridge, during the presence of KOSSUTH in this country. "My dear Count," said he, "come and dine with me to-day; you will meet the Great Magyar." "Excuse me," said I, "you mean the Little Magyar!" "Every man, my dear Count," replied LONGFELLOW, "cannot be a ZULOWSKI!" Nothing more delicately complimentary, and at the same time, more just, was ever said to me in America.

Some little time after my arrival in this country, a proposition was made to me by a gentleman who possessed great political influence—as he is dead I can safely say that I allude to DANIEL WEBSTER—to the effect that under certain conditions a position could be made for me which would give me entire general charge of the military education of the cadets at West Point, and of the naval course at Annapolis. I declined the offer, feeling that in a country where the army was naught, and the navy less, it would be below my merits and qualifications.

ZULOWSKI.

A Fallacy Exposed.

Among the popular aphorisms that people blindly trust in, because they have been blindly trusted in by other blinkers before them, is the old one running, "'Tis a bad rule that won't work both ways." Now to show how incapable this riddle is of holding water, we will just propound the axiom, "The Crow flies"—which nobody can deny, deny, etc. But take the converse of that, and assert that "The Fly Crows," and you become at once the scorn of the entomologist and the despised of all just men.

A Hair of the Dog that Bites.

The Hair Trigger.

Peter Stuyvesant's NEW YEAR'S CALL.

1. Jan. A. C. 1661.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Where nowadays the Battery lies,
New York had just begun,
A new-born babe, to rub its eyes,
In Sixteen Sixty-One.
They christened it Nieuw Amsterdam,
Those burghers grave and stately,
And so, with schnapps and smoke and psalm,
Lived out their lives sedately.

Two windmills topped their wooden wall,
On Stadthuys gazing down—
On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all
The quaintly-gabled town;
These flapped their wings and shifted backs,
As ancient scrolls determine,
To scare the savage Hackensacks,
Paumanks, and other vermin.

At night the loyal settlers lay
Betwixt their feather-beds;
In hose and breeches walked by day,
And smoked, and wagged their heads;
No changeful fashions came from France,
The vrouwleins to bewilder;
No broad-brimmed burgher spent for pants
His every other guilder.

In petticoats of linsey-red,
And jackets neatly kept,
The vrouws their knitting-needles sped
And deftly span and swept;
Few modern-school flirtations there
Set wheels of scandal trundling,
But youths and maidens did their share
Of staid, old-fashioned bundling.

—The New Year opened clear and cold:
The snow, a Flemish ell
In depth, lay over Beeckman's Wold
And Wolfert's frozen well;
Each burgher shook his kitchen doors,
Drew on his Holland leather,
Then stamped through drifts to do the chores,
Beshrewing all such weather.

But—after herring, ham and kraut—
To all the gathered town
The Dominie preached the morning out,
In Calvinistic gown;
While tough old Peter Stuyvesant
Sat pewed in foremost station:
The potent, sage, and valiant
Third Governor of the nation.

Prayer ended, at his mansion hall,
With cake and courtly smile,
He met the people, one and all,
In gubernatorial style;
Yet missed, though now the day was old,
An ancient fellow-feaster:
Heer Govert Loockermans, that bold
Brewer and burgomeester;

Who, in his farm-house, close without
The picket's eastern end,
Sat growling at the twinge of gout
That kept him from his friend.
But Peter strapped his wooden peg,
When tea and cake were over,
Encased the sound remaining leg
In top-boot of Cordova;

A woolsey cloak about him threw,
And swore, by wind and limb,
Since Govert kept from Peter's view,
Peter would visit him;
Then sallied forth, through snow and blast,
While many a humble greeter
Stood wondering whereaway so fast
Strode bluff Hardkoppig Pieter.

Past quay and cowpath, through a lane
Of vats and mounded tans,
He puffed along, with might and main,
To Govert Loockermans';
Once there, his right of entry took,
And hailed his ancient crony:
"Myn Gott! in dese Manhattoes, Loock,
Ve gets more snow as money!"

To which till after whiffs profound,
The other answered not;
At last there came responsive sound:
"Yah, Peter: yah, Myn Gott!"
Then goedevrouw Marie sat her guest
Beneath the chimney-gable,
And courtesied, bustling at her best
To spread the New Year's table.

She brought the pure and genial schnapps,
That years before had come—
In the "Nieuw Nederlandts," perhaps—
To cheer the settlers' home;
The long-stemmed pipes; the fragrant roll
Of pressed and crispy Spanish;
Then placed the earthen mugs and bowl,
Nor long delayed to vanish.

Thereat, with cheery nod and wink,
And honors of the day,
The trader mixed the Governor's drink
As evening sped away.
That ancient room! I see it now:
The carven nutwood dresser;
The drawers, that many a burgher's vrouw
Begrudged their rich possessor;

(*Concluded on page* 323.)

BADGERING HIM.

J. G. B——TT.—Bow! Wow! Come out, Mr. Lincoln!

The brace of high-backed, leathern chairs,
  Brass-nailed at every seam ;
Six others, ranged in equal pairs ;
  The bacon hung abeam ;
The chimney-front, with porcelain shelft ;
  The hearty wooden fire ;
The picture, on the steaming delft,
  Of DAVID and URIAH.

I see the two old Dutchmen sit
  Like MAGOO and his mate,
And hear them, when their pipes are lit,
  Discuss affairs of state :
The clique that would their sway demean ;
  The pestilent importation
Of wooden nutmegs, from the lean
  And losel Yankee nation.

But when the subtle juniper
  Assumed its sure command,
They drank the buxom loves that were—
  They drank the Motherland ;
They drank the famous Swedish wars,
  Stout PETER's special glory,
While GOVERT proudly showed the scars
  Of Indian contests gory.

Ere long, the berry's power awoke
  Some music in their brains,
And trumpet-like, through rolling smoke,
  Rang long-forgotten strains :
Old Flemish snatches, full of blood,
  Of phantom ships and battle ;
And PETER, with his leg of wood,
  Made floor and casement rattle.

Then round and round the dresser pranced,
  The chairs began to wheel,
And on the board the punch-bowl danced
  A Netherlandish reel ;
Till midnight o'er the farmhouse spread
  Her New-Year's skirts of sable,
And, inch by inch, each puzzled head
  Dropt down upon the table.

But still to PETER, as he dreamed,
  That table spread and turned ;
The chimney-log blazed high, and seemed
  To circle as it burned ;
The town into the vision grew
  From ending to beginning ;
Fort, wall and windmill, met his view,
  All widening and spinning.

The cowpaths, leading to the docks,
  Grew broader, whirling past,
And chequered into shining blocks
  A city fair and vast ;
Stores, churches, mansions, overspread
  The metamorphosed island,
While not a beaver showed his head
  From Swamp to Kalchhook highland.

Eftsoons the picture passed away ;
  Hours after, PETER woke
To see a spectral streak of day
  Gleam in through fading smoke ;
Still slept old GOVERT, snoring on
  In most melodious numbers ;
No dreams of Eighteen Sixty-One
  Commingled with his slumbers.

But PETER, from the farm-house door,
  Gazed doubtfully around,
Rejoiced to find himself once more
  On sure and solid ground.
The sky was somewhat dark ahead :
  Wind East, and morning lowery ;
But on he pushed—a two-miles' tread—
  To breakfast at his BOUWERY.

Consolation in Affliction.

It is not true that after the 4th of March, 1861, our President in his fall will be totally deserted ; his "Sonny" South will support him.

THE NEW YEAR.

HEERILY there ! Hurrah ! Christmas is here, and New Year is not far off—do you hear us, honest people ? These be the Holidays! Right good luck be with you, honest reader. With you and your Dear ones—with your Sweetheart or Wife, your friends and kin. May you, all of you have a particularly grand old time of it.

The Old Year is gliding, sliding, riding out. R'r 'rip—snap !—how fast he clips it in that sled of his—right along into the Past ! Whizz ! He takes strange memories with him. The wildest, darkest, most wonderful and terrible year in our history of this century. He came in, soft as the softest of lambs—he storms out the grimmest lion-year—a year of fierce portents.

But we hope for better things. Never yet came a sorrow which was not a lesson of wisdom and happiness to those who understood it.

It may be that our Trial—our great and dark Ordeal—is only an iron gate to the land of light. It may be that the Old Year has been a loving one, teaching the kindest of lessons.

We hope it, at any rate. But come what may—this is Holiday week—and for the sake of the poor brothers and sisters, and of the children—whom VANITY FAIR loves dearly—let's have a jolly romp—a feast and a laugh. Go it ! Be cheerful, gay, blithe, in high spirits, debonair, bright, light-hearted, easy, airy, canny, sprightly, jolly, sportive—what you will—but snatch a few hours from sorrow and give them to the good old holidays.

Oh, be glad and make the best of it, and all will come round right. If the whole world would only once keep Christmas as they ought, in love and revelry, they would forget how to quarrel again —and the great Plum Pudding Era would begin in earnest.

HIP, HIP, HURRAH ! Once more ! Again ! Old Year, good-bye. The next shall be a jolly one. Reader—God bless you, and give you a right happy New Year !

December.

*AFTER HOOD'S NOVEMBER.

De cold—de snow—
De wood all wet, de fire no go—
De sleet—de rainy wedder—
De tocs all bare,
No shoes to wear,
Dis nigger's heels dey freeze togedder.
De aches, de frozen feet—
De chill, de heat—
De rackin' pain in eb'ry member—
De shiverin' knees—
De cough, de—*tchee—ah-tchee*—de sneeze—
De-cember.

*Yes, and a long way after it, we should judge.—[EDS. V. F.

Mr. B., from Old England—having taken the girls up to Central Park, to show 'em how to skate—is rather surprised at finding himself left in the background by feminine fast New York.

THE KING OF MANHATTAN ISLAND.

AIR,—"*The King of The Cannibal Islands.*"

I.

A mighty man is our Mayor WOOD;
He's done much harm and a little good;
But his dodges have never been understood
By the people of Manhattan Island:
And now his latest freak we see . . .
'Tis nothing more nor less than that he
A regular Autocrat shall be . . .
The King of Manhattan Island!
Hokee pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum,
A downy cove, but a thundering hum
Is the Mayor of Manhattan Island!

II.

Says he, "If South Carolina goes
Out of the Union, I propose
To lead the city by the nose . . .
This tight little Manhattan Island! . .
I'll be the King, and many a tool
I'll find to follow me . . . REED and BOOLE,
And BRADY, and TUOMEY . . ." O, he's no fool . . .
This Mayor of Manhattan Island!
Hokee pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum,
Plenty of money and plenty of rum
Will conquer Manhattan Island!

III.

The people greatly astonished were
To find that Mayor WOOD should dare
To make a throne of the mayoral chair
Right here on Manhattan Island;
They whistled and stared, and hemmed and hawed . . .
Their calculations were all abroad,
And every one exclaimed "O, Lord!
This Mayor of Manhattan Island!"
Hokie pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum;
The citizens talk, but he keeps mum,
This King of Manhattan Island!

IV.

The wisest folks were quite struck dumb,
To think of being under his thumb,
Some looked jolly, and some looked glum,
Round about Manhattan Island;
But after all it wasn't so bad,
For sensible men are growing mad,
So much of Albany law we've had
To bully our Manhattan Island;
Hokee pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum
The oppression of Legislatorial scum
Won't do for Manhattan Island!

V.

So now it seems a possible thing
That Mayor WOOD may yet be King,
And if he should, some fellows will sing
Here on our Manhattan Island;
But one thing's true, 'twixt you and me,
Worse governed by WOOD we cannot be
Than now by the Albany Regency,
Who lord over Manhattan Island!
So, hokee pokee, winkie wum,
Feather and fuss, and tweedle dum,
Prepare yourself for Kingdom come,
And a King of Manhattan Island!

Who is The Oldest Actor?

Why, "Superfluous Lags, the Veteran on the Stage," of course!

YOUNG TOZZLEHEELS HAS BEEN FOUND TO SELL HIS COACH ;—BUT, JUST AS THOUGH HE COULDN'T MAKE NEW YEARS CALLS, YOU KNOW, ETC, ETC.

TO MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

From a careful study of the animal kingdom, what salutary lessons may be drawn for conduct in life! The incident mentioned in the following paragraph, for example, has its teachings for all while to the Representatives of the People now in Congress assembled, its suggestions are beyond price.

RHINOCEROS SHOT.—Readers of natural history are well aware that it is stated that the hide of a rhinoceros will resist a bullet. This fact was put to the test at DAN RICE'S circus on Saturday night. Capt. TRAVIS, the famous marksman, fired a bullet at the animal on exhibition at the show; it fell to the ground, flattened by contact with the thick skin. The animal did not even move when he was struck.

Member of Congress—"You, whoever you are!" when the bitter words arise between the sections, as arise they will, be a rhinoceros upon the floor of the House, presenting to your adversary a Hide impervious to any sarcasm with which he may Seek to pierce it. It is a pity, Member of Congress, "whoever you are," that your rhinocerostically thick skin will have to be adopted only in a moral sense, however, as the animal is rare, and it would be impossible for more than two or three of your trade to enact the congenial part of the "Hog in Armor" by Hiding their precious persons in revolver-proof overalls of unicornicuous cuticle. Otherwise it would be the most suitable material you could select for an entire suit; which, to be thoroughly effective, should be composed of a Whole Skin—a thing that but few of your fraternity will be likely to enjoy long, according to the present appearance of things which have a Travisty look.

There is another lesson, Member of Congress, "whoever you are," which you need not be too proud to take to your heart from the teachings of the sweet little rhinoceros. It is this. Of ten Members of Congress, about eight and three quarters are Beasts of many Horns—in the bar-room and bibulous, not biblical sense. The rhinoceros is a Beast of but One. Think of this, Member of Congress, "whoever you are;" and when the lobby-man incites you to liquor, tell him that you have had one horn already, and that it is your unicorn practice to confine yourself to that as your *per diem* allowance of drink.

And do not, like the rhinoceri, show your Horns upon your Nose!

Warning for the Ship of Commerce.

Brokers ahead!

CRITICISMS ON THE ELDER POETS.

There are many of the old poets whose beauties have never been sufficiently appreciated. We propose to enlighten the readers of V. F. as the fit seizes us. Why certain works of art outlive all conditions of time, very few inquire, and, satisfied with enjoying, are content not to criticise. As a first lesson we commence with a single verse, which, in the language of the Bard of Avon,

"From Childhood's hour
To most of us is known."

We beg the reader diligently to study the verse over before proceeding further. It reads:

"Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the Moon,
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish jumped over the spoon."

Mark, reader, how the attention is arrested by the very first word. Hey! "All within sound give ear." The whole of this line is embraced in this single word, and the attention raised to the highest point of expectancy for what is to follow. This opening word, simple yet severely grand, is the outflash of that genius which has given birth to the whole. Then follow the words "diddle, diddle." The iteration is remarkably fine, sustaining in level greatness the attention, whilst the utter absence of all sense leaves room for the imagination to revel in its wildest freaks. Like the sombre shadows of Salvator Rosa or the gloom of night, the mind instantly fills the void with "fancies fine." Having thus in the first line startled the attention, and by the unknown depths of meaning in the closing words bewildered the thoughts, the poet, in the next, brings together two objects apparently the most remote. The cat and the fiddle. This is a fine instance of what is termed wit, which may correctly be defined as the association of things that have no perceivable relation to each other, as boiled mutton and capers. The only difference between great wit and madness to which it is allied, is, that in the case of wit, in the course of time, from a few seconds up to an hour, depending upon the hearer, the remote relationship is perceived. In the present instance catgut is the relationship between the two objects, and saving the line from the objection of being insensate, gives it the true attic flavor. We have fixed an hour as the extreme length of time that ought to be allowed to discover a witticism; we know some differ with us and demand a longer time, but our reason is, and we think it conclusive, that the hour has in it sixty minutes. Wit quickens the attention, and thus in these two lines the Poet happily disposes of the unities leaving himself untrammelled in the rest of his verse. For as by the first word the attention is arrested, by the next bewildered, so in this line it is quickened; so we have here the three unities. Having now a free wing, the poet plunges at once into the depth of Indo-European mythology, and seizing the salient points of the earliest of the myths of the Bhagarandata condenses the whole story into a simple line;

"The cow jumped over the moon."

Why the cow? the intelligent reader will say. Because she is the most quiet of animals, and never indulges in any other saltatory performances than occasionally kicking over a milk-pail. Her quiet nature has even given to our language a word to express the condition of the bully unhappily frightened. He is Cowed. Now making this quiet creature, this mother of herds, jump over the moon, is a stroke of the highest inventive genius. It shows the true poet of nature, the man to whom "The daisy by the river's bank," and "Alps on Alps arise," are all alike. The anxiety as to what becomes of the cow, the long and ardnously disputed question, whether the horns of the moon have any connection with her fate, is gracefully turned aside by the tender pastoral scene presented in the next line of, "The little dog laughed to see the sport." Poetry has nothing to do with reason, and the Poet wisely avoids the discussion of the cow thereafter, and likewise the difficulty which created the lifelong feud between Scaliger and Spinoza, as to the milky way being the course of her jump. These difficulties are all waived and forgotten in the pleasant picture of a little dog langhing, and here we call attention to the adjective. Had it been a big dog, or a brown dog, or no dog at all, how much the line would have lost of its effect. We have not time now to discuss the last line; its deep poetic imagery, and the discussion of its varorium readings, demand a chapter for itself.

Historic Coincidents.

BIRNAM WOOD went before DOUGLAS, and FERNANDO WOOD went after him.

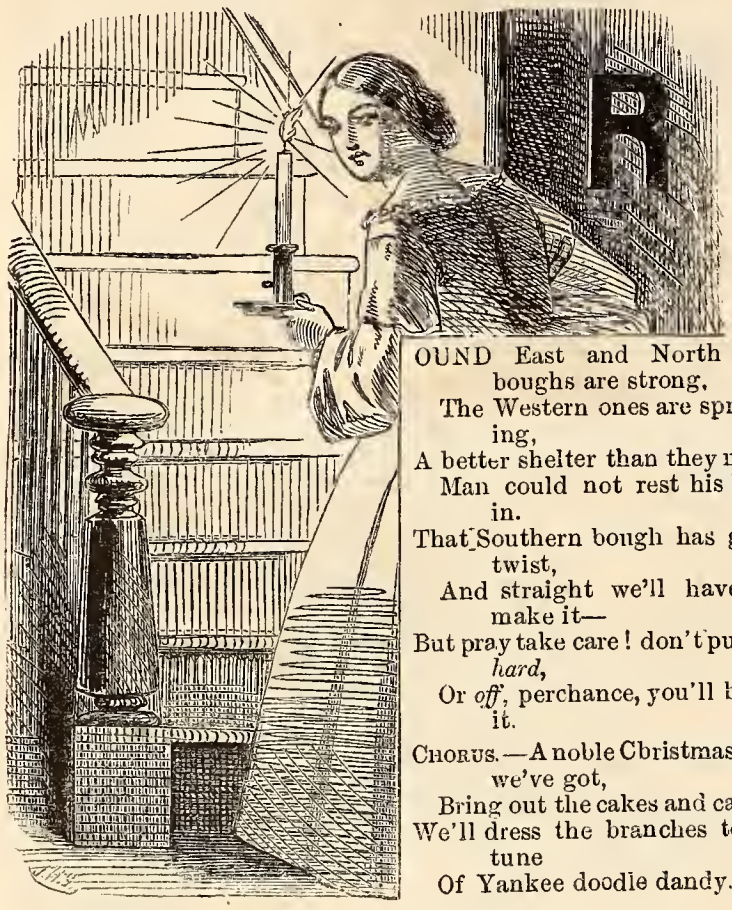
Republican Sentiment, for which we are not responsible.

The Minute Men can never be (H)our Men!

UNCLE SAM'S CHRISTMAS.

—OR—

The Lighting of the Tree.



OUND East and North the boughs are strong,
The Western ones are spreading,
A better shelter than they make
Man could not rest his head in.
That Southern bough has got a twist,
And straight we'll have to make it—
But pray take care! don't pull *too hard*,
Or *off*, perchance, you'll break it.

CHORUS.—A noble Christmas Tree we've got,
Bring out the cakes and candy,
We'll dress the branches to the tune
Of Yankee doodle dandy.

We'll place the Eagle on the top,
Whence no rude hand shall shove him,
Unfurl the flag, and let it spread
Its Stars and Stripes above him.
Those bits of California gold
Hang where the gas-light glances;
And ribbons tie, Red, White, and Blue,
In love-knots on the branches.
CHORUS.

Long time ago, when all the land
Was filled with guns and tooting,
Old Johnny Bull tried hard to keep
Our Nation's Tree from shooting;
But rallying round the sapling stout,
Our Fathers stood undaunted,
And the British Lion roared with rage,
When Freedom's Tree was planted!
CHORUS.

And year by year that stately Tree
Has grown in grace and glory,
And deeds beneath its shadow done,
Are famed in song and story.
And every grudge 'gainst honest John
Is over now and done, sirs,
Since welcome warm, throughout the land
We gave his Eldest Son, sirs.
CHORUS.

Now let us still united stand,
All Brothers of the Nation,
Nor blow the fiery South to flame,
With Northern agitation.
Let every honest hand be raised,
Each honest heart be plighted,
That year by year we'll strive to keep
The Tree of Union lighted!
CHORUS.—Yankee doodle, doodle doo—
We'll share the cakes and candy,
And keep our Christmas to the tune
Of Yankee doodle dandy!

A Lumbering Concern.

A Saw Mill.

VIVE RAREY!

Come to our arms, RAREY! Repose upon our Manly Boosom for the space of a couple of minutes! Not MR. RAREY. We decline the epithet. Not GEORGE WASHINGTON RAREY; not WILLIAM HENRY or JULIUS CÆSAR RAREY or any thing of that sort, after the fashion of ordinary mortials or other persons; we don't want to know any such man. It's RAREY we desire to welcome with a becoming and proper degree of caloric; with a sincerity equalled only by the Magnificence of our Personal Appearance when we have all our good clothes on, and with a highlarious old gratitude for His safe delivery out of Furrin Parts. The world never possessed but one WASHINGTON, one NAPOLEON, one SHAKESPEARE and sich: *It has but one* RAREY; and as we refuse in the case of, for instance, the Warrior last mentioned, to designate him as Mr. SHAKESPEARE, or even as WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Esq., so do we likewise in *this* 'ere case now before the Coort for reasons aforesaid or not as the case may be according to agreement between the Party of the first part and Us as will be further shown in the evidence now to be introduced for the first time on any Stage in America with new and gorgeous Decorations in Five Acts supported by the whole strength of the Company and warranted sound and kind in single or double harness and sold for want of use in quantities to suit purchasers and delivered free of expense in any part of the City in a family without other boarders; this Act to take effect immedi— Steady! Old Pegasus! Whoa! old boy! By Jove, where *are* you carrying us? Don't you see that our feelings are becoming too numerous to mention. Why, cer'nly! There, now; quietly, gently! Let's get back to our starting post.

RAREY we're glad you've come. We want you. There's work for you to do. We can't at this present speaking go into details, but there is some hard work before you. There are unmanageable Hobbies of all sorts and conditions for you to try your magic upon. Hobbies which are not only dangerous to their riders, but are nuisances to all other people. For example, in one "Ring" in particular there is a very bad lot; about a dozen. They have been spoiled by the Public and have ungratefully and with malice prepense returned kicks for kindness. They *must* be taken in hand —*or killed!* Perhaps, however, the worst case requiring attention is that of a very Vicious Mayor; vicious ever since birth, of medium height; color, dun—completely done! and finished; we never want to see, we never *will* see another of this stripe. We mean this utterly and unqualifiedly, Mayors like this WOOD, (or should) under ordinary circumstances deserve Haltering. We decline to state the course which RAREY designs to pursue in this case. The Public Ear *must* be respected.

There are many, alas! too many other subjects needing active treatment, but time and space—and—well, in fact we are in-ternally hungry, and Nature must be Sustained. Therefore, O Pub., (haven't time to give you a lic.,) rejoice and be exceeding glad. In other words Go it! Have a Good Time! Don't drink lemonade when you can get Rhum. Don't have a Done Mayor when a four-year-old Black will not kick up and spatter you half so badly; or in still other words Do just pretty much as You please and oblige Us accordingly as aforesaid. Now for Lunch!

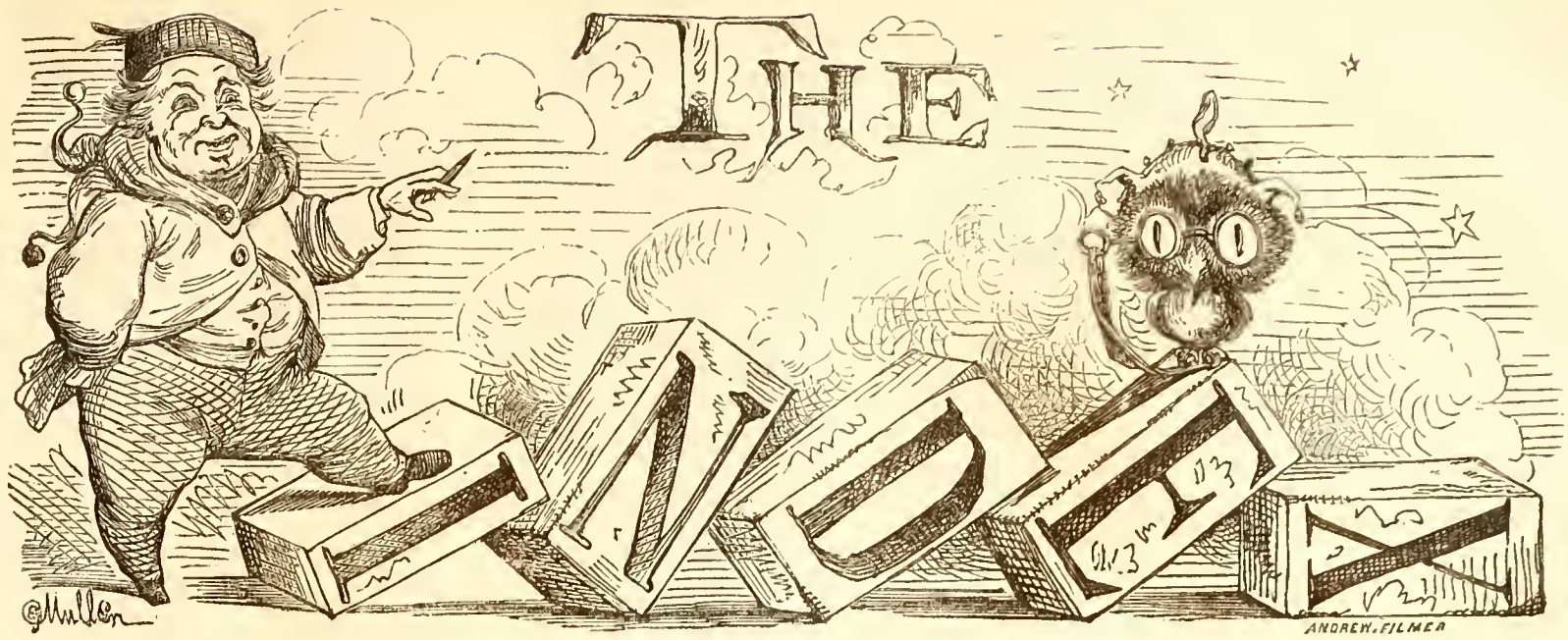
P. S. (after lunch.) A confidential communication from RAREY informs us that under no possible circumstances can he undertake to do anything for the Noble Animal lately treated by C. A. D——A. The one whose visual organs were in that condition of repose so graphandpoetically described in the *Tribune*, on the morning of Nov. 7th. RAREY considers his a case beyond his Art

Singular, if True.

A correspondent at New Orleans writes, saying that a hippopotamus belonging to a showman there, on being led through the city a short time since, grew nervous at the noise and crowd, and, standing suddenly up on its hind legs, gave vent to its feelings in the hippopotamity strange expression "Hooachiwinckon!" whatever that means. The crowd took umbrage at this, which they supposed to be an attempt at "Hooray for LINCOLN!" and, rushing upon the poor animal they tore it away from its keeper, tarred and feathered it from nose to nail, and turned it loose for a terrible example. The owner of the beast, however, who was formerly connected with BARNUM—was no loser by this; for he has regained possession of it, and thousands who were tired of the hippopotamus, are now crowding daily to see the great Australian Goose, which will draw probably until the warm weather, when a melt and a moult will, of course, put an end to the deception. Such is life!

Sentiment by a Conservative.

The Confederacy is only too well typified by our national banner, its Union looks decidedly Blue.



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